Smithsonian

May 1990

Bullet holes pit torso of celestial maiden on wall at Angkor Wat in Cambodia **(p. 36)**

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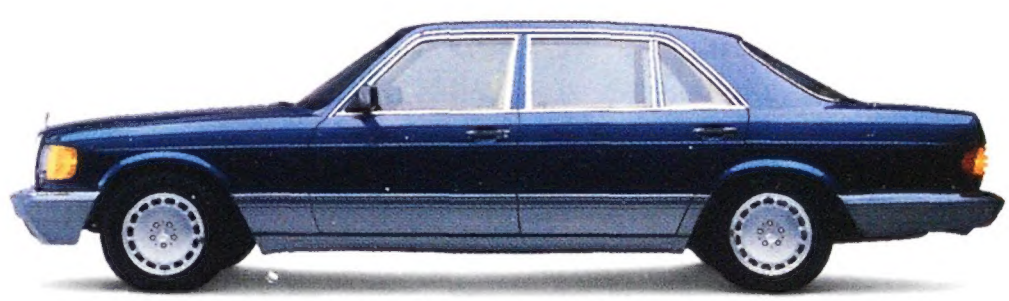

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Smithsonian

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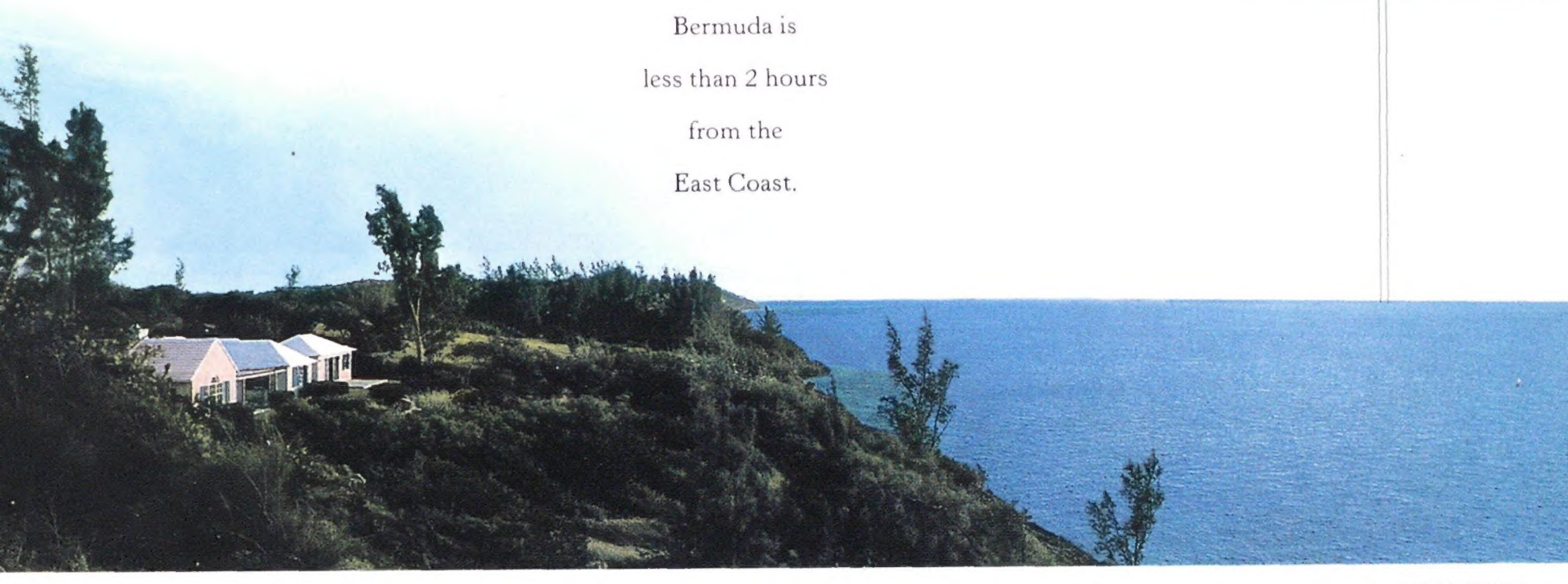

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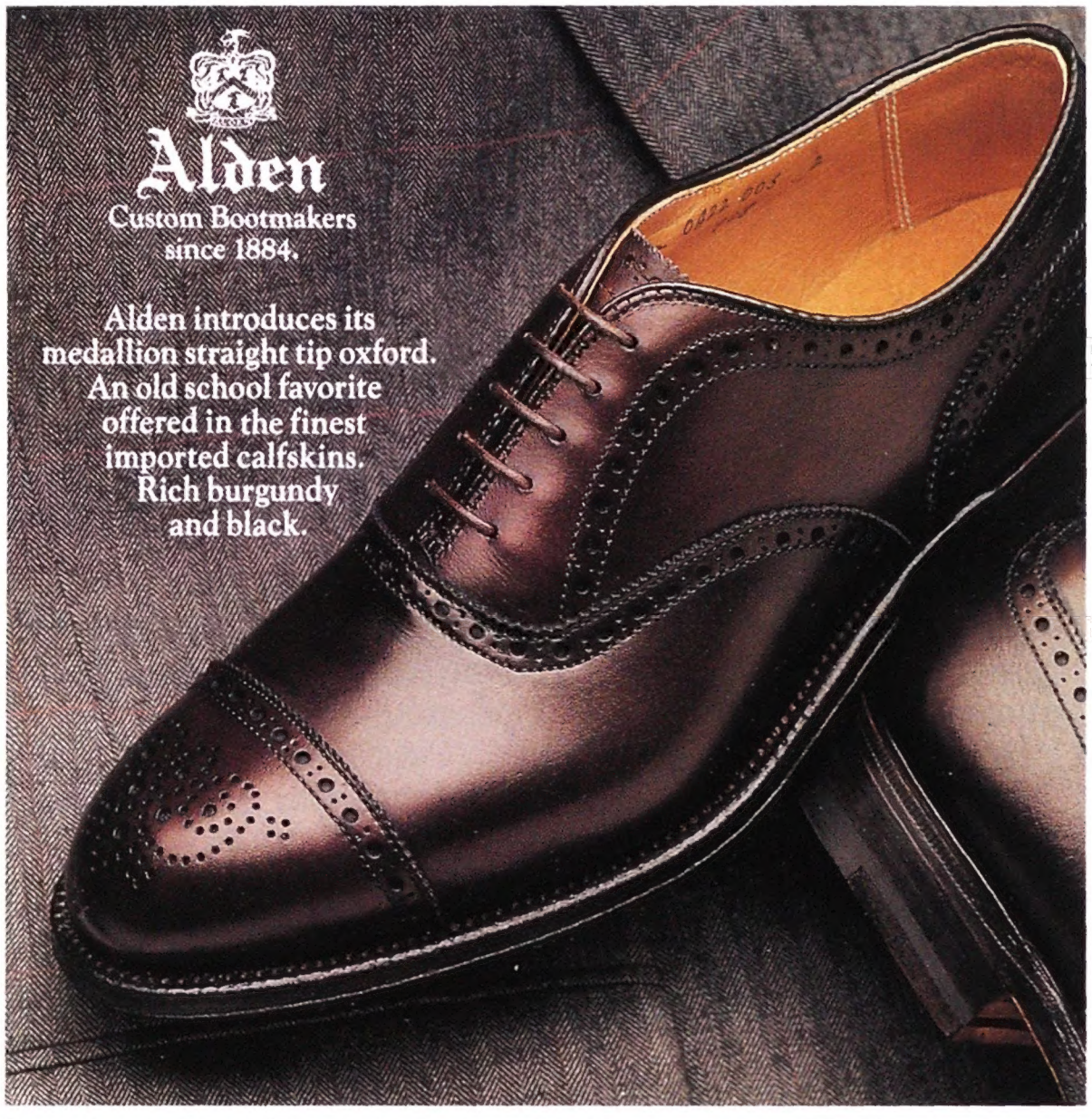

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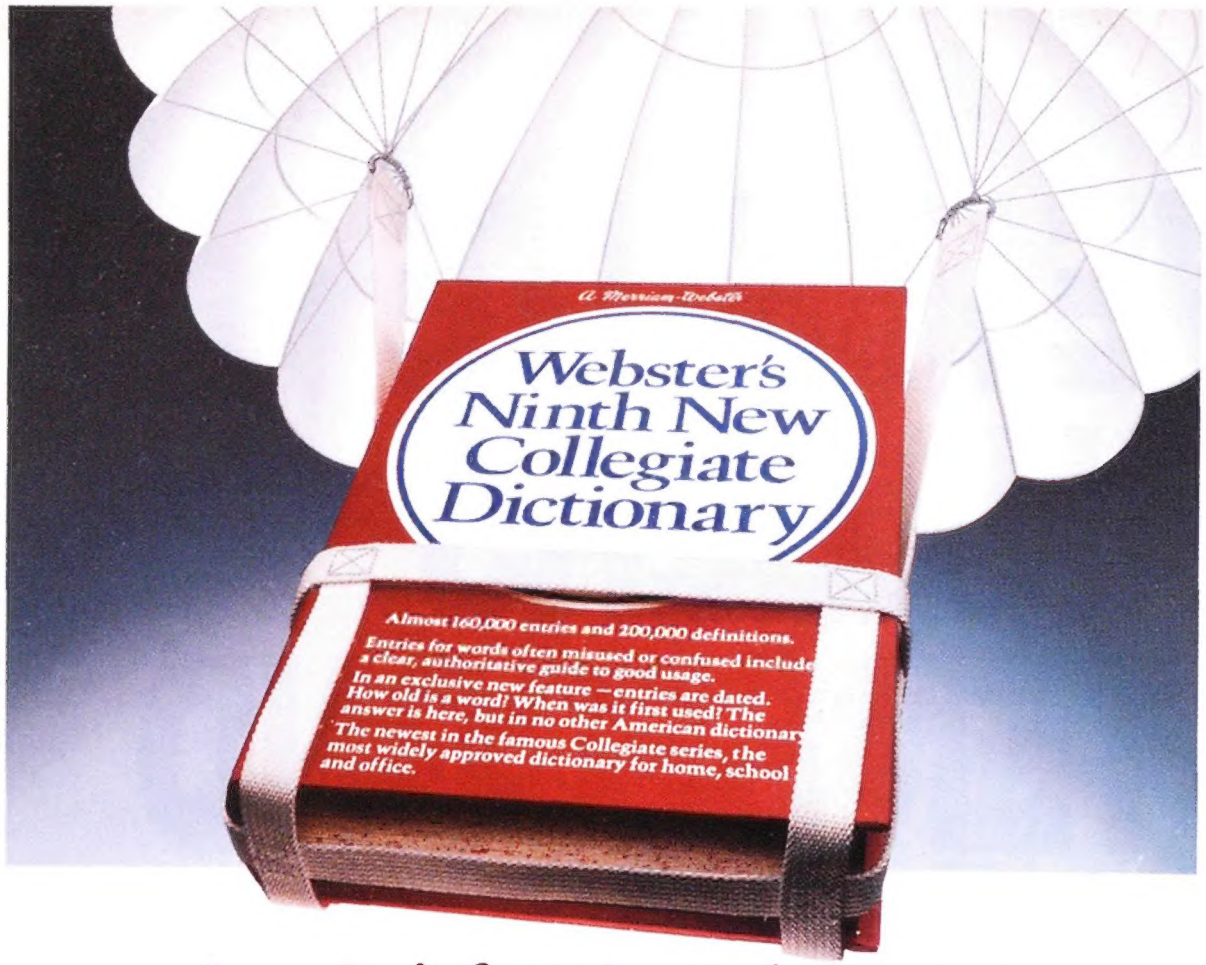
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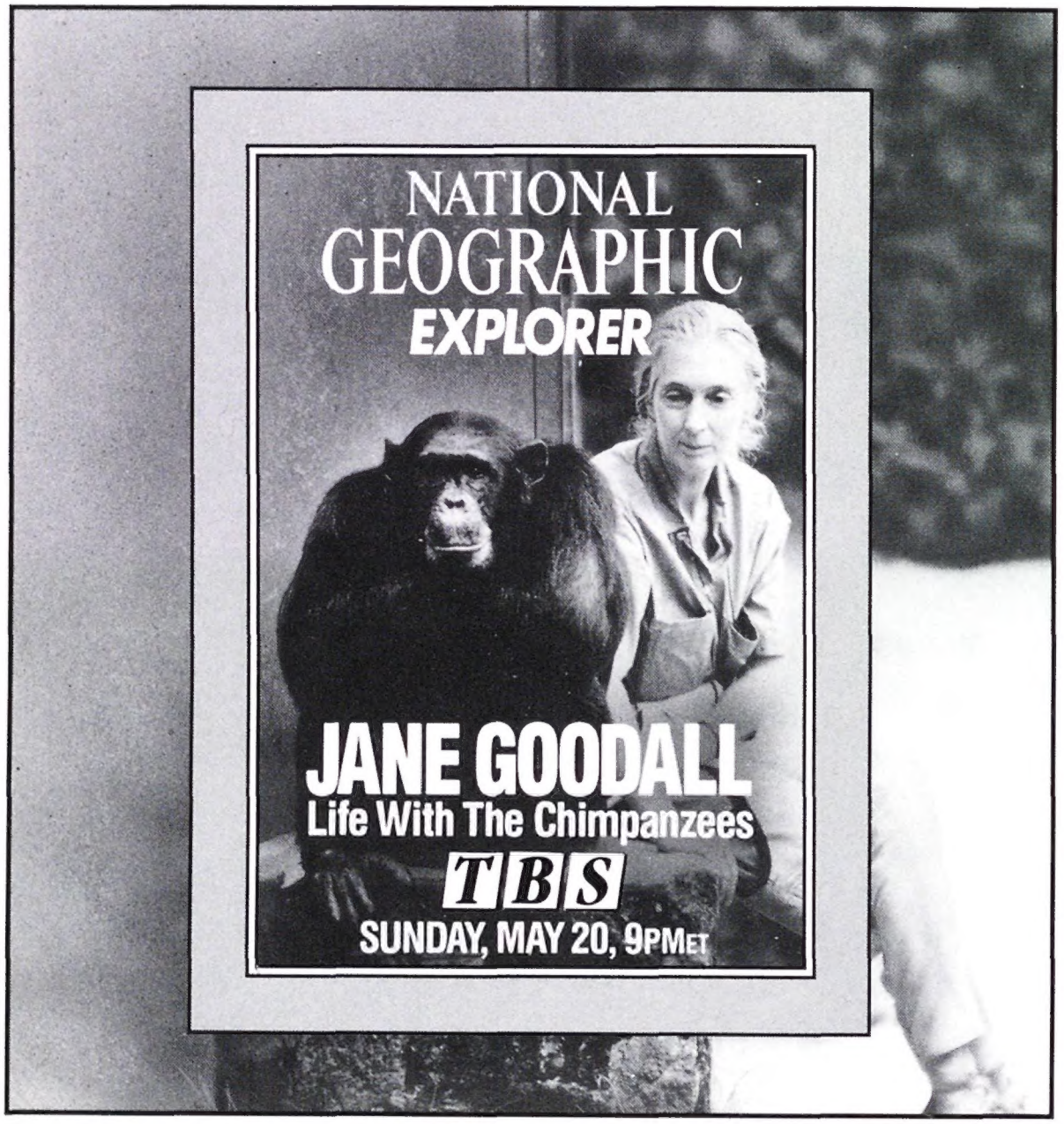

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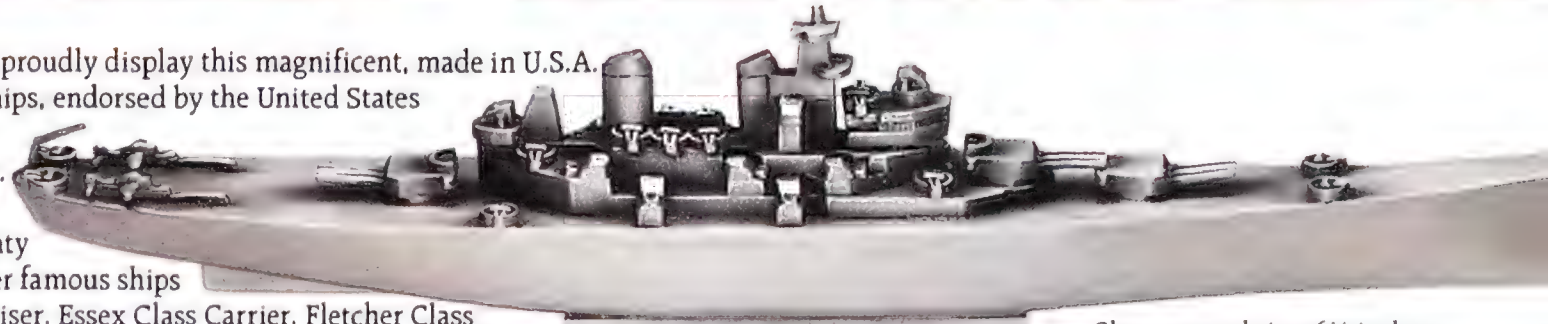

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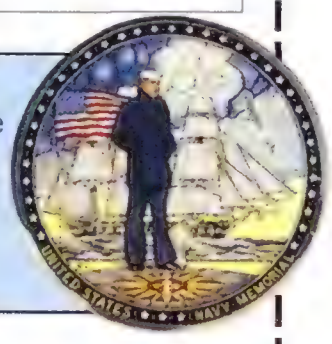

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BRIDGESTONE

Smithsonian horizons

Compromises and trade-offs have marked the history of the Space Telescope, but it's on its way at last

As this is written, the launching of the shuttle that will place the Hubble Space Telescope in orbit is planned for April 12 and reportedly on schedule. That long-awaited event will finally bring to fruition a vision first put forward nearly 45 years ago. Remotely anticipated by the two smaller, less profusely instrumented orbiting astronomical observatories launched by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) in 1968 and 1972, its development received Congressional approval in 1977. Construction began resolutely but fitfully that year, encountering the last and most serious of numerous delays as a result of shuttle scheduling problems in the wake of the Challenger disaster. At a cost of more than $1.5 billion and five years late, we can indeed take pleasure in finally having a superb scientific observatory up and running.

The positive side of the story will have been justly celebrated for several weeks before this column appears. A powerful (if in some cases no longer fully state-of-the-art) array of instruments has been placed on a common platform in low-Earth orbit, freed from the screening effects of our atmosphere. Faint-object and wide-field and planetary cameras, a high-speed photometer, and a pair of specialized spectrographs should add enormously to our understanding as they are directed toward what may be almost the farthest limits of the Universe, and perhaps provide our best account yet of its origins. Substantial increases over comparable observatories here on Earth are anticipated in sensitivity to luminous objects at great distances, and in angular resolution (i.e., resolving power).

But with all the admitted advantages of 20-20 hindsight, a new, penetrating historical account of the project—*The Space Telescope* by Robert W. Smith (Cambridge University Press, 1989)—draws our attention to some of its accompanying stresses and, as quoted below, to a few of the costlier lessons that can be drawn from it.

One basic, continuing source of dispute, we learn, was the trade-off between cost and scientific performance. NASA and the astronomical community were bound together in pursuit of a presumably common aim, yet facing in different directions: "Cut the telescope's performance too much, and the astronomers might lose interest, but produce too costly a design, and it might never be built." Yet to call for a "balanced program" was no less heavily loaded, signifying an insistence on maintaining the status quo between ground-based and space-based astronomical interests.

As it turned out, a politically feasible course was found that kept the alliance in place and even induced first-rate scientists to devote a considerable piece of their lives to lobbying for it. "But a price had been paid. The price was that the telescope program had been both oversold and underfunded."

Another form of linkage was even more fateful. For NASA planners, already by the early '60s the proposed "astronomical observatories were valued less for the astronomy they could perform than as logical adjuncts of, as well as solid justifications for, a space station program." With NASA's decision to concentrate resources on the shuttle as the single mode of human access to space, the rationales became still more closely intertwined. Overriding the resistance of the astronomers, "again and again, the packaging together of the telescope and the shuttle would become a major means by which NASA managers sought to move the telescope from a marginal to a central position in the agency."

Unfortunately, the decision to rely on the shuttle eliminated the possibility of placing the telescope in a higher, geosynchronous orbit that would have greatly increased operational flexibility.

Early cost estimates, really little more than best guesses as to what size telescope program could be sold to Congress, had been justified in part "by the long life promised for it by the shuttle. Yet for the cost of a few shuttle missions to maintain and repair the telescope, an entire second telescope could have been built." With the ensuing delays, continuing advances in ground-based astronomy have come some distance toward closing the gap. Warmly anticipatory as our greeting to the new launch should be, the earlier claim can no longer be sustained that this is "the ultimate tool of optical astronomy."

A host of larger questions remains unanswered. Can a consensus ever be reached as to what constitutes a proper mix of human and robotic roles in space research? Short of the rationales of military security that are now evaporating, is there adequate public understanding of, and tolerance for, the setbacks that often accompany visionary but risky enterprises beyond the neighborhood of our own planet? How can NASA, as it contemplates another great era of space discovery and exploration, build a bridge that binds together shifting constituencies and spans successive phases of public enthusiasm and skepticism? And quite apart from space, have we the political wit to assemble stable, long-term support for ambitious national goals—scientific, educational, social, international assistance, whatever—without precarious trade-offs or overselling and underfunding?

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Letters to the Editor

County seats

Dear Sir: In your March issue, James R. Chiles said about a dozen people died in county seat conflicts. Among them was a brother of my maternal grandfather.

A railroad to be built through the area in which Frisco, Kansas, was situated was to choose a route that would take it through the county seat. The town that possessed the ballot box was the county seat, and Frisco had it. A gang from the rival town of Richfield came to Frisco and marched into the saloon where the ballot box was kept. My great-uncle, armed with a rifle, had concealed himself in an alley beside the saloon. When the invading party entered, leaving their wagon hitched out front, my great-uncle stepped into the street, intending to shoot the Richfield horses. Unfortunately, somebody shot him first.

And so Frisco lost the ballot box and designation as the county seat. Shortly thereafter, there was no more Frisco. Its inhabitants put their houses and other buildings on skids and moved them to the town that had won the fight.

George Mackie
Nokomis, Florida

Dear Sir: My father, Julian Osborne, is an inveterate collector of anything having to do with counties and county seats. He has memorized all 3,000-plus U.S. counties and their county seats, and is now learning the origins of and other interesting facts pertaining to counties. He collects tourist brochures, place name books, state puzzles divided by counties, product labels with county names, dog tags, key chains, anything with the name of a county or county seat.

Oddly enough, this county expert lives in Richmond, Virginia—which is an independent city that is not part of any county.

Jane Johnson
Marinette, Wisconsin

Dear Sir: There is another amusing story of a county seat tussle in Dakota Territory. The Faulk County seat was established initially at LaFoon. Faulkton, a town about five miles to the west, had sought the honor as well. The controversy lasted several years, involved the newspapers, land developers, and allegations of election fraud and of Governor Ordway's malfeasance.

In 1886 LaFoon was bypassed by the railroad in favor of Faulkton, which became the crossroads of two lines, thus gaining the economic advantage and the courthouse. The people of LaFoon jacked up their town and wheeled it over to Faulkton. One of their buildings later became the home of John A. Pickler, the first member of the U.S. House of Representatives from South Dakota. It is now a museum.

Today LaFoon is only a historical marker; Faulkton is still the county seat but, ironically, has no railroad service.

Robert W. Kirby
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Dear Sir: James R. Chiles likened the bidding between states for the Super Collider—to be located in Waxahachie, Texas—to the many fights between towns to become county seats. The fabulous Ellis County courthouse that graces the town square in Waxahachie has a history that beats most others.

Where else does a courthouse bear two plaques, with names of different county officials, both claiming credit for building it? The group that authorized the bonds to finance a new courthouse was soundly defeated for wastefulness at the next election. By then, they had demolished the existing courthouse, forcing the new administration to build the one in dispute. Upon its completion both sides were so proud of what had been created that two plaques, one crediting each faction, were installed.

The many sculptures that adorn the exterior walls of the edifice tell of the love of their creator, an Italian sculptor, for a local girl named Mabel Frame. Their romance was thwarted by her mother, who feared the intentions of her daughter's foreign suitor.

Floyd Ragan
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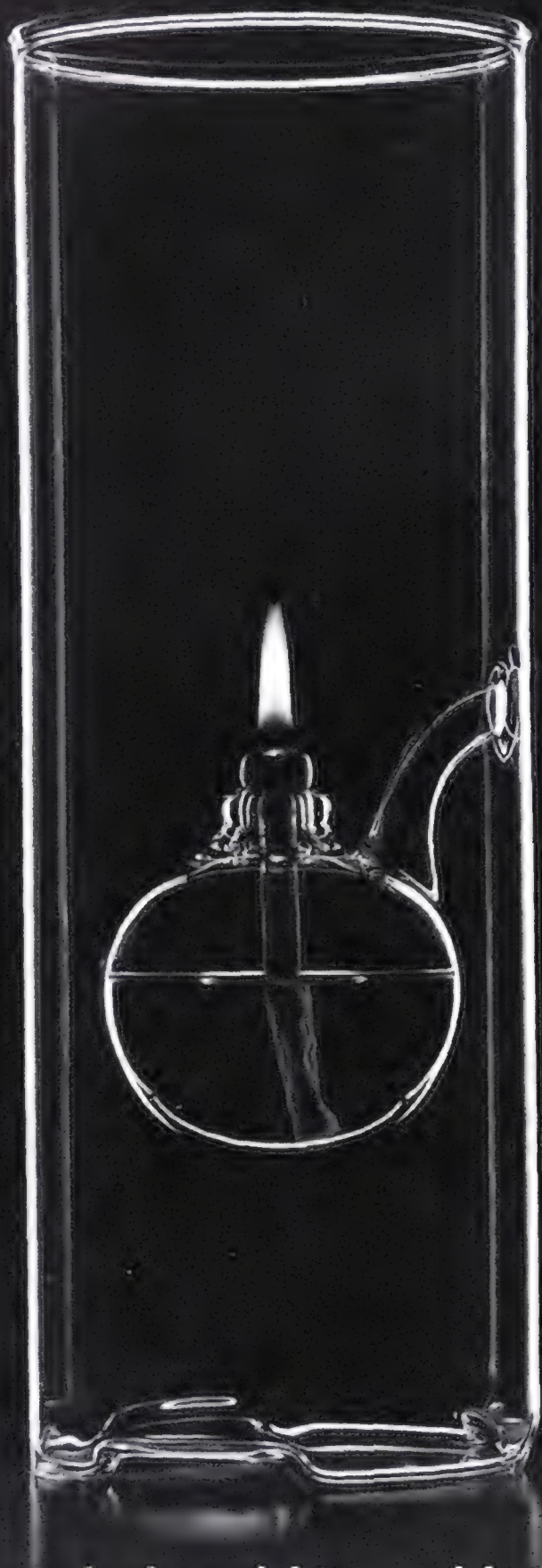

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George Caleb Bingham

Dear Sir: When I was in high school, *Fur Traders Descending the Missouri* was a black-and-white illustration in my American history textbook. Since the book did not identify the painting by name, or the artist, our class had a lively discussion on the subject of what the title might be. Everyone's favorite suggestion: *What a Way to Spend a Honeymoon.*
Angela Stockton
Gulfport, Mississippi

St. Bernards

Dear Sir: In the 1970s we had Barnabas, who was 150 pounds of sometimes overwhelming affection.

I found out quite by accident the St. Bernard's instinctive need to protect, when I stretched out in front of the fireplace to read the Sunday paper. Seeing me prone, Barnabas immediately covered me with his body. I mentioned this to the woman who had sold him to me when he was a pup, and she told me his mother, Elsa, had done the same thing.
Anne Mazanek
Queensbury, New York

Dear Sir: I was dismayed beyond belief on discovering that the small cask under the chins of these wonderful dogs does NOT contain brandy! This shattering revelation spoils one of W. C. Fields' best lines. When he saw one of these fine dogs coming toward him, he exclaimed: "Look—here comes Man's best friend . . . and a dog, too!"
Harold H. Plaut
Libertyville, Illinois

Dear Sir: Your fine story on St. Bernards reminds me of a heartwarming scene. I was visiting friends in Palos Verdes, California, some years ago, and happened to look out a window to see three dogs ganging up on a smaller one, which was frightened and cowering.

At that point, a beautiful St. Bernard strolled over, walked between the pack and the little dog, turned and curled himself around the small animal.

The pack gave up and left. The rescuer had done what came naturally.
Edith J. Alley
Wilmington, North Carolina

Dear Sir: Michael Olmert's article sent me through the old picture box out in

За 3 доллара 3 книжки—ваши. Без обмана. И никаких обязательств.

*363. A former Moscow detective investigates a fishy death in this sequel to *Gorky Park*.
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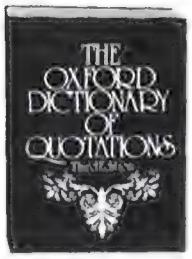

*482. This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.
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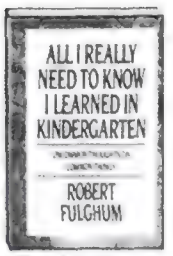
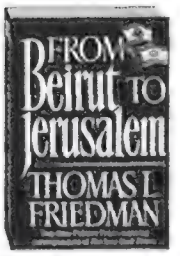


253. Fulghum's premise is that we learned the important lessons by age 5
Hardcover: $15.95
QPB: $7.95



*315. The National Book Award winning reporter brings to life the Middle Eastern world
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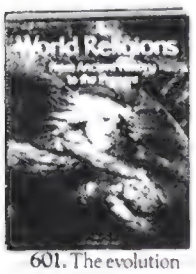

601. The evolution of beliefs throughout history. Illustrated
Hardcover: $29.95
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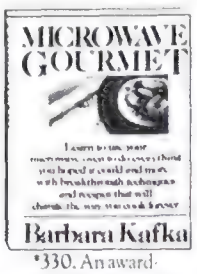

*330. An award-winning food writer offers more than 600 recipes for your microwave oven.
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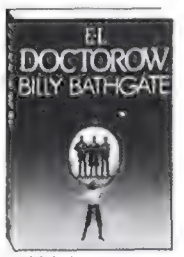
Vladimir Nabokov



464. A teenage con man comes of age under the tutelage of gangster Dutch Schultz.
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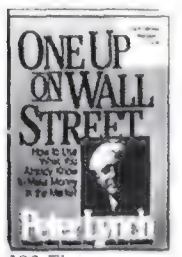

380. The superstar investor who manages Fidelity Magellan reveals the secrets of his success.
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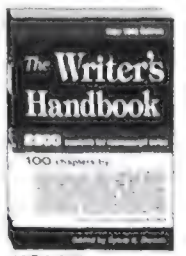

*256. What to write, how to write it, where to sell it
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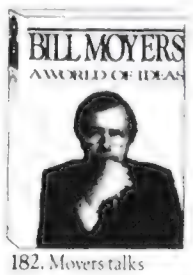

182. Movers talks about everything from morality to science
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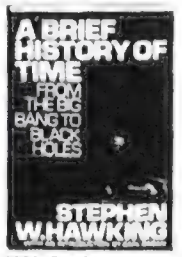

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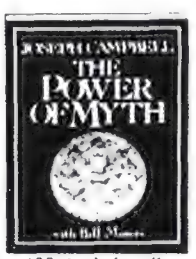

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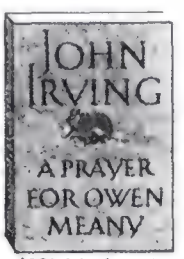

*381. John Irving's wild and strangely moving novel tells the story of Owen Meany
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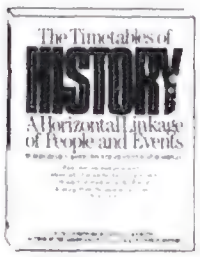

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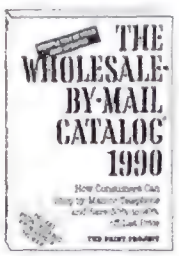

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the garage to locate this classic [below]. It was taken from our car passing another one with a St. Bernard passenger, on a busy interstate somewhere between San Diego and L.A., way back in 1973.
Russell B. Hedin
La Jolla, California

Dear Sir: My first and only contact with a St. Bernard was some years ago when my son, then a toddler, was outdoors playing. I suddenly heard him crying and opened the door to find him being led to the house by a Saint, far larger than Eric, gently holding the shoulder of his jacket in that huge mouth and looking up at me sadly as if to say, "Mom, you're not doing your job!"

I had never seen the dog before, never saw him again, and I have no idea how he knew which house to come to.
Diane B. McMorris
Chittenango, New York

National Dance Institute

Dear Sir: When Jacques d'Amboise founded his Dance Institute at P.S. 191 on New York's Upper West Side, I was the school's principal.

P.S. 191 was an inner-city school rich in problems but poor in resources. We were delighted at being selected for this project, but had no piano to spare, and no money with which to buy one. A parent volunteered hers, but she lived six blocks away and we could not even afford to hire piano movers. The parent told me: "Just roll it down the street. That's how I got it into my apartment." And so two high school students and I rolled the piano out of the apartment, into the elevator, and onto the street. Piece of cake!

However, two blocks into our journey the piano's wheels broke, and I was stranded on a major avenue with a piano that wouldn't budge. Panic! If ever the gods were to take pity on me, it was now! And there, coming up the street, was a third-grade student pulling a large dolly. We commandeered it from its willing owner, hoisted the piano aboard and continued on our way. But for a small child with a large dolly, the course of dance in New York City might have taken a different turn.
Stanley Becker
Paramus, New Jersey

Collectors

Dear Sir: We are among the pack rats. Our home is full of items from the past: 17 phonographs prior to 1925; over 200 Eastman cameras, half made before 1940; over 700 unusual bottle openers; many old kitchen gadgets, and more.

All were collected from flea markets, garage sales and friends during the past 20 years. Although retired, we continue our collecting in a big way, and enjoy showing our own Neubauer American

Collector's Museum to all who come by.
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Neubauer
Amarillo, Texas

Dear Sir: For some years we have collected the small oil cans that came with sewing machines, the large oilers used on the old steam locomotives, and every shape and size in between—preserving a piece of American history.
Bob Larson
San Juan Capistrano, California

Dear Sir: So far as I know, I am the only one in the world who collects Olympic Frisbees. I fully know the adventure of The Hunt and the elation of The Find. Before, during and after the 1988 Olympics I sent out over 200 letters to manufacturers, corporate sponsors and Olympic committees for leads.

While watching the opening ceremonies on TV I saw a group of athletes throwing Frisbees into the crowd! My wife recognized the look in my eyes; the quest was on. I wrote everyone, even Jane Pauley on the *Today* show, appealing for help. When I learned that they came from the Canadian swimming team, I wasted no time. A quick letter brought me not only one of the disks, but the added bonus of a Canadian 1984 Olympic swimming disk that I didn't even know existed! Mr. Lehrer's article reassures me—and my wife—that I am not crazy. I can't wait until 1992.
Phil Heitman
Durham, North Carolina

Dear Sir: I never understood collectors until I became one. My giraffe collection is only in its early stages—105 bronze, wooden, glass and ceramic sculptures.

My fascination with the animal began in 1981, when researching a paper for my English composition class. I even bought a giraffe sweatshirt for my oral presentation.

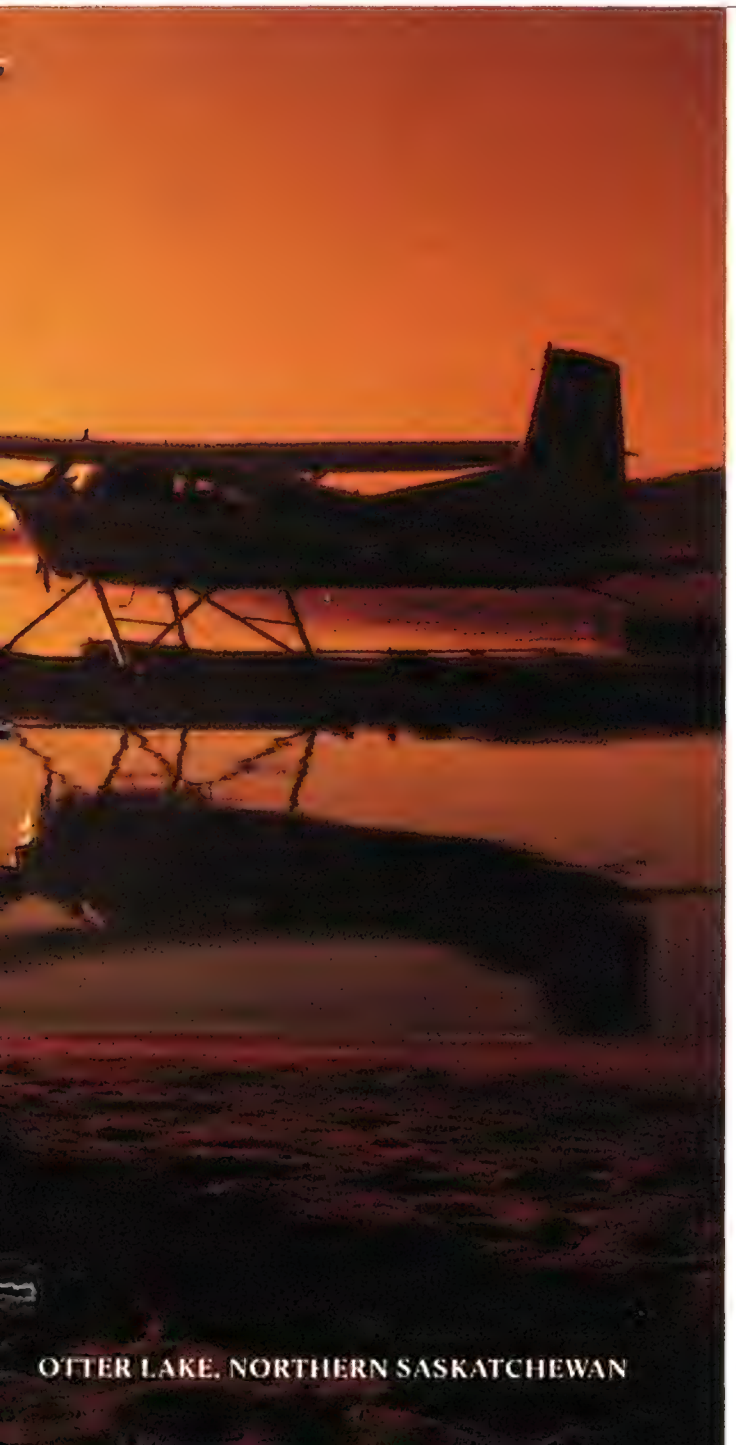
My obsession has spread to family members, friends, my employer and even my clients. Two of them, on recent trips to Africa, brought back a hand-carved cup and a wood sculpture. One of my favorites is a goofy rubber one from Niagara Falls that can be twisted into different positions.
Julie Chesnick
Norwalk, Connecticut

James Joyce's Ulysses

Dear Sir: Your article was a great comfort to me. For years I had hidden my copy of *Ulysses* from curious eyes for fear that someone would ask me, "What's it all about?" Now, along with such respected pundits as Yeats and Shaw, I can admit to having never finished it—let alone understood it.

Although my acquisition of *Ulysses* was due more to its "banned in Boston" reputation than to serious literary inquiry, it remained a thorn in the side of my presumed erudition—until Robin Bates set me free.
James B. Gaylord
Rocky River, Ohio

Dear Sir: I am still laughing at the pundits' attempts to analyze what James Joyce had in mind when he wrote *Ulysses*. It is reminiscent of men of the Middle Ages who argued endlessly as to how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. And so Joyce has the last laugh.
August Mortara
South Glastonbury, Connecticut



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Andre Kertesz, *January 1, 1972, Martinique*

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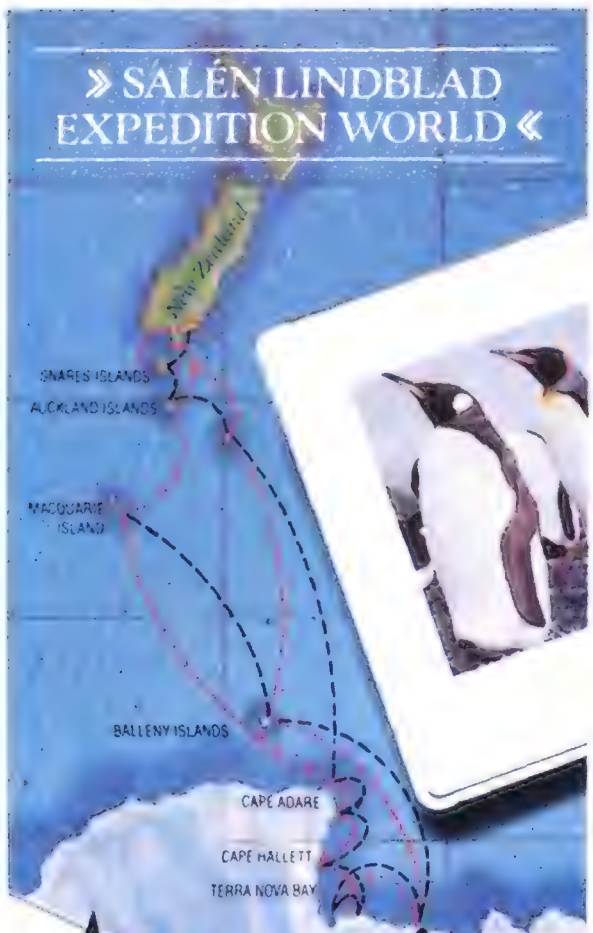

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The object at hand

At the Museum of American History, a new show about communication includes a most enigmatic machine

The late-model German Enigma is equipped with four scrambling wheels.

There it sits. The famous German encoding machine that was even more famously penetrated by the Allies to help win World War II. This particular Enigma is part of "Information Age," the National Museum of American History exhibit that opens May 9 and is filled with miraculous devices for getting in touch, or—in the Enigma's case—staying out of touch.

The show ranges from the invention of the telegraph by Morse in 1835 to hands-on information networks that let users respond to a simulated 911 police call. It is a great example of the practice and preachment of progress through communication. These days, when every kindergartner is expected to get familiar with his or her very own computer, such faith seems unbounded. The Enigma machine, though, stirs a certain number of contrary notions.

For one thing, it looks like something your eccentric uncle might have built when he tried to reinvent the typewriter. Set in a nicely varnished box, the Enigma has three rows of typewriter keys, three corresponding rows of little lights and four gear wheels sticking up through the top, with alphabets engraved on their rims.

The people who first devised the machine in Holland in 1919 really wanted a random encoder, and they got it. Hit an *A* on the typewriter and, say, the *P* lights up in the other bank of letters. But hit *A* again, and this time, say, a *Y* will light up.

When you hit that *A*, an electric current goes through a series of devices called plugs, which begin the process of scrambling; then through the four gear wheels, which move one setting with every letter pushed; and then back through the series of plugs again, so that by the time the current reaches the light box and turns on the *P*, the result is virtually untraceable to its letter of origin. It is estimated that the Enigma's total number of optional settings, each of which would produce a different code, is 200 quintillion, a nice round number that communicates variations beyond the finite grasp of anything except another Enigma. Or a computer.

At any rate, 200 quintillion options looked good to the Germans. They were so sure that their Enigma code was infallible, they used it throughout the war in perfect confidence. They were right. It was infallible.

But the people who ran it were not infallible.

Enigma messages were sent over shortwave radio, mostly in Morse code, from various Nazi headquarters to the field and back, from one field unit to another, from ship to shore and shore to

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ship. The messages were picked up but not deciphered by Allied receivers.

To decipher, a decoding Enigma has to be put at the same settings as the encoding one. These settings include a random arrangement of the three (and in later models, four) gear wheels. Operators were told to pick different random groups of letters for each new 24-hour setting. But many of them simply used *AAA* or *XYZ* or their initials or even a German obscenity—and never changed from one week to the next. The repetition reduced the number of possible combinations the Allies had to sort through. Some German services were more insouciant than others, naturally. Airmen, particularly, were casual about the regulations.

The Germans might have been less complacent if they had known that the team of British experts trying to crack the code at Bletchley Park not only had an Enigma machine, but some preliminary wheel settings. Knowing that Hitler was likely to attack Poland, Polish Intelligence had been working on cracking Enigma since the early 1930s. In 1939, when the Germans added new complications to the machine, the Poles realized they did not have the resources to cope with the change. They gave the British an Enigma machine, all the information they had, and a primitive decoding machine called a *bombe*. With Enigma and the bombe, the Bletchley Park people were able to narrow down the number of possible interior settings, eventually cracking the code.

Of course, the Germans constantly revised and improved their device, and each time, Bletchley Park virtually had to start over. But in May 1941 a U-boat was captured off Greenland, and before the German crew could scuttle the boat, a young British officer scrambled aboard and grabbed an Enigma as well as codebooks describing the latest procedures. As the war progressed and messages proliferated, the Allies mastered the Enigma code so consistently that they were able to affect the outcome of the war.

For example, the gasoline for Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's tanks had to be shipped from Italy to his African bases. His commanding officer would inform him that so many thousand gallons would be shipped, when and from where, often naming the ships involved. The Allies routinely ambushed these ships. During the first weeks of the crucial

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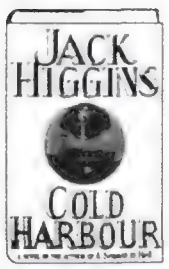

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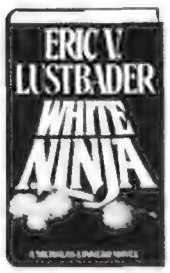

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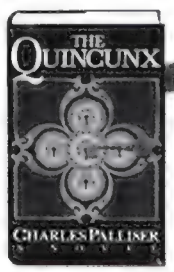

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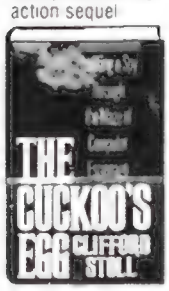

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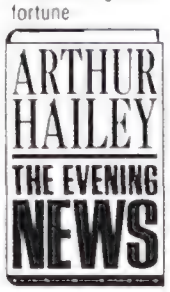

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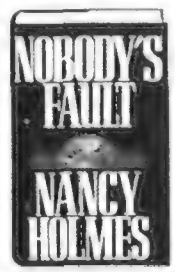

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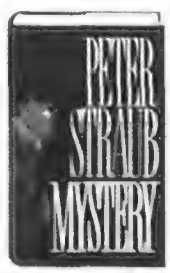

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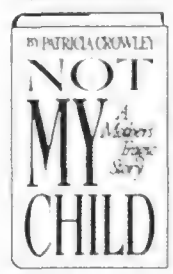

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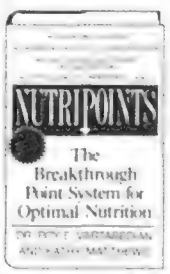

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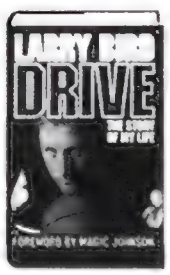

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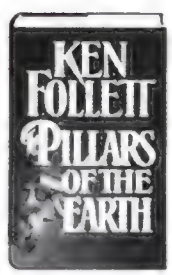

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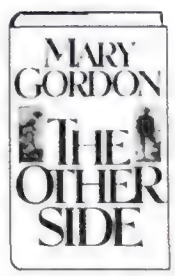

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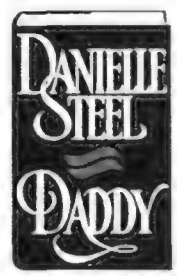

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battle of el-Alamein, four ships headed out into the Mediterranean with more than 6,000 tons of desperately needed gas and ammunition for the Afrika Korps. Not one got through.

During all of Rommel's retreat across North Africa, gasoline, ammunition and other vital supplies were denied him by the interceptors of the Enigma messages. In 1942 almost half the ships supplying Rommel were sunk. All messages to and from his superiors were being read by the Allies, and only when he improvised tactics in the field did they fail to counter his moves.

To the end of his life, Rommel blamed traitors among the Italians, whom he had never liked. He had fought against them in World War I and now found them unreliable as allies in his desert war.

Another Enigma victory was the Battle of the Atlantic. It's right there in the numbers: during the periods when Enigma was being broken consistently, convoys and their escorts knew where to look out for Luftwaffe Flak units and U-boat wolf packs. The tonnage of shipping losses dropped; when the decoding faltered because of some new wrinkle by the German Navy cryptologists, the tonnage rose.

One great problem involved with breaking the Enigma code, of course, was keeping the Germans from knowing that it had been broken. The Allies couldn't be seen to anticipate *every* move the Nazis made. And one of the bitterest claims to come out of the war was that Winston Churchill was aware in advance that Coventry was to be obliterated by bombs on November 14, 1940, but did nothing lest he reveal to the enemy that he knew their plans.

It wasn't true. According to Peter Calvocoressi, a Bletchley Park cryptographer, in his book *Top Secret Ultra*, the Enigma machines never mentioned Coventry. What Churchill knew about was a Luftwaffe bombing operation called "Moonlight Sonata," but he thought it was meant for London.

To put the Enigma in some scientific context, Alan Turing, one of the geniuses at Bletchley Park, also helped invent a more advanced bombe that incalculably speeded up the decoding process. Out of that effort came Colossus, designed by a group trying to improve on the bombe and crack non-Enigma codes. One of the first electronic computers, it used 1,500 vacuum tubes: the Model T of the communications age.

And that story, too, is told in the Smithsonian exhibit, which includes 14 video stations and 24 computerized work stations. Visitors will be able to play with a computer simulation of the Enigma, encoding and decoding words for themselves.

The message, I guess, is that the usefulness of communications depends on what it is you have to say and your being sure you know who will get the message. In 1854 when Henry David Thoreau wrote about the excitement caused by the new telegraph that could put Texas in touch with Maine, he commented: "Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate."

We are encouraged to believe that mere communication makes connections between human minds, and is thus an instrument of peace and love. Enigma is a reminder that the story is often more complex.

Michael Kernan

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Bill Rice, the bug, the plow, and the Lands' End Interlochen Knit Shirt

Bill Rice, ready to meet the President in his favorite Interlochen Knit Shirt.

There wasn't much moving on that shimmering hot summer day not long ago, on a West Texas ranch. Just a skittish lizard, here and there. And a tractor, plowing the fields, driven by a man named Bill Rice.

Now, summertime and bugs seem to go together like bacon and eggs. So it wasn't surprising that pretty soon, a bug crawled down into the Lands' End Interlochen Knit Shirt that Bill happened to be wearing that day.

(While we have gotten pretty well acquainted with Bill Rice, we can't tell you anything about this bug, whether it was a brave bug or an ornery bug, a wise old bug or a foolish young bug. It disappeared without giving any interviews.)

Anyway, we'll let Bill tell you what happened at this point, in his own words.

"There wasn't room for me and the bug, so I yanked the shirt off and just hung it on the back of my tractor.

"Well, to make a long story short, the shirt fell down and I accidentally plowed it under. After I plowed it back up and threw it in the washing machine, it was still as good as new. Now that's a well-made shirt."

A shirt good enough to meet the President.

At this point in the story, as Bill talked to us, he began to warm to the topic of our Interlochen Knit Shirts.

"I wear them everywhere I go. Working out here on the ranch, and going into town too."

Bill says it's the comfort of the shirt that's got him sold. Along with the way it looks. (He owns six of the shirts he's pictured in here!)

"If I was going to meet the President," says Bill with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "I'd wear this shirt."

What's so special about our Interlochen Knit?

As its name somewhat prosaically implies, it's knit with an "interlocking" stitch to create a fabric that is especially lofty and plush. Of pure combed cotton, no less, for surpassing softness next to the skin.

In one of our more exuberant moments, we once declared that our Interlochen Knit Shirt is absolutely "COTTON BALL SOFT!"

More unusual than the knit fabric itself is the fact that our Interlochen is even tailored with a soft touch. The collar is taped, the shoulder and armhole seams neatly single-needle stitched, the placket smoothly finished inside—all so no rough edges of fabric ever come between you and the softness of our Interlochen.

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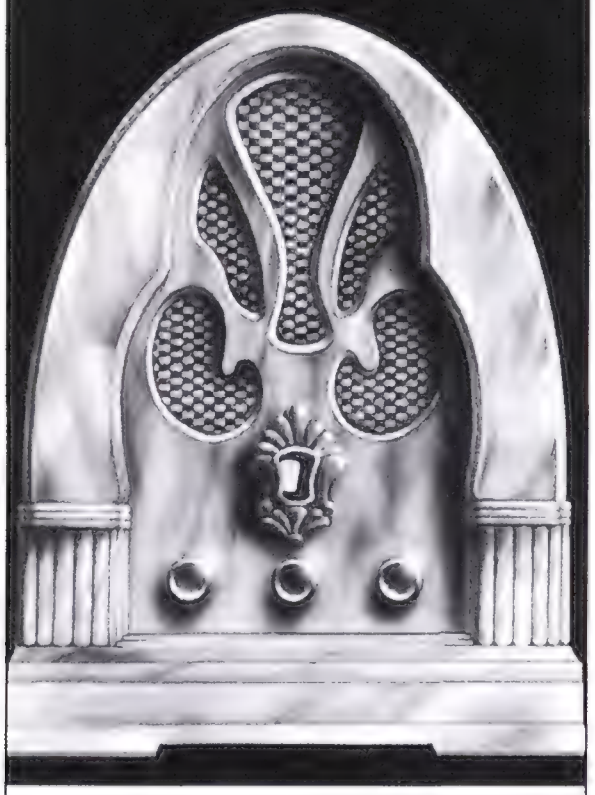

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Phenomena, comment and notes

Eat every hour, nap in the afternoon, take it easy exercising; suddenly the road to longevity is not so steep

Faint streaks of hope are lightening the long, dark night of denial and deprivation. After all these years of telling us that anything that tastes or feels good will kill us, those unsmiling people in the white coats have some good news.

No longer will we be exhorted to live like Trappist monks, eschewing the pleasures of the table, treating sloth like the capital sin it once was. It now seems that some of our instincts are right on the money, that at least some of the time doing what feels good *is* the path to a longer, healthier life.

Regrettably, it is not yet the millennium. Woody Allen's fantasy of science discovering that steaks and cigarettes are good for us has not come true. The South Jersey breakfast special—creamed chipped beef, scrambled eggs, home fries from the mountain on the grill—is still off-limits. Hot dogs at the ball game remain a no-no. An egg salad sandwich on wheat toast with a chocolate milk shake, once the very model of a moderate lunch, must remain a dream right up there with lions on the beach.

Yet there is good news. Take the matter of between-meal snacking. It has been frowned upon for as long as I can remember. Only those of us weak of will stooped to such practice. Now we find out that eating 17 times a day is much better for us than the traditional 3.

A team of nutritionists, clinical biochemists and research physicians at the University of Toronto came up with the good news last fall. Nibbling all day lowers a person's cholesterol count by lowering the level of low-density lipoproteins (the LDL, or "bad cholesterol," component). The researchers have even figured out how this happens. The nibbling diet results in lower insulin levels. Insulin stimulates the production of an enzyme the liver needs to produce cholesterol; less insulin means less enzyme which means less cholesterol.

Lower insulin levels also appear to directly reduce the risk of heart attack. Insulin stimulates the formation of fat in arterial tissue, and enhances the growth and proliferation of arterial smooth-muscle cells. The new cells narrow arteries even as fat deposits threaten to block them. Or, in the dry prose of medical research, "High . . . insulin levels are associated with subsequent [heart attacks] in nondiabetic men."

The benefits of nibbling are not a wholly new idea. Papers on the subject appeared as long ago as 1963; in 1970 a contribution to the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition* was titled: "Meal frequency—a possible factor in human pathology." No one followed up on it, however, because the concern at the time was with overweight patients, and spreading 3 meals out into 17 did nothing for weight loss.

The Toronto researchers outnumbered their experimental subjects, 12 to 7. The 7 healthy men were fed a normal, three-meal-a-day diet for a two-week period, while maintaining their normal level of activity. During another two-week period, exactly the same diet was fed to them in 17 separate snacks, one when they first woke up and then one every hour through the rest of the day. The results, published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, were clear: while the 7 were on the nibbling diet, their LDL dropped an average of 13.5 percent and their insulin levels 28 percent.

This bit of good news does involve some temptation of its own. An enthusiastic reader of the report might be tempted to combine the regimes, snacking 17 times a day in addition to the traditional three meals. (When Metrecal, a meal substitute, first appeared on the market, I remember reading about dieters who faithfully but mistakenly drank it before every meal, then complained that they were not losing weight.) But surely we can work out the details. And if I answer the telephone with my mouth full, it just means I am taking care of my heart.

The second bit of good news has to

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do entirely with yielding to, rather than resisting, temptation. Sleep researchers have belatedly discovered that human beings are programmed for an afternoon nap. For all the people who don't get quite enough sleep at night, a nap enables them to better concentrate on a task at hand and to make complicated decisions. For those who have gotten enough sleep, the main benefit of a nap appears to be an improvement in mood. Both would seem to be to the advantage of hard-nosed employers as well as to the individuals themselves.

Midafternoon drowsiness is not simply a function of a heavy lunch, it turns out. Roger Broughton, a neurologist at the University of Ottawa, says alertness and intellectual ability drop off in midafternoon whether or not a person eats lunch.

For years, sleep researchers tried to keep their subjects from taking naps so they could better study what happens during sleep at night. (Had none of them ever felt a 4 P.M. slump? Ever had to fight off afternoon drowsiness so as to go on studying sleep?) But according to a report in the *New York Times* last year, they now feel they can no longer ignore the evidence from subjects who were wired or kept diaries or were kept underground for weeks at a time to see what patterns they established.

Those last provided the strongest evidence, not published until 1986. Scott Campbell and colleagues at the Max Planck Institute in Munich kept volunteers underground for weeks at a time with no clocks and no clues as to when it was really day or night. They found that the volunteers tended to fall into a 25-hour cycle, during which they slept once for the equivalent of a night's sleep and again for 1 or 2 hours.

Even more interesting, they found that on average the naps began about 12 hours after the middle of the main sleep period. For a person who slept, for example, from 11 P.M. to 7 A.M., the midpoint was 3 A.M. The nap tended to begin at 3 P.M., 12 hours later.

Peretz Lavie at the Technion in Haifa has kept volunteers on a 20-minute sleep-wake cycle for several days at a time—they sleep for 7 minutes and stay awake for 13—to see how quickly, if at all, they can fall asleep at different times of the day. He has found that there is a peak in people's readiness to go to sleep in the midafternoon as well as at night.

Before the Industrial Revolution made us all clock punchers, I would guess, the afternoon nap would have been part of the daily routine. It hangs on in some tropical countries, where the siesta is still tradition. (In Rome, that paragon of civilization, there are still four rush hours a day, two of them caused by workers going home for the 1-to-4 lunch break.)

So far, so good. When one of those pesky younger staff members comes bouncing into my office, all bright-eyed energy, and finds me 1) munching out or 2) meditating with my eyes closed, he or she will know that I am 1) being good to my heart or 2) making myself even more mentally alert and ready for those tough decisions.

And still there's more. An article in the February 1990 *Today's Chemist* goes into the biochemistry of decreasing one's percentage of body fat, and concludes that slow and easy works better than running flat out. Gentle exercise, it seems, burns more fat than vigorous exercise. Duration is important, too. During the first half-hour of exercise, the body tends to burn more carbohydrates (specifically, glycogen stored in muscles). But after about 30 minutes the body will begin to conserve glycogen and burn more fat, instead. The body "learns" to burn fat.

The author, a retired chemist and long-distance runner named Trevor Smith, writes that three one-hour workouts at low intensity will burn more fat than six 30-minute sessions at higher intensity.

I'm definitely the low-intensity workout type myself. Sometimes the intensity is so low that only a trained observer can tell I am working out at all. That faint aroma you can't quite place is the happy scent of burning fat.

There is a long way to go, however; we need more good news. Our scientists are not doing enough. So here's my plan. First, I'll pull together a few tens of millions of dollars (this part is still a little vague). Set up a foundation to endow a brand-new research institute. Hire the best minds and set them to the task: discover that the staples of editor-writer lunches, the foods that produced the ideas that made America's magazines great—eggs Benedict and bacon cheeseburgers—are so good for you that all thinking people will have them three times a week. Then, with that behind us, we'll go to work on ice cream.

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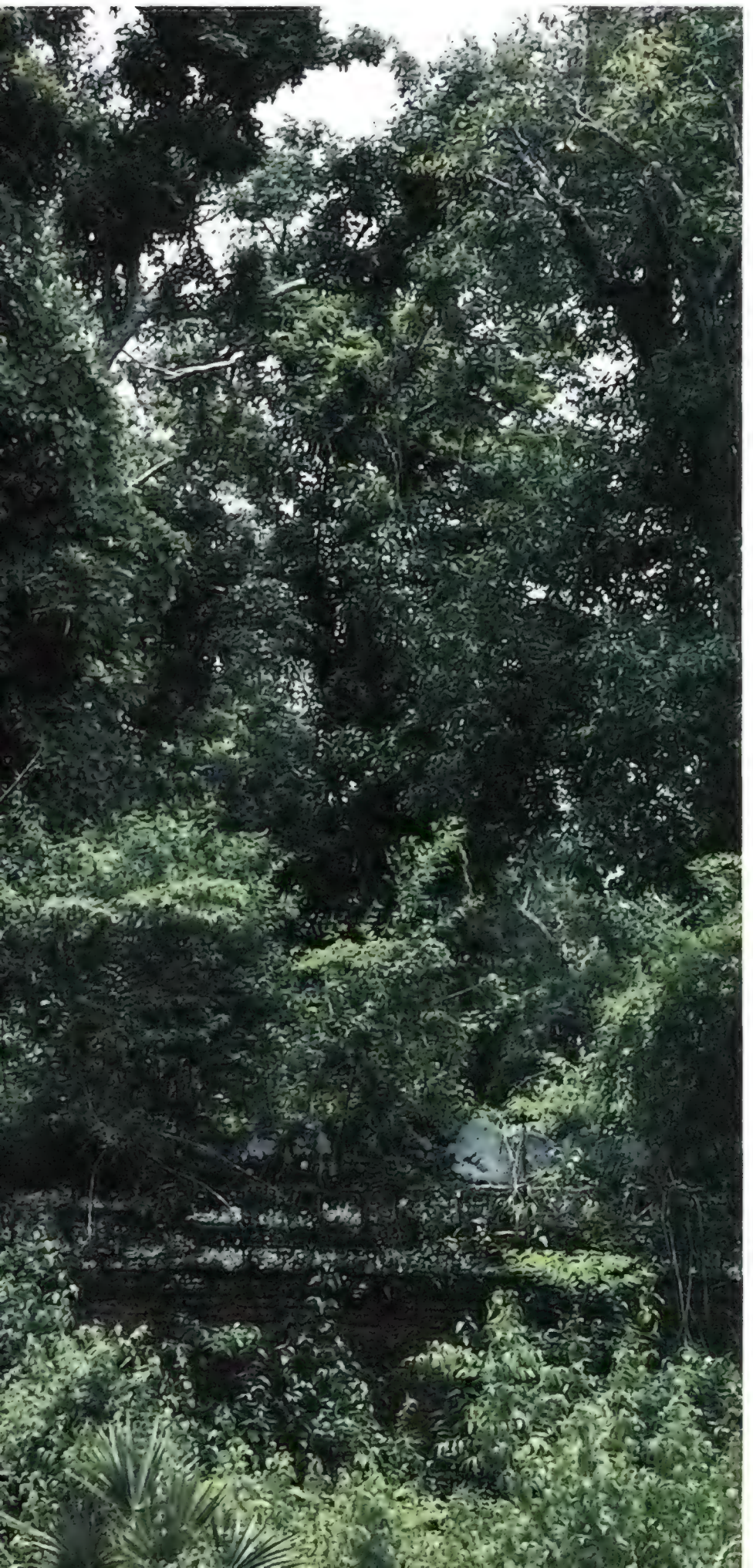
By Roger Warner

After centuries of neglect, Angkor's temples need more than a face-lift

Man and nature are exacting a terrible toll, but these monuments to Cambodia's past have endured; one day all may be restored



There was a whoosh of wings as bats flew past us toward their roosting places. Crickets chirped in an eerily loud chorus. The sky turned pink, then red, behind the stone towers of Angkor Wat, a centuries-old temple that is considered one of the supreme architectural triumphs of all time. The sun rose, and we watched as Buddhist monks with shaved heads and saffron robes quietly appeared. Then, in the distance, we heard a gunshot. "Somebody hunting birds," our guide assured us. "Really," he added, seeing the doubt on our faces.

So began another steamy day in Angkor, a region of splendid ruins in Cambodia, a bitterly divided nation that has been embroiled for more than two decades now in a series of ruinous wars and revolutions. Photographer Michael Freeman and I had flown into the country for the express purpose of finding out how its world-renowned temples were faring in the midst of all that strife. Eager to visit as many of them as we could, we drove that morning over potholed roads to a colossal gateway topped by Buddha-like faces carved out of stone. This was the entrance to Ta Prohm, a much smaller, and less well restored, temple than Angkor Wat. A faint trail led through the woods toward the inner courtyard. Our armed guard insisted on going first, so we wouldn't stray off the path and onto a possible land mine. Soon we were inside the vaulted, musty-smelling corridors, stepping over mossy tumbled-down stones. From off in the forest came the background accompaniment of birds and insects as we quietly filed like pilgrims into the heart of the sacred site. The inner courtyard had grown up to jungle. Fig and silk-cotton trees thrived on top of the walls, and their gnarled roots seemed to reach down and grasp the stones like massive tentacles.

We spent the day exploring many of the ruins, sweating profusely, gulping boiled water from canteens. There were no other foreigners in sight, no tour groups or souvenir stalls, only an occasional Cambodian driving by in an oxcart similar to those in the temple bas-reliefs. Now and again we heard a rifle shot, but never automatic-weapon fire, and gradually we came to accept the bird-hunting explanation. By evening, we were so tired that we went to bed early, not that there was a choice: at 9 o'clock the bare electric light bulb in my hotel room went off, and the ceiling fan stopped whirring. I lay under the mosquito net, drowsy and content.

And then it came, like a boom of sudden thunder. A moment's silence, followed by a noise resembling a

Weathered faces crown overgrown gateway to Banteay Kdei (circa 1180), one of Jayavarman VII's first temples.

Photographs by Michael Freeman

Central tower at Angkor Wat is flanked by four others, three of which can be seen here. The corner towers surmount ornate pavilions and broad terraces. The massive structure soars as high as 213 feet.

jet engine's high-pitched whine: *NNNNRRRRrrrrrrr* descending in pitch, as the rocket fell lower and lower. Then there was another gap of silence, followed by an explosion as the projectile hit the ground.

I jumped out of bed, looked from the balcony, saw nothing, hurried back in. Dogs were barking furiously. It sounded as though the rocket had landed nearby, maybe even on the hotel grounds. In the distance, I heard the crump of outgoing mortar fire, followed by a second crump, and finally the low rumble of government tanks or personnel carriers heading for the spot from which the rocket had been fired. The dogs barked for a long time. A little less adventure would be better, I decided, as I got back under the net, knowing it would take a while now to drift into sleep.

During our sojourn in Cambodia, Freeman and I were never sure who was shooting at whom, and neither were our guides. That's because the situation there has for some time been basically at an impasse, with three outside factions challenging the present regime. It was installed by the Vietnamese following their invasion and occupation of Cambodia in 1979. The Vietnamese put an end to four years of brutal rule by the Khmer Rouge, a period which saw as many as two million people die in the "killing fields." Today, the country is still a long way from recovery. The Vietnamese troops only pulled out last fall, leaving their government still intact. Good roads, hospitals and schools are scarce, and most of the educated people who survived have fled. Under the circumstances, Cambodia is hard put merely to function as a nation and provide its people with basic services, let alone attend to such amenities as maintaining and restoring the magnificent monuments of its glorious past.

The name "Angkor" today loosely refers to the region in northwestern Cambodia that, for most of the

Roger Warner wrote about Lyme disease in the April 1986 issue. He is working on a book about the United States' involvement in Laos.

period from the 9th to the 15th centuries, served as the capital of the ancient Khmer empire. From several successive cities built in this region, Angkor's kings ruled over one of the largest and most cosmopolitan empires in the history of Southeast Asia. At its height, this kingdom encompassed not only all of present-day Cambodia, but also much of what is now Vietnam, Laos and Thailand. Within an area of about 75 square miles, the rulers erected magnificent stone temples, with wide causeways, gates and towers, many adorned with exquisite stone carvings. These architectural wonders reflected the largely Indian system of political and religious beliefs that undergirded and unified the empire.

Temples were evidence of power

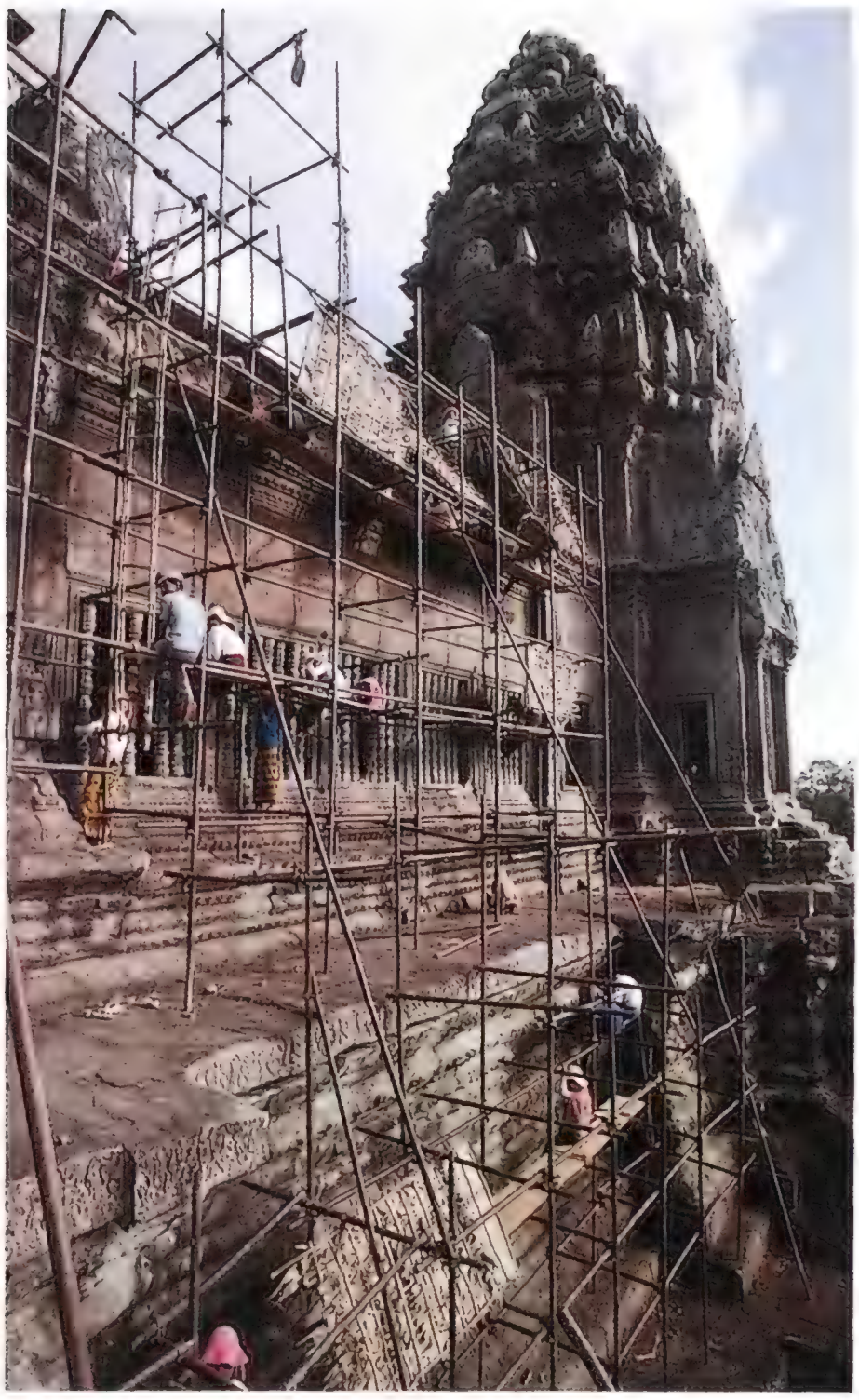
Angkor's first great king, Jayavarman II, introduced an ancient Indian royal cult into his realm. It was based on the concept that the king was associated spiritually with one of the Hindu gods, usually Shiva or Vishnu. Because of that association, the king was believed able to perform the same kind of role on Earth that the gods enacted in the Universe. Each king was supposed to build a large stone monument, called a temple-mountain. This was consecrated to Shiva or Vishnu, but upon the king's death it also served as a shrine to him. Angkor's more than 70 temple-mountains and similar buildings are testimony to the success of that cult.

Many of the Angkor kings were able soldiers. They brought vast reaches of territory under their domain. Just as important, they created a highly advanced waterworks system with canals and wide moats and enormous reservoirs called *barays*. In a monsoon climate, where the rainy season sometimes brings too much water and the dry season doesn't bring any at all, control over water is the key to wealth. At its peak, this irrigation system reportedly enabled farmers to raise three and even four rice crops a year. The surplus food made it possible for them to support an opulent culture with court ministers, priests, bureaucrats, artisans, a standing army. But the intensive work required to maintain both agriculture and the irrigation system demanded much of the empire's labor force, and was to prove intolerable after a time.

A Chinese envoy, Zhou Daguan, visited Angkor in 1296 and found a bustling city with thatch-roofed houses for the commoners, tile-roofed palaces for the rich, and even some gold-covered statues and towers. Men and women, he reported, wore their long hair in a knot and went bare from the waist up. Soldiers holding a shield in their left hand and a lance in their right were frequently seen, and so were Buddhist monks with shaved heads and saffron robes (the same as to-

Fissures on this colossal face at Bayon temple reflect the passage of time, but enigmatic smile remains intact.

John Sanday (left) and Corneille Jest of the World Monuments Fund team talk with Cambodian Pich Keo.



Cambodians on scaffolding clean a wall at Angkor Wat as part of ongoing restoration led by Indian experts.

day), female merchants, lepers, criminals with their toes, hands or noses cut off as punishment, and slaves captured and brought down from the mountains. The powerful were often carried about on palanquins with silver or gold shafts, shaded from the rain and sun by parasols.

The king, Zhou Daguan wrote, had five wives, as well as several thousand concubines and palace girls. When he went out in public, he wore a royal garment woven in a pattern that only he was entitled to wear, a diadem, gold bracelets and rings, and several pounds of pearls around his neck. His trusty steed was an elephant whose tusks were sheathed in gold. He was preceded by soldiers, ministers and princes riding on their own elephants. Those who watched the king ride by were expected to kneel down and touch their foreheads to the ground. Daguan added: "From all this it is plain to see that these people . . . know what is due to a Prince."

Given their penchant for grandeur, it's hardly surprising that the Khmer kings were obsessed with building things on a grand scale. The results of that royal edifice complex cover an area more than three times the size of Manhattan. To build each temple, hundreds of architects and engineers and thousands of laborers worked years at a time, transporting the stones from distant quarries by canal, oxcart and elephant, cutting and fitting them together, then embellishing them with freestanding statues and bas-reliefs. The buildings were masterpieces of religious art.

The greatest of the monuments, Angkor Wat (the name means "temple of the capital"), was built by King

Suryavarman II in the early 12th century. It took him some 30 years to finish. Like all of the temple-mountains at Angkor, it was designed as a representation of Mount Meru, the celestial abode of the gods, according to Hindu cosmology. The central tower and four surrounding towers symbolize Meru's five peaks. Its outer walls represent the mountains at the world's edge, and the moat, the oceans beyond. The galleries and corridors are precisely aligned to the directions of the compass. The narrative bas-reliefs covering many of the gallery walls are a visual chronicle of earthly and divine history: images of the king in his court and on a war elephant, a pictorial guide to heaven and hell, and several mythical scenes. The walls are decorated with sculptures of lovely women called *apsarases*, who were supposed to inhabit the heavens.

In the geometric center of the city rises another temple called the Bayon. It was built around 1200 by Angkor's last great king, Jayavarman VII, a Buddhist. The Bayon itself is a sort of complicated stepped pyramid with galleries around its base and steep staircases leading to terraces near the top. Probably its most striking feature is its forest of dozens of sculptured towers, each studded with impressive carved faces staring in all directions. The faces are similar, with the same almond-shaped eyes, thick, sensuous lips and enigmatic half-smiles. The face has been variously interpreted, but would appear to represent a Buddhist deity with whom the king was closely identified.

The fall of a magnificent city

If Angkor was, for a period of time, a magnificent city that worked, it was also, like any other city or state, subject to decline. Its demise was gradual, brought about in no small part by the tremendous demands of both its expansive building program and its labor-intensive economy, which eventually resulted in an exodus of disgruntled workers. A series of wars with neighboring kingdoms also weakened it. Angkor was sacked several times, and in the early 1400s it was finally conquered by the Thais, a rival power to the west. After this, the city was all but abandoned by its dispirited inhabitants. Through the centuries that followed, the people in the vicinity of Angkor continued to use some of its monuments, such as Angkor Wat, for Buddhist worship; and succeeding Khmer kings occasionally attempted to restore the city, which they regarded with reverence.

Foreign visitors were rare between the late 16th and 19th centuries, when a French naturalist-explorer, Henri Mouhot, "discovered" the site and made it known to the Western world. His account, published in 1863, described the stone ruins and the few poor peasants living in huts nearby in an area that was

Guards strain to remove a fallen torso at Preah Khan temple, which was built by Jayavarman VII in 1191.

In police station at Siem Reap, thieves serving time for looting Angkor temples squat next to stolen relics.

A worker cleans one of the 2,400 temple sculptures stored for safety in an Angkor Conservancy warehouse.

Hemmed in by lush jungle, the temple of Bakong retains the grandeur that typified the Khmer empire. Dedicated in A.D. 881, it was reconstructed by French archaeologists in the 1930s.

Bas-relief on early 12th-century temple of Angkor Wat depicts a popular Hindu myth, "Churning of the Sea of Milk." The god Vishnu, to whom this temple is dedicated, oversees the stirring up of mythic waters.

← Fold out

The demons, at left, and celestials, at right, agitate sea by tugging on long serpent. Heavenly nymphs hover above the participants. From the churning will come elixirs, source of immortality, and other treasures.

strangely empty and barren. The farmers, he said, didn't know who had built Angkor. Maybe the gods, they suggested, maybe giants.

In the same year that Mouhot's account was published, the French established their colonial rule in Cambodia, and Western interest in Angkor increased. After the turn of the century, the French began to restore a number of the temples. Several generations of archaeologists, scholars and administrators, most from the Ecole Française d'Extrême-Orient (the French-government-funded Asian research institution) devoted their professional lives to the work. The late Bernard Philippe Groslier led the last French team of conservators, which was forced out in the early 1970s. The French made an enormous contribution, freeing the ruins from undergrowth and trees, and rebuilding temples from rubble. In doing so, they helped reclaim Angkor's heritage from the jungle.

Indeed, Angkor as an enduring symbol has deep meaning even today. For instance, the Cambodian flag under the past four regimes has borne the motif of Angkor Wat's towers. To modern Cambodians, who became politically independent in 1953 under Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the emblem had a potent meaning: if their ancestors could build such a magnificent capital, governing such a vast empire, surely they could build a great nation, too.

It didn't work out that way. In 1970, Sihanouk's more-or-less-neutral government was overthrown by a right-wing coup led by Gen. Lon Nol, and almost immediately the country was plunged into civil war, from which the Khmer Rouge emerged victorious. A number of outsiders have contributed to Cambodia's destruction and instability, including the United States, which bombed the country in the late 1960s and early '70s, and the Soviet Union and China, which supply weapons to opposing sides today. But when all is said and done, Cambodians, as even Sihanouk himself has said, have shown a great inclination for fighting among themselves. Perhaps the best that can be said is that, for the most part, Angkor has been left alone.

Scars from exploding grenades

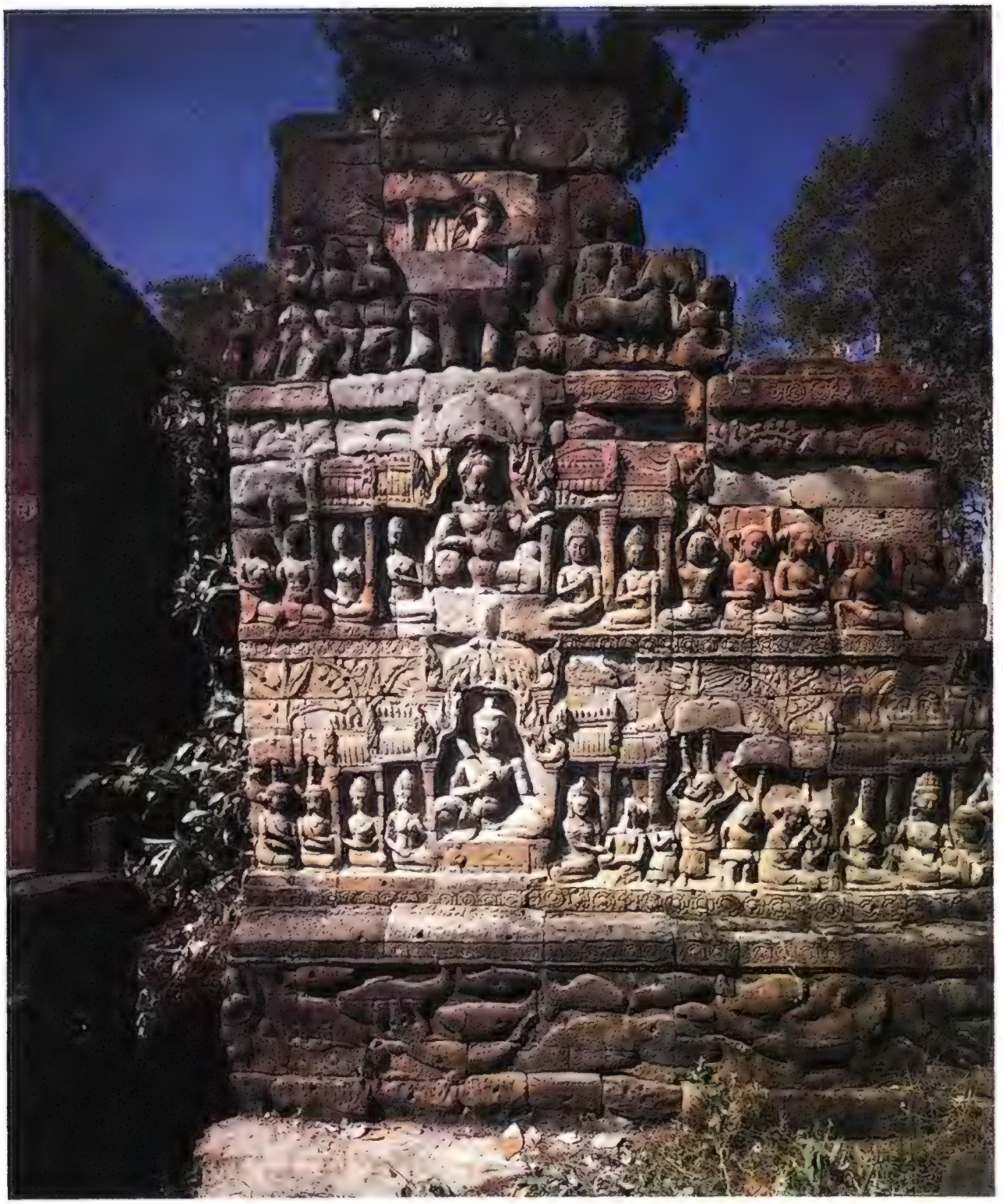
There is some war damage to the monuments, though how much is hard to say. At Angkor Wat, our guide showed us bullet holes near the temple's entrance. We also found pitting from an exploded grenade and depressions in a stone courtyard where an emplaced mortar had been fired. Some bas-relief figures had been defaced, and others were blackened from the smoke of cooking fires. But to me, the damage didn't seem like much, given that this temple measures half a mile in circumference. In the Bayon, the guide showed me a collapsed colonnade, and there was other evidence of vandalism here and there. But at the nearly 20 temples Freeman and I visited, none of the harm inflicted by humans came close to the long-term effects of the forest's encroachment, nor to the damage from the monsoon climate. Structural weaknesses in the buildings themselves have played a major role in their gradual demise, too.

Damage to the buildings and supports is one thing. A much more serious problem is damage to freestanding sculpture. Three decades ago, the upper galleries of Angkor Wat alone contained thousands of statues. Brought in over the centuries as devotional objects, they were created in every imaginable posture—standing, sitting in the lotus position, reclining. Some were exquisite old works of art, some were modern and rather ordinary. Now only 26 of them are left. In the other temples we visited, there were few freestanding statues of any kind. Most of those we did see had been decapitated. What hadn't been destroyed had either been removed by the French and Cambodians for protection or been smuggled out by looters and taken to the nearby Thai border, and from there to private collectors in faraway cities like Paris and New York. Or so we were told, and so we believed—at first.

The burgeoning trade in fakes

Gradually, a more complex, but still murky, picture of the looting emerged. The underlying motivation has always been money. Even at local prices, an average piece can be worth $3,000 or more in the right hands—a tiny fraction of its value on the international art market, but many times a year's legal income for a local peasant. The lucrative trade in genuine Angkorian sculpture at the Thai-Cambodian border has given rise to a trade in fakes. Some of the best fakes come from a talented Thai artist who makes replicas and then enhances their monetary value (if not their esthetic appearance) by chipping away at them with a hammer and burying them in dirt or cow dung to obtain a stolen-and-buried look.

One day we went to the police station in the provincial capital of Siem Reap, a few miles from Angkor. Knowing we were coming, the man in charge, Chief Prosecutor Som Sin, trotted out 14 prisoners serving time for sculpture theft. They sat on the ground looking sullen and miserable while Som Sin explained that they were just local peasants who had been offered somewhere between $10 and $50 to remove the heads from sculptures or to transport the heads in their oxcarts. The real people responsible, he emphasized, were "the Khmer Rouge bandits, and the Thais." Then he showed us the sculptures his office had confiscated—huge heads of guardians that had lined a causeway. I tried to move one, couldn't, and guessed



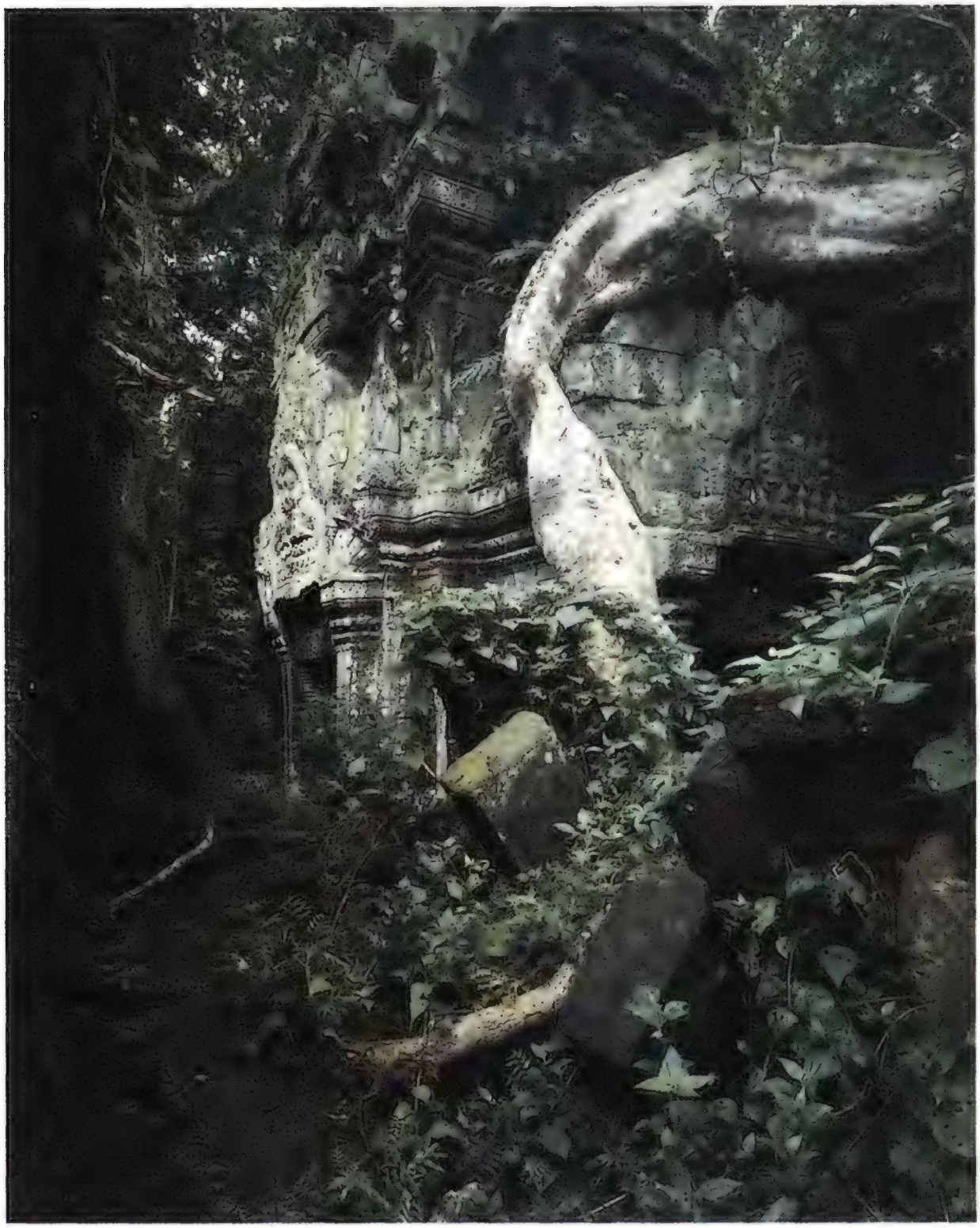
King (bottom row, center), queen (above king), with courtiers, adorn outer wall of royal terrace in center of Angkor. Similar to some other terraces that can be seen nearby, this one may have served as a base for a pavilion or other structure that has since vanished.

that each piece weighed at least 200 to 300 pounds.

Watching the prisoners, I could not help wondering about the men they supposedly worked for. "In my country," I said to Som Sin, "there is a saying, 'The little fish get caught. The big fish get away.'" The prosecutor looked me right in the eye and replied, "In my country we have the same saying."

From there we went to the Angkor Conservancy in Siem Reap, a compound of workshops, laboratories and storage facilities established in collaboration with the French and now run by the Cambodians themselves. The conservancy collects neglected sculptures at Angkor, repairs and restores statues, and assists other archaeologists working on the temples. The man in charge, Uong Von, led us into his warehouses, and there was a welcome sight: row after row of Angkorian sculptures and sculpture fragments, close to 2,400 in all, including many of the finest pieces that once stood in the temples. There were a few life-size figures of ancient kings in immaculate condition. A magnificent statue group of the god Vishnu and his two consorts. Buddhas protected by *nagas*, or mythical serpents. Lintel ornaments. Pedestals. Stelae, or inscription slabs, incised in looping, ornate letters. There were three of these warehouses, their concrete floors neatly swept, the figures carefully arranged by type. Impressed, not to say awed, Freeman and I walked slowly through the sculptures. It was the finest collection of Southeast Asian art that either of us had ever seen. "Which is your favorite piece?" I asked Uong Von. "All 2,400 of them," he replied, which seemed like a perfectly good answer to us.

Uong Von started working at the conservancy with the French team in 1960. Like many of his compatriots, during the years of Khmer Rouge rule he became a sort of slave laborer in the countryside. He planted rice and dug canals. When he returned to Angkor, Uong Von and other volunteers cleared vines from stones



Immense tree root entwines snakelike around tower of the temple called Ta Prohm. Built c. 1186, temple was deliberately left partially overgrown by French as an example of what Angkor once looked like—before their restoration efforts. The trees have wreaked havoc here.

and swept the cow dung from sacred sites. They were not paid, but the stones gave meaning to their lives, and besides, they believed it was the right thing to do.

This attitude, this belief that it's important to take care of the country's religious heritage, is part of Cambodia's cultural tradition. On our trip, we had sometimes seen little old women pulling weeds from temple courtyards, and young men clearing brush with machetes. Nobody was paying them. They were doing it for themselves, making merit for their next lives, as is common in Buddhist cultures.

The conservancy does what it can, but Uong Von freely admits that neither it nor the 300 guards assigned to Angkor is enough to protect and preserve the temples. Doing that requires large-scale international help, and herein lies a tale of politics. The logical international agency to assist Angkor's restoration is the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). But the Communist regime that controls Angkor (at least as of the time of this writing) is not recognized by the U.N. General Assembly or UNESCO or any of the Western nations. Consequently, neither UNESCO nor France, the one country with the most expertise on Angkor, has been able to help out with restoration. India was one of the first countries to recognize the Cambodian regime, and an archaeological organization from that country was awarded an exclusive six-year contract to work on Angkor Wat. That project commenced during the dry season of 1986-87.

The Indian undertaking has been controversial from the start. One of the more thoughtful critics is François Grunwald, a French agronomist in Cambodia's modern capital, Phnom Penh, and local representative of the Association des Amis d'Angkor (Association of the Friends of Angkor), a group of concerned archaeologists, scholars and other professionals. Like many of his colleagues, Grunwald

Local farmer "harvests" bats atop one of Angkor Wat's towers. Chemicals from droppings corrode stones.

believes that Angkor Wat doesn't need its stone surface cleaned as much as it needs foundation work. The Indians, he says, are merely doing "cosmetic work." But he is quick to add that doing a proper foundation job would be a massive project, as there are so many design flaws inherent in the structures. He points out also that "the Indians were the first to start working on Angkor by themselves. That took courage. It is always easier to criticize than to act."

Cambodia's foremost archaeologist, Pich Keo, a former conservator of Angkor and assistant to Groslier, holds a similarly balanced view. "The Indian people's work is not very good," he admits. "But it is also not bad." Pich Keo points out that the Indians have had to struggle with tremendous logistical problems while working at Angkor. If their concrete develops cracks, for example, it is at least partly because they can only get inferior cement from North Korea or Vietnam, and they can't even get much of that. Gasoline, medicine, replacement parts for machines—everything has to be specially shipped into the country through a barely functioning bureaucracy, over a system of barely functioning ports and roads.

Notwithstanding the current impediments to orderly restoration at Angkor, there are signs that the situation may soon change. Recently a number of countries and organizations have offered to help in one way or another. Late last year, at the Cambodian government's request, an international team of experts visited Angkor to assess the situation and come up with specific recommendations on how to proceed. The undertaking was organized by the World Monuments Fund, a New York-based foundation. Currently UNESCO is planning to cohost an international conference on Angkor, probably this summer.

Who knows? These promising developments may herald a time when all of the revered temples will see crews of workers in hard hats hoisting ancient stones, repairing collapsing foundations, and tearing out trees and brush. If that happens, hordes of tourists won't be far behind. But all of this will depend upon a political settlement to the war—hopes for which now seem dim.

Frankly, I'm glad I went when I did. The groundskeeping crew at Angkor Wat consists of about 40 grazing cattle sporadically tended by a small boy with a stick. Occasionally a local man climbs barefoot up the towers of Angkor Wat to collect bats roosting in the crevices. He takes them home to eat, thereby unintentionally performing a valuable caretaking service. Ironically, the civil war is largely responsible for this strange atmosphere of peace. It has kept tourists away, at the same time not posing much danger to the monuments themselves. Except for an occasional episode and those "hunters" shooting at "birds" once in a while, the calm remains largely unbroken.

The war, however, is not the only barrier to tourism. To get to Angkor, you have to pay a $100 "monuments fee," not a penny of which goes to the Angkor Conservancy; and staying longer than a day can involve a horrendous hassle with the Cambodian bureaucracy. But for us, at least, any drawbacks were outweighed by the privilege of wandering about at will—down mossy corridors, through a maze of galleries, past carvings so richly detailed that it was impossible to absorb them all. Often I ended up just sitting someplace, sweat-drenched but happy. Then I would get up and notice fresh details, the exquisite carving of a war elephant, maybe, or a leafy vine curling around an *apsaras*. And then I'd go and climb yet another ruin.

We spent our last evening on the upper terrace of the Bayon, feeling immensely fortunate to be there. We opened coconuts with a borrowed machete and drank deep—not just of the milk but of the power of the stones beneath us. We had the place all to ourselves—not counting the eight-foot-high faces staring off in all directions. Those faces have seen many changes in Angkor over the centuries. They'll be around to see many more.

Vines cling to a stony *apsaras*, or nymph, at Ta Prohm, where realms of nature and mythology often overlap.

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By John Madson

Once, he was almost a 'goner' but now Old Tom's a 'comer'

Although the wild turkey has made a strong comeback in recent years, it is so elusive even veteran hunters seldom outsmart one

For the record, there are two kinds of turkeys: the ones you find in pens and supermarkets, and the ones you don't. About the only thing they have in common is an ancestry that has nothing to do with Turkey, because both started out in America. But while one emigrated to Europe and would eventually be civilized to the point of idiocy, the other stayed home in its native mountains, plains and forests, and would grow wild and wary to the point of genius.

The first of these is your basic tame turkey, a big, blocky character, slightly rumpled, heavy-breasted, short-legged, short-necked, meaty—and dumb. What other bird would stand in a heavy downpour, look up into the rain, open its beak wide and drown on its feet, as a tame turkey is said to do? A National Research Council publication has noted that commercial birds "often have to be taught to eat and drink and they become lost easily." Clearly, the old survival traits have been bred out of this creature in an effort to achieve the ultimate in growth, pluckability and meatiness. The wild turkey, on the other hand, is the distilled embodiment of everything the tame turkey has lost. It's long of leg and neck, sleek and trim of body, powerful in flight and fleet afoot, canny, resourceful and alert.

Only two species of turkey exist, and both are of the New World. According to the Wild Turkey Federation, there are five subspecies of *Meleagris gallopavo*: the Eastern wild turkey of the Eastern third of the United States; the Florida wild turkey; the Rio Grande wild turkey of Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas; Merriam's wild turkey of the southern Rockies and the Southwest; Gould's turkey of western Mexico, Arizona and New Mexico. The other turkey is the ornate ocellated turkey, *Meleagris ocellata*, found in parts of Yucatán, Guatemala and Honduras. A showy bird that takes its name from tailfeathers that have eyes like a peacock's, it has never been successfully kept in captivity.

It was a Mexican subspecies of the turkey, now believed to be extinct, that was domesticated by the Aztecs and introduced into Europe by the Spanish conquistadores. Although it's been said that Columbus took some of the birds back to Spain in 1492, the credit is usually given to Hernando Cortés, who sent turkeys to Spain sometime after his 1519 invasion of Mexico. Just when they got there is unclear, but there's little doubt about their reception. There was nothing else like them in Europe, and the big, meaty birds were an instant sensation—prime banquet fare fit for kings, for ranking clergy, for high weddings. Then in Europe as now in America, roast turkey was a centerpiece for special occasions. Good news travels fast. By 1530 turkeys had reached Germany, and probably other parts of Northern and Eastern Europe as well. They were reported to be in England as early as 1541, and were relatively common there 50 years later.

The turkeys the English colonists brought back to the New World weren't much different from the ones that were waiting for them here. Wild turkeys, as the first settlers found them, were as trusting and unwary as they were plentiful. They had never been heavily hunted by the Indians for food. Their beautiful contour feathers of iridescent bronze were sometimes used in mantles, cloaks and personal adornment, and the sharp, inch-long spurs of old gobblers might have served as arrow points. But many Indians, for some reason, scorned turkey meat. Col. William Byrd noted in 1735 that Indians in the Carolina-Virginia border country were revulsed by the thought of mixing turkey meat and venison in the same broth. Among the Cherokees of the mid-1700s, turkeys were fit game only for children, who hunted them with blowguns, firing darts at the birds' eyes. Maybe it was a status thing, with turkeys held in contempt by men who preferred to hunt bigger game.

I sometimes wonder: Could it be possible that the Indians brought turkeys to the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving just to get rid of them? Imagined conversation in the Indian village: "Hey, Massasoit—the kids killed some more of those bald-headed trash birds this morn-

Sun-drenched Michigan gobbler displaying feathers manages to appear majestic and goofy at the same time.

Ten-day-old poult in the Berkshire Mountains urgently calls for mother after becoming separated from her.

ing. If you're going to that picnic, take 'em with you. Those people will eat anything."

One thing is certain: there was no shortage of turkeys. They seemed to be everywhere within their Eastern range, from southern Ontario to Florida and Mississippi, and west from the prairies of Illinois and Missouri to the easternmost parts of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, with especially dense populations in the Ohio River valley. Two New England hunters in 1632 were said to have seen a thousand turkeys in one day. From the Illinois country of 1723 came a report of "prodigious multitudes of turkeys which go in troops sometimes to the number of 200." Early travelers reported seeing flocks of 50 to 100 birds, and as many as a dozen such flocks, in a single day. In 1830, a southern Missouri account noted that turkeys were "so numerous and so easily obtained as scarcely to be worthy of consideration." It has been estimated that there was a pristine wild turkey population of from seven million to ten million birds in what is now the United States.

Early Colonists didn't share the native distaste for turkey meat. From the start, those wild birds (which tended to be bigger than the domestic strains) were relished. By most settlers, anyway. But in 1788 one George Henry Leskiel noted, "There is a species of wild turkies, which are not eatable, their flesh having a most disagreeable flavor." He wasn't alone in his opinion; some other writers shared his view of the nauseous taste of turkey meat. There's at least one possible explanation: being new to the country, there's a good chance they were eating turkey vultures.

Some hard times ahead for Mr. Turkey

At first, turkeys were items of frontier subsistence; later on, they became items of frontier commerce. Early in the 19th century, a wild turkey could be bought for 6 cents at an Eastern market. By the 1880s, the going rate had risen to about a dollar per bird, and in 1905 one writer noted that a big turkey "would not long go begging at five dollars." The prices reflected the supply. By the late 19th century some doomsayers were prophesying extinction for the grand bird.

The gloomy prophets weren't far wrong. The wild turkey's ancestral range had encompassed at least 38 states. By 1920 the bird was gone, apparently forever, from Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas. This decline was only partly due to hunting, whether for subsistence or the market. Changes in the landscape had been catastrophic. Forests had been purposefully clear-cut for lumber and opened for pastures or plowland, and wildfires had contributed to the deci-

Gobbler, having been scared, takes to the air in the mountains of New Jersey. Wild turkeys have trimmer bodies than domestic strains, less wattling on their necks. Birds can fly at speeds of up to 50 miles per hour.

mation of the turkey's habitat. There is some suspicion that flocks were also wiped out by diseases introduced with domestic poultry, although this has never been documented.

The surviving birds shrank back into swamps of the lowlands, to remote ridges, to deep, lost hollows in the Appalachians and Ozarks, and to the thickly timbered bottoms of the lower Mississippi Valley. With their old naiveté burned away by decades of intense persecution, there was nothing of the "fool hen" about those turkeys. They had grown wary beyond imagining. All of their sensory and physical resources had been refined by the harsh demands of survival. The wild turkey—particularly the Eastern wild turkey—had been honed to a fine, hard edge of perception, with an acute paranoia toward all ground predators with two legs. No vision in the forest was keener, no hearing more acute, no measure of wild distrust and suspicion and alertness was deeper. All that seemed to be lacking was a keen olfactory sense. Arkansas game biologist Gene Rush and I once tried to double-team a wise old boss gobbler that humbled us three mornings in succession—each time in a different way. Walking back to camp, Gene said thoughtfully: "If the Eastern wild turkey had a good sense of smell, like a deer's, say, it could *not* be hunted. Period!"

The bird has the physical equipment to go with that fine sensory edge, too. It would rather run than fly, and those long legs can make rapid transit. A jogging hen has been clocked at an easy 12 miles per hour, and

Discovered in the act, predator stands over Eastern wild turkey hen in the mountains of New York State.

Pair of Rio Grande turkeys, distinguished by their buff-colored tail feathers, stand chest-to-chest before beginning a fight for dominance. They then lock bills and wrestle (above) or intertwine necks (opposite).

could probably have made 20 if really inspired. The turkey is not only one of the biggest nonmigratory birds in North America, and perhaps the swiftest afoot, but it is also one of the heaviest flighted birds, and a flying wild turkey is a one-bird spectacle. Multiply the awesome effect of a flushing ruffed grouse by about ten and you'll have it. A big wild turkey needs only a few swift steps before roaring into the air to tower over tall trees and vanish swiftly across the valley, gliding and occasionally power-stroking. Having such a bird pass you treetop-high at 50 mph is bad enough; having it roar up out of cover a few yards ahead is downright paralyzing.

At its finely honed best, the wild turkey is one of the most perceptive and alert of all American game birds. My old friend and hunting partner Aaron Pass, of Buford, Georgia, puts it this way: "It's been said that wild turkeys operate with a sensory complex that, at its most serene, glows a dull amber—just below red alert. And that's right! Actual thinking is a tremendous impediment in a survival situation. Wild turkeys do not think. They do not have time for it. They are direct-wired, and stimulus is immediately transposed into response; they do not care to analyze their problem."

In spite of its elusiveness, and even with most legal hunting ended, the wild turkey continued to fade from America's faunal roster. Overhunting was one reason. Back in the 1920s and '30s, if a hill farmer heard the distant gobble of a tom turkey, he would likely drop his plow and head for the woods with gun in hand. The farmer might not be able to afford to shoot quail or grouse; shotgun shells were too dear to waste on the little stuff. But he wouldn't hesitate to spend ammunition on a wild turkey—and back in the hill country, where a few turkey flocks still lingered, the hunting went on. Missouri biologist Werner Nagel told of his experience with an aged Ozark farmer in the late '30s: "I asked him if there was much difference in the tastes of wild turkey and tame turkey, and the old man thought for a second and replied, 'Don't rightly know. Ain't never et no tame turkey.' "

There were a few states with enough turkeys to support a brief open-hunting season. In Virginia, turkey hunting has never been closed since the first days of colonization. But although legal hunting had ended in most states, the degradation of turkey range had not. From the millions of birds in presettlement times, the national wild turkey population sank to a level of about 30,000 between the turn of the century and the end of World War II, with the birds occupying only a small fraction of their original range, mostly in the South and Southeast.

At the time, wild turkey management was in its infancy. With so little known about the big bird and its needs, the most logical course of action was to close hunting and then restock the turkeys in ranges from which they had vanished. Closing the hunting season was simple enough, but restocking the turkeys was another matter. There were still fair-to-good wild populations in a few places, and even good unoccupied

John Madson has written previously about catfish and moose. Wild turkeys have taught him many lessons but, he admits, he still has a lot to learn.

range. In 1946 there were about 3,300 wild turkeys in Missouri and available range that could have supported ten times that many. The problem was getting birds and unoccupied range together; the wild turkeys were extremely difficult to live-trap, and it was almost impossible to obtain enough of them for any effective restocking of the pure wild strain.

The answer, it seemed, was game-farm stock. Turkeys of mixed domestic and wild blood were bred and reared in captivity, to be released in places where it was thought they could survive. At one time or another, most of the turkey states tried this, often with elaborate programs meant to restore their vanished flocks. There were flickers of success here and there, but it's asking a lot to expect a part-wild turkey to survive in places where even fully wild natives might not make it.

The problem was one of heritable wildness. In the pens of game farms, intense selection pressure operated against the genes responsible for wildness; in the wild, equally intense selection pressure operated against those genes responsible for tameness. In short, a turkey with enough wild blood to insure survival in the wild wasn't likely to survive in captivity, and vice versa. Some believe that the requisite wildness is not just a trait acquired through conditioning and imprinting, although that's most of it. State game agencies and hunting clubs tried stocking game-farm turkeys for years, but with little success. Sooner or later, the partly tame birds simply vanished—as did the release programs they inspired.

So it went until 1954, when Missouri game biologist Ken Sadler saw a new kind of capture net being used on waterfowl in the Swan Lake National Wildlife Refuge in Missouri. It was a long, finely webbed net propelled by an electrically triggered mortar. A biologist in South Carolina named Herman (Duffy) Holbrook had first used it on turkeys in 1951. The net could be concealed near a baited area; when the turkeys showed up to take the bait, the mortar was set off by a hidden technician, and the net flew over the birds. The idea was taken into the Missouri timber, refined by biologist John Lewis and others, and for the first time a really efficient way of capturing relatively large numbers of wild turkeys went into action. It was now possible to forget about game-farm stock and begin limited stocking of the pure wild strain.

By the mid-'50s good turkey range was coming back strong. Backcountry farms were being abandoned, rural populations were moving into town, old cutover forests were regrowing, state and federal agencies were acquiring extensive forested areas. Times had changed; the new turkey programs not only had greater public support than ever before, but also were being guided with growing biological savvy.

In 1952 there were still no more than 321,880 wild turkeys in North America. Last year the population exceeded three million in the United States alone. In 1991, spring hunting will be allowed in every state except Nevada, which is seriously considering it. But despite an annual take that amounts to around 7 percent of the population, the birds are continuing to increase their numbers.

In the United States turkey hunting is a multimillion-dollar subculture with special traditions and a

special vocabulary. The latter consists of a variety of turkey yelps, clucks, purrs, gobbles, hums and the simulated hooting of barred owls calculated to wake roosting gobblers. At its best, this counterfeit language easily passes for the real thing; it is spoken with a strange array of box calls, wing-bone calls, slate-and-peg calls, tube calls and mouth calls, uttered by persons dressed in camouflage, their faces daubed with brown and green paints. These eccentrics sneak into the spring woods, bleary of eye and high of hope, to imitate the come-hither calls of the nubile hen turkey. They put on quite a show. If all goes well, a lusty tom responds—gobbling, tail fanned, wingtips brushing the ground, the naked skin of his head and neck shifting from red to blue.

That extravagant display, however, isn't as much for the benefit of the hen as for other gobblers. It's pure machismo, meant to stake out breeding territory. The gobbler expects the hen to come to *him*. You might be able to pique his vanity by playing hard-to-get, drawing him down the ridge with passionate love clucks. More often than not, though, His Royal Pomposity will hang up just beyond gun range, strutting and gobbling in an effort to make the hen come her share of the distance, and looking, as one Southern hunter puts it, "like a Volkswagen Beetle with both doors hangin' open."

Something usually goes wrong. Some detail, some flaw in camouflage or position or timing is perceived by the keenest eyes and most suspicious nature in the timber. The gobbling ends. There may be a sharp *pert*, a sound of running, then nothing. Might as well pick up and move on.

No matter. Slaying a gobbler isn't the only reason for going into the turkey woods before first light. Being there at the very beginning of a spring morning is reason enough for me. I will never forget the turkeys I have talked with—but just as unforgettable are the strange, luminous quality of dogwood blossoms in false dawn, the cardinal flowers and little wild irises growing along Ozark creek branches, and the carpets of pasqueflowers under a gallery of pines on a western South Dakota ridge. Mostly, though, I'll remember turkey camp.

It's not like any duck camp or deer camp. Those are of autumn and early winter; our turkey camp is in the

Puffed-up turkey struts his stuff on a tree branch at daybreak in a misty forest. Gobblers often go through this display routine upon awakening. Then they fly down out of trees and start scratching around for food.

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A successful hunter totes his tom through a forest in Virginia. The turkey is one of the wariest game birds.

Turkeys bred for market have bigger heads, smaller eyes. These were debeaked to minimize pecking injuries.

greening time of early May, deep in Arkansas' Ouachitas. We'll be there again this year, pitching our tents beside Muddy Creek or some other favorite place, a mixed bag of idlers from Georgia, Missouri, Louisiana, Arkansas and southern Illinois.

Each day begins long before dawn; by early afternoon we'll be coming back in, almost always birdless and hungry enough to eat billy goat stuffed with soldier buttons. Afternoon is for camp chores, firewood detail, tending to equipment, and long accounts of the morning's failures. These windy reprises are attended with rapt interest, for there is a strange anomaly among turkey hunters: they are apt to relish accounts of why a particular turkey *wasn't* shot even more than how one was.

If the Louisiana contingent is in charge of supper, it may be something on the order of hush puppies, gator tail, *sac au lait* (crappie) fillets and the powerful chicory-rich coffee we all dote on. The chunks of gator tail are good—certainly better than the rattlesnake steaks the night before. But the Jaybird, our regular cook, is complaining; he had carefully gathered several dozen crayfish from the creek during the day, planning to catch some bass later on, but the Louisiana bunch found them, boiled them and ate same. "Damn crazy Cajuns!" the Jaybird grumbles. "Stole ever' last one of my mudbugs!"

Dishes done, the fire is built up. It's time for the picking and grinning. Banjo, mandolin and guitars, starting out with something like "Will the Circle be Unbroken?" and then tearing into "Wildwood Flower," "Sourwood Mountain" or "Life is Like a Mountain Railroad." I wonder how far all this carries into the darkness, ringing down the lofty ridges and into deep grottoes never touched by sunlight. What night creatures hear it and pause in the course of their affairs? It may last until midnight and then, after four hours of sleep, we'll go our separate ways again among the darkling trees, fueled with the Jaybird's hot biscuits, coffee and a fresh supply of hope.

The new day will produce small adventures that may mature into camp legends; it will almost certainly not produce a dead turkey. There is rarely any bloodshed out there in our woods. Aaron, as usual, summarizes the problem: "You cain't really outwit a wild turkey; he has no wits. What you *can* do, is outwit yourself. After all, you are only a part-time turkey hunter—and that old gobbler is a full-time, professional wild turkey!"

What the heck. I wouldn't have it any other way.

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Pump

By Barbara Holland

Being an Adams was no fun; marrying one was even worse

'Some experts (and Harry Truman) said that Abigail would have been a better head of state than her husband, John'

"Adamses were always trouble. They argued all the time and expected a lot of themselves and each other."

The trouble with American history is that you don't remember it, and why should you? Nobody does. American history is what we had to trudge through on our way to the good stuff: Mary, Queen of Scots, Nero, Peter the Great, Attila the Hun, Marie Antoinette, Vikings, pharaohs and the Great Plague. It was prerequisite to everything exciting, and it consisted entirely of stout, middle-aged men in waistcoats and muttonchop whiskers who thought only about tariffs. Oh, sometimes they took a break and thought about the Federal Reserve or the gold standard for a while, but then they always brushed the cigar ash off their tummies and went back to tariffs again.

No American President ever smothered his nephews in the Tower or clutched an asp to his bosom. Indeed, if Presidents did anything besides sit there in the Oval Office stroking their whiskers and thinking about money, our books didn't mention it. This made them hard to tell apart, except for Washington, because of his teeth and being first in war, peace, the hearts of his countrymen, et cetera, and Lincoln, because of his hat.

Presidents might be a bit easier to remember if they'd come along in big clumps, or dynasties, like the Tudors or the Stuarts or the Bourbons, but the closest we ever came to a dynasty—if we ignore the Harrisons, which most people do anyway—was the Adamses. The trouble with Adamses is there were Adamses

Illustrations by Lane Yerkes

all over the place. Telling them apart was a problem.

Adamses were always trouble. They argued all the time and expected a lot of themselves, and each other, and total strangers. Nothing satisfied them and they made life difficult for miles around.

It was hard work being an Adams, and marrying one was even worse. It was the kind of family where nobody ever said dumb things like "Hot enough for you?" or "Have a nice day" or "How about those Mets?" They only talked about lofty things like political economy and ethical principles and astronomy and international relations. Their children tended to crack under the strain and take to drink or suicide, and the ones that survived scarcely knew a carefree moment.

All the Adams men were very bright and had no patience with people who weren't bright enough to see things their way. They even let their wives be bright, so at least one person would see things their way, but this wasn't always enough. The only wife to give full satisfaction was John's Abigail, and the other wives got pretty fed up with hearing about her.

Some experts (and Harry Truman) said Abigail would have made a better President than her husband, but I don't know. She had a lot more charm and tact, but she was a flaming radical and wanted to free the slaves, educate children and tax whiskey. She even mentioned votes for women. John said, "I cannot but laugh . . . you are so saucy."

John and Abigail met when she was a shy old maid of 14, and everyone says she was plain as a boot, but in her portraits she has the alert, considering look of a Jane Austen heroine and certainly didn't frighten the horses. He was no rosebud himself. He was conceited and high-minded and rude and penniless and short and in love with Hannah Quincy and given to fits of rage and depression, but Abigail married him anyway. Odds are no one else asked.

They were married for 54 years and just adored each other. (They were separated a lot and that probably helped.) Their "Dearest Friend" letters make some of history's happier reading. He wrote, ". . . nothing has contributed so much to support my mind as the choice blessing of a wife whose capacity enabled her to comprehend, and whose pure virtue obliged her to approve, the views of her husband." She once wrote saying the thought of him coming home made her shake all over.

It's true that the Adamses were a nuisance to have around, but without them we might be an extension of Greater Canada right this minute, and you'd be drinking milk in your tea and watching cricket matches that lasted weeks on end. Most everyone figured we could work something out with Britain if we just sat down and talked it over like sensible adults. But John and Abigail and John's cousin Sam were dead set on divorce. They're the reason you think the whole Revolution happened in Boston.

In those days John and Abigail lived on a dear little farm in a suburb called Braintree. He chopped wood and practiced law and planted barley and talked politics. They were against most taxes, of course, and so are you, but you get them all muddled up. So pay attention.

"The history books want us all to think that the Boston Tea Party was the big social event of the season, but according to contemporary chronicles it was something of a yawn. John turned up the next morning saying that he'd been at Plymouth Court."

"Before you knew it, we had got to 1783. John Adams and John Jay and Ben Franklin cooked up a peace treaty in Paris, giving us everything east of the Mississippi River and in between Canada and Florida. Spain got Florida, but who needed it?"

To start with, Britain wanted more money and thought we were as reasonable a place as any to find it. They sent us the Revenue Act of 1764, a tax on foreign sugar and silk and linen and Madeira, the preferred tipple of the better sort of Colonial at the time. Next came the Stamp Act of 1765, saying we had to pay anywhere from a halfpenny to 20 shillings for stamps to paste on all our newspapers, pamphlets, licenses, playing cards, notes and bonds, advertisements, almanacs, leases and any other flat surface the British could think of.

John told everyone not to buy any stamps, and crowds of Colonials followed the stamp officers around town calling them names, and burned them in effigy, and tarred and feathered them in person. By 1766 the British realized the whole deal wasn't working and repealed the Stamp Act. But the Revenue Act stayed, and on top of it they slapped a tax on paint, lead, paper and tea. John said nobody should buy those things either, so people stopped painting their houses and switched from tea and Madeira to New England rum. It had a kick like an ostrich, and the Sons of Liberty joined hands and danced around the Liberty Tree, a handy elm near Boston Common. Switching from tea to rum didn't exactly start the Revolution, but it didn't slow it down any either.

Aside from rum and Adamses, the main cause of the trouble was the number of feisty, short-fused people on this side of the Atlantic, and the number of unusually bossy, fatheaded chumps on the other side, topped by poor George III, who suffered from funny feelings in his head. After a while, though, even the British realized they were losing money because we weren't buying their nice things, so they repealed all the taxes except the one on tea.

They kept that just to show who was boss. It was only 3 pence on the pound, but it was the principle of the thing. They never asked us if we wanted to pay a sales tax. Now that we have our *own* government, *they* always ask if we want to pay taxes, and we always say certainly, we'd be delighted. It makes all the difference. Anyhow, the *Dartmouth*, the *Eleanor* and the *Beaver* sailed into Boston Harbor full of tea, and the governor wouldn't let them leave again, so we threw the tea in the water and after that nobody wanted it. (Boston Harbor was a lot cleaner then, but not *that* clean.)

The history books want us all to think the Boston Tea Party was the social event of the season, but according to contemporary chronicles it was something of a yawn. Some 60 to 80 people, depending on which book you're reading, dressed up as Indians and went quietly on board, and nobody tried to stop them, and they opened the chests and deep-sixed them and went home to bed. Afterward, one account noted, "the stillest night succeeded, which Boston had enjoyed for several months."

Nobody ever found out who the Indians were. John Adams turned up the next morning saying that he'd been at Plymouth Court on his circuit, and for all I know he was. Anyway, he was tickled pink.

The British weren't. When it came to private property, they never could take a joke, and they passed the Intolerable Acts and closed Boston Harbor and sent troops and were mad as a wet hen. One chap in Parliament wanted everyone in Boston flogged and the town "knocked down about their ears."

Well, you probably remember how the war started, because it was on the final exam, with all those dustups

Walking barefoot through the lives of Presidents, Barbara Holland produced a new book, Hail to the Chiefs *(Ballantine), from which this article comes.*

"Abigail didn't show up till May. In the meantime he just sat on the cheese and felt sorry for himself."

like the Battle of Lexington and Concord, where Paul Revere got his famous horse captured by the British and had to walk home. Then on July 2, 1776, henceforth to be known as the Fourth of July, we said we were independent. The British paid little heed. The *London Morning Post* gave it six lines below a theatrical notice.

Many exciting battles followed, and we camped out at Valley Forge and crossed the Delaware, and before you knew it we had got to 1783. John Adams and Ben Franklin and John Jay cooked up a peace treaty in Paris, giving us everything east of the Mississippi River and in between Canada and Florida. Spain got Florida, but who needed it? Disney World was still crawling with rattlesnakes, and you couldn't get a hotel room south of St. Augustine.

People call this treaty the greatest diplomatic feat in the history of the United States, but all I can say is, it's a good thing Franklin was there or we'd still be sniping at redcoats. He was one smooth operator and romanced all the old ladies, and everyone loved him. Adams barged around being rude and impatient, and nobody would buy him an aperitif or say *bonjour*, and his feelings were hurt. The Adamses' feelings were always hurt when people didn't like them. They could never understand why.

What with the Continental Congresses, and being envoy to France and Holland and minister to Great Britain, years and years went by when John hardly set foot on the farm. Abigail milked the cows, and studied Latin so she could teach little John Quincy, and reported on the political scuttlebutt. They wrote each other bales of letters full of politics and manure and cows and useful advice, like painting a strip of tar around the apple trees to keep out the tent caterpillars. (I've tried this. It fools some of the caterpillars some of the time.)

John was always complaining about how much he missed farming and the healthy, innocent country life. Washington and Jefferson complained about it too. Farming looks like more fun from a distance.

He'd squeaked in by three electoral votes

By 1789 things had settled down enough for us to have a proper government, and Adams went off to be Vice President for eight years and President for four. When he took office as President there was widespread gloom. He wasn't all *that* popular. Adamses never were, and he'd squeaked in by three electoral votes. Everyone thought Washington hung the moon and ought to stay forever.

Adams moved into Washington's old place in Philadelphia by himself because Abigail was being sick back on the farm. There weren't any decent chairs or sheets

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or blankets because everything had belonged to George and Martha and they took it with them. Then Rhode Island sent Adams a cheese that weighed 110 pounds and it just seemed like the last straw. Anyone would get discouraged, living in a house with a 110-pound cheese and lousy chairs, and besides, he had a cold. Abigail didn't show up to sort things out till May, and in the meantime he just sat on the cheese and felt sorry for himself.

Jefferson was his Vice President, because in those days that's what the first runner-up got to be. This was such a mistake that they changed the rules afterward. Now the number two candidate gets to be Miss Congeniality instead and weeps for joy.

Adams was a Federalist and Jefferson was a Republican and by this time they had no use for each other. Jefferson said Adams was "distrustful, obstinate, excessively vain" and took no counsel from anyone—especially Jefferson. Adams said Jefferson owned slaves. Jefferson, who had never met one, thought the common man had a kind of simple, natural nobility that would see us through. Adams thought the common man was just as selfish as the rest of us and not half so well educated.

They didn't agree on France, either. By this time France had had the French Revolution, followed by the Reign of Terror, Napoleon, et cetera, and the French were trying to get us to join them in their war with England. Jefferson and half the country thought their revolution was just as pure and high-minded as ours and we ought to rejoice in it. Adams and the other half complained that it was a bloody mess, and unstable to boot. They'd killed off our old buddies there, and anyway, it was childish to go on and on roasting people alive and slicing their heads off like that. Some hotheads like Abigail thought we should join England and fight France, not the other way around, as the French wanted us to do.

These fretful times produced the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, saying that if you were a dangerous-looking alien the President could send you home, and that nobody should print malicious lies about the government. Jefferson said this was tyranny and people could print anything they pleased, and it all proved the states should run things for themselves.

Then Adams arranged a sort of agreement with France and we didn't go to war. He said he wanted it as an epitaph: "Here lies John Adams, who took upon himself the responsibility of peace with France in the year 1800." Folks found this a dreadful anticlimax and

"John Quincy wanted a national observatory because every nation at all serious about science had one."

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"Just the same, you wanted to stay away from the famous Dr. Rush if you weren't feeling well."

went around muttering that if Abigail had been in town we'd be over there fighting somebody by now.

Abigail spent a lot of time back home in Braintree, perhaps to escape the medical attentions of Dr. Benjamin Rush. She had rheumatism and chronic remitting fever, and his heavy-duty bleedings and purges got on her nerves. Dr. Rush was the most famous doctor in the country, but you couldn't convince him that people didn't contain at least 25 pounds of blood and ought to get rid of most of it, because blood was bad for you. Actually, we've only got a bit more than 12 pounds, and he was often disappointed when his patients ran dry, but it didn't slow him down any. He was an important scientist, and big in prison reform and abolitionism. Just the same, you wanted to stay away from the famous Dr. Rush if you weren't feeling well.

John always thought he was sickest of all and had awful head colds and palsy and chest pains and infected teeth and dysentery and scurvy and disgusting boils and feelings of impending doom. Abigail gave everyone cabbage leaves for their lung diseases, and I'm sure they worked wonders, but people generally just muddled along feeling rotten most of the time.

And while he was President the newspapers made Adams feel worse than ever. They called him things like old, querulous, bald, blind, crippled, toothless (and Nixon thought *he* had a problem). It's true that he'd lost some of his hair, and his eyes bothered him, but he wasn't crippled and he certainly wasn't old, not nearly as old as he got later. They called him a spendthrift, which was silly; he had only two horses for his carriage, and Washington had six and would have liked more, but does the press notice details like that?

Nothing but mud and tree stumps

The papers got ruder as the election of 1800 got closer. Back then, the actual candidates didn't really campaign, which would have been undignified, but their supporters made up for it by publishing allegations of a nonpolitical nature such as we'd blush to read today, maybe. They accused Adams of listening to his wife. They called him "His Rotundity" and "a mere old woman and unfit for a President." His own side retorted that Jefferson was going to write an atheist Bible and make everyone read it. It took all winter to count the votes, and in the meantime the Adamses had to pack up and move to the new capital in Washington, which was supposed to be ready but wasn't. Cities just never get finished on time.

Everyone knows Abigail hung her laundry in the East Room to dry. People go on and on about it as if she'd spent her entire life hanging laundry in the East Room, and frankly, I'm sick of the whole subject. Look, there was no place else to put it, not even a fence outside to sling the sheets over. Nothing but mud and tree stumps and piles of construction trash. And wasn't it enough that she had to wash the stuff in the first place, in water hand-hauled from half a mile away? And that the plaster was still wet and there was nobody to chop firewood, and her rheumatism was killing her, and there weren't half enough candles, and the staircase wasn't finished, and workmen were underfoot the whole time? Anyone else would have let the sheets stay dirty, and I don't want to hear another word about where she strung her clothesline.

By February all hands got sick of counting votes and decided Jefferson had won. Of all the early Presidents right up to Martin Van Buren, only the Adams dynasty got turned down for second terms. They were completely mystified by this.

So Abigail packed up again, and John was finally allowed to retire to his beloved farm in Braintree, where he puttered around until he was 90, writing letters and looking like an irritable, overweight chicken.

Everyone seems to think it was almost miraculously

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"J. Q. thought Jackson the spirit of evil incarnate. His election proved once and for all there was no God."

strange that Adams and Jefferson died on the same day, July 4, the 50th anniversary of the Fourth of July. I don't know why they find this so amazing. We all have to go sometime.

Adams had always felt that the Presidency should be, well, not *hereditary*, which would be undemocratic, but just naturally reserved for a group of the right sort of families, whose sons would be properly trained for public service and go to Harvard, and they'd just naturally run things because they'd know what was best for the rest of us rabble. His son John Quincy turned up three Presidents later.

J. Q. was an Adams through and through. His wife, Louisa, said sadly, "As it regards women, the Adams family are one and all peculiarly harsh and severe in their characters. There seems to exist no sympathy, no tenderness for the weakness of the sex." She was a pretty girl and a scholar, and read Greek and wrote French poetry and played the harp, but who was good enough for the Adamses? When her father-in-law heard she was translating Plato he laughed and laughed, and Abigail kept nagging at her to make John Quincy carry a pocketful of crackers to Congress to nibble on during long speeches. Louisa was said to suffer from melancholia, and no wonder. There were Adamses everywhere she turned. She saw Adamses in her sleep. Even her children were Adamses.

He wore the same hat for ten years

John Quincy had always worked hard to be a credit to the family. His father was very supportive and wrote things like, "A deficiency of ambition is as criminal and injurious as an excess of it." As for his mother, grandson Henry wrote that J. Q. always loved Abigail best of anyone. I suppose he and she were always going off into the kitchen for a heart-to-heart about political theory and leaving Louisa all alone unwinding her silk cocoons and muttering Greek choruses to herself.

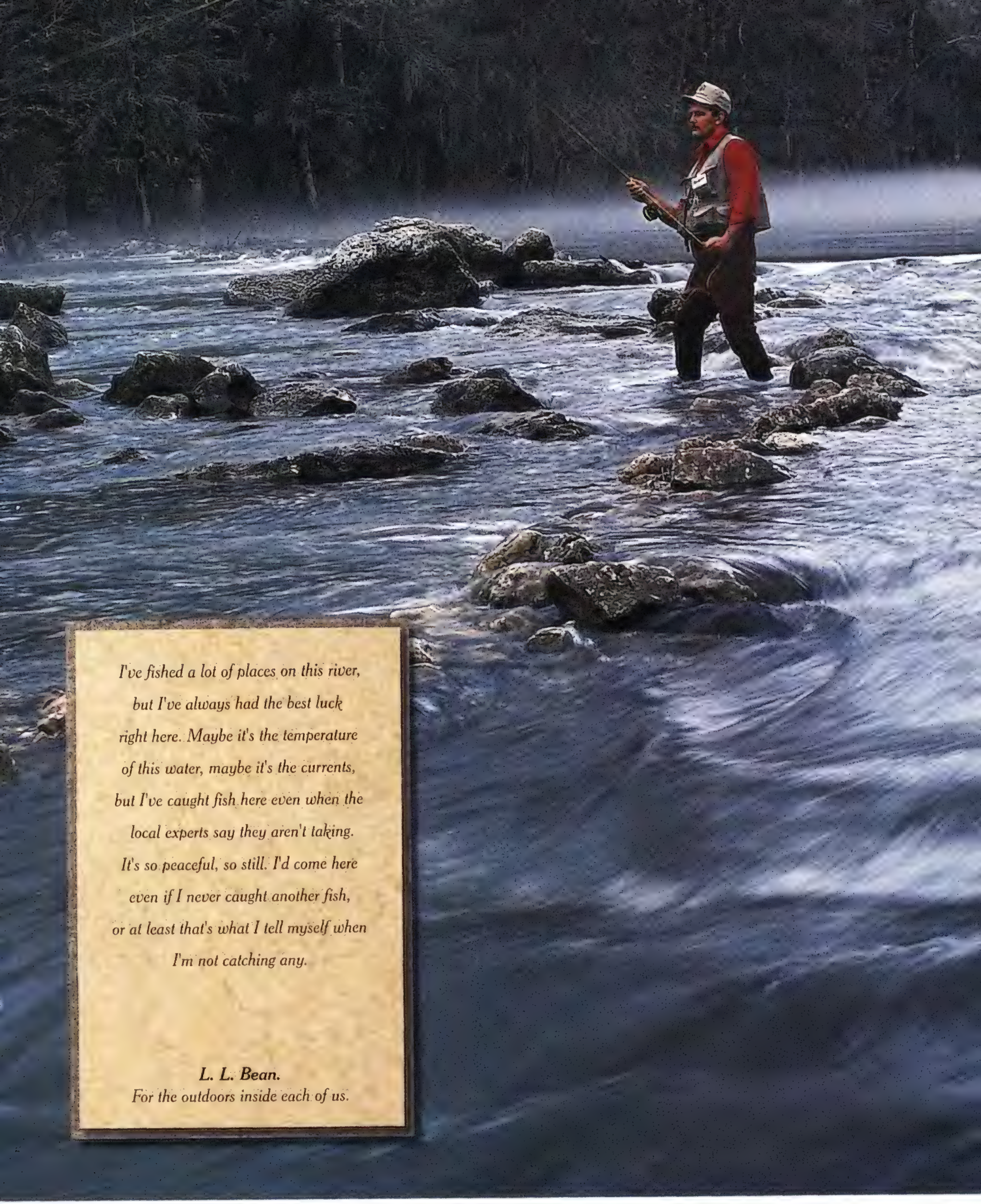
John Quincy even looked a little like Abigail, at least for a while. In John Singleton Copley's portrait he was 28 and looks downright elfin, for an Adams. He looks like a poet, and in 1832 he did produce a volume of verses, though none of them spring to mind at the moment. Later he stopped looking like his mother and lost his hair and grew a tummy and looked like his father.

Deep down he may have been a sensitive poet, but outside he was kind of a toad. He even noticed this himself. He said, "I am a man of reserved, cold, austere, and forbidding manners. My political adversaries say a gloomy misanthrope; my personal enemies an unsocial savage."

He wore the same hat for ten years and got dreadful colds like his father and was always coughing and sniffling. Jefferson soaked his feet in ice water every day to keep from catching colds, but as far as I know the Adamses never took this simple precaution.

John Quincy and his father and Jefferson were probably our smartest Presidents, and J. Q. was the most meticulous of the three, but being smart and fussy isn't everything. If you're an Adams it can be downright irritating, and it was. In 1820 he was embarrassed, even though he wasn't running, because he got only 1 electoral vote to 231 for James Monroe.

If you got right down to it, he didn't even win the



I've fished a lot of places on this river,
but I've always had the best luck
right here. Maybe it's the temperature
of this water, maybe it's the currents,
but I've caught fish here even when the
local experts say they aren't taking.
It's so peaceful, so still. I'd come here
even if I never caught another fish,
or at least that's what I tell myself when
I'm not catching any.

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election in 1824. There were four candidates—John Quincy, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and a Mr. Crawford—and they were all Republicans, which was why it was called the Era of Good Feeling. Jackson got 43 percent of the popular vote and John Quincy got 30 percent, but no one had an electoral majority, so it went to the House of Representatives. They argued till February and agreed that Calhoun was Vice President, but nobody was President. Then Clay, who was Speaker, decided he didn't think that Jackson snuffing all those Englishmen at the Battle of New Orleans was quite the résumé we were looking for and swung the election to John Quincy.

You may not believe this, but right away John Quincy turned around and made Clay his Secretary of State. Naturally the whole town thought there'd been a deal, and the Jacksonians squawled like scalded cats. They started plotting the next election right away. They vowed they'd never pass a bill John Quincy wanted, or replace the chairs the Monroes had taken home with them when they left the White House, or even be Republicans anymore. They said they were Democrats and out for blood. (You can forget about the Federalists now, if you haven't already.)

It was a dreadful misunderstanding, as Adamses are above making deals, but try telling an Adams he's barging into a giant public relations error. Adamses were above public relations. John Quincy thought he'd deserved to win it fair and square. Here he'd worked hard to be a credit to the family, and had been minister to everywhere, and a senator, and Monroe's Secretary of State, and his father had always told him to be President, and now look. He thought seriously about turning it down, but not *that* seriously.

As President he thought there should be a famous international university in Washington, with scholars and scientists clustering around from all over the world, like Athens or Charlemagne or something. The Jacksonians thought this was great nonsense, as they were all *non campus mentis*, "not university material." Most of all, John Quincy wanted a national observatory because there wasn't a single observatory in the whole country, and he thought if we had one in Washington we could look at the stars and that would make everything a lot nicer. Besides, every nation serious about science had one.

He called it a "lighthouse of the skies," and you should have heard Congress hoot. For months, congressmen stopped one another on the street and said "Lighthouse in the skies!" and laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks. Much later there was one in Cincinnati, and John Quincy almost killed himself traveling out there to dedicate it, but face it, Cincinnati isn't Washington.

John Quincy was always getting steamed up about things nobody else cared about, like his exhaustive report *Weights and Measures*, and writing the Monroe Doctrine, which not only got named after somebody else, but went over like a lead balloon. Nobody else gave a rap about the South American republics, least of all Monroe. While he was President the main piece of legislation that went through was the Jacksonians' Tariff of Abominations, and it made the Southerners mad as hornets.

He planted weird vegetables no one would eat

Congress wouldn't finish building the White House or buy any chairs and tables, and there was no place to put anything. When Lafayette came to visit he had to keep his alligator in the East Room, which was most inconvenient. When John Quincy sent in a bill for some chess pieces, Congress howled that he was squandering the public money on gambling devices. All they did for him was grade and fill the grounds, finally, and John Quincy puttered around in them. He planted shrubs, orchards, weird vegetables no one would eat, and whole forests of tree seedlings. He planted white mulberries for a silkworm plantation, and Louisa sat around soaking sticky little silkworm cocoons in warm water and unwinding the threads. This gave her something to do in the evenings.

John Quincy liked to read some Cicero or Milton or Plutarch and get to bed early. He always got up around 5 in the morning and walked four or five miles, and then took off all his clothes and went for a swim in the Potomac. (Sometimes reporters showed up, but they didn't have television cameras.)

If John Quincy felt bad about the election of '24, he felt a lot worse about losing to Jackson in '28. He felt *awful*. He thought Jackson was the spirit of evil incarnate, and his election proved once and for all that

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there was no God. The election proved nothing of the sort, of course, and just because Jackson couldn't spell and liked to play with guns didn't prove he was the Antichrist, either, but you couldn't persuade John Quincy, who felt he was a total failure in life because he'd always meant to "banish war and slavery from the face of the earth forever." (Did I mention that Adamses expected a lot of themselves?)

Then just as life seemed darkest, some neighbors said he could be their congressman if he wanted. All the other Adamses said it was pretty tacky for a former President to go back to Washington as a humble congressman, but John Quincy went anyway and spent the next 17 years pretending not to mind that Jackson had built a stable on his gardens.

In 1840 he managed to put his foot on James Smithson's bequest before Congress could fritter it away on junk bonds. This gave us the Smithsonian, which is nice to have around. When he was 80 he started to jump up in Congress to complain about the Mexican War, keeled over and was carted off to the Speaker's room to die. High-strung visitors to the Capitol insist he's still around and still trying to finish the speech. Once an Adams, always an Adams.

There were plenty left. His son Charles Francis helped keep the British from recognizing the Confederacy in 1863, and might have been Vice President if it hadn't been for Zachary Taylor, who was a war hero. Adamses are never war heroes. Adamses don't even *like* war. After that, the family tended to lurk on the sidelines, complaining about how everything was going downhill, and how it disproved the theory of evolution because Presidents kept getting worse and worse.

The voting public paid no attention. They'd had enough. They didn't see why we'd needed *two* short, bald, portly, irascible, intellectual Presidents named John Adams that nobody remembered anyway.

Count your blessings. If it weren't for democracy, we could have had a dynasty of dozens of them. All just as hard to remember as Franklin Pierce.

"The voting public paid no attention. They'd had enough. They didn't see why we'd needed *two* short, bald, portly, irascible, intellectual Presidents named John Adams that nobody remembered anyway."

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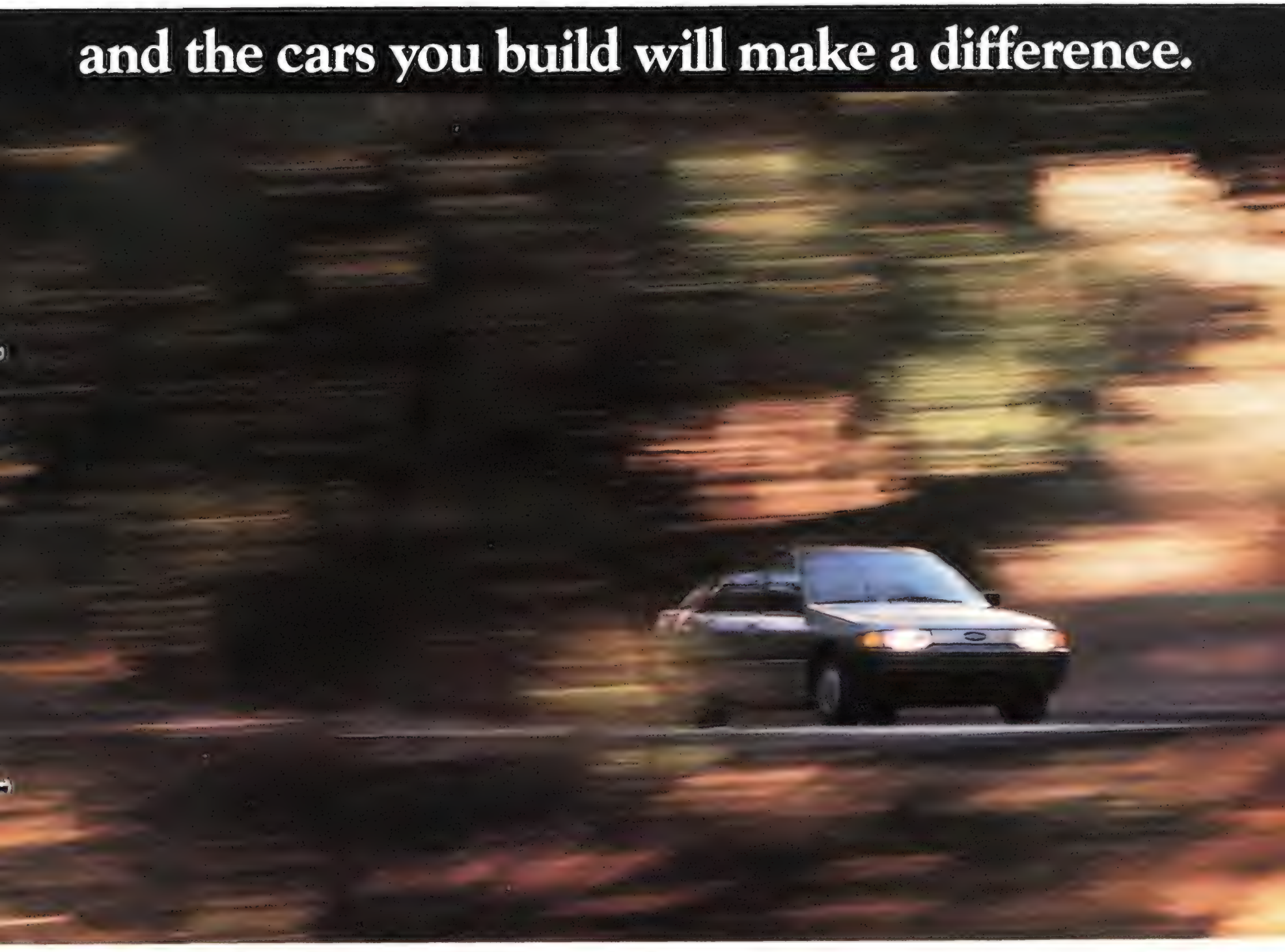
and the cars you build will make a difference.



Ford

The 1991 Ford Escort. Designed and built to rival the best small cars in the world. To describe the new Escort Sedan, GT and Wagon as "small" cars would only be partially correct. For instance, the advances in the development process were significant. The changes we made along the assembly lines were huge. And the differences this has made are anything but small. In fact, Ford put together their global resources to create this line of cars. We put two billion dollars into design and engineering; into state-of-the-art facilities; and into unprecedented worker training. The commitment is extraordinary. And so are the results.

Introducing a car that changes the idea that

Cars that advance design. A brief glance tells you this is more than just a pretty face-lift. Its sculpted exterior impresses you with improved aerodynamics.

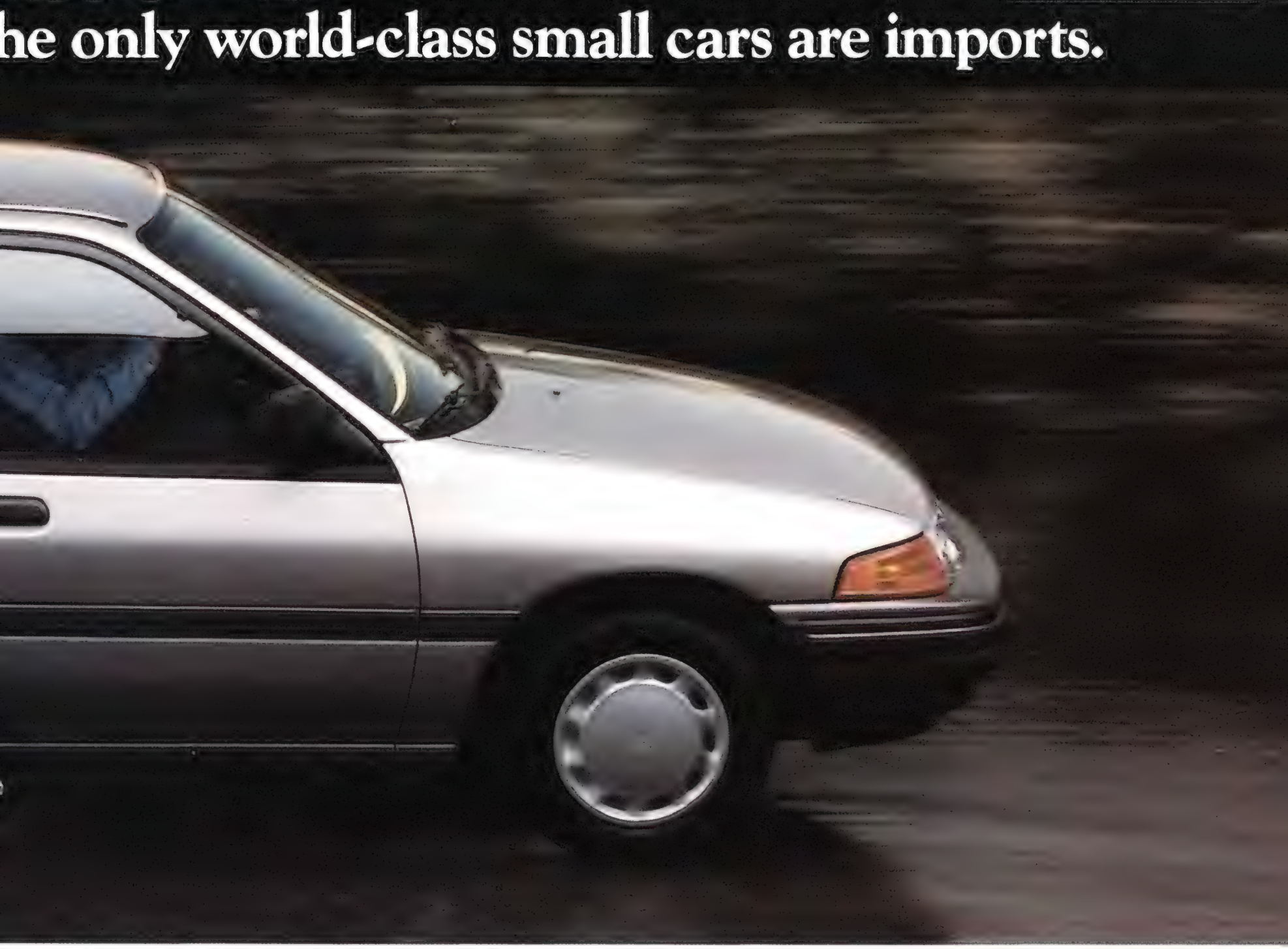
This new thinking continues inside, where you'll be greeted by more passenger room (with room for five). The new Escort also gives all five passengers more headroom. And the LX's clever split/fold rear seat gives you easy access to the cargo area.

But clever design is not reserved for the back seat. From the comfortable contours of the driver's seat, you'll discover a wider expanse of glass for better visibility and user-friendly controls at your fingertips.

With a new way to build them. It was obvious that the business of building the next Escort couldn't be business as usual. And since ensuring quality workmanship begins with the people who put it together, that's where we began. We employed extensive worker involvement in designing individual work stations, organizing specialized work groups and streamlining the process. Assurance of quality is the responsibility of every single person involved. Because it's this kind of hands-on attention to detail that can deliver a world-class automobile.

It's a process that's dramatically different. But then we wanted a car that's dramatically different.

he only world-class small cars are imports.



With engineering that's equally advanced. Not even Escort's dramatic design can overshadow its engineering achievements. Let's begin with the exclusive computer-controlled 1.9L SEFI engine, the only engine in its class to feature Sequential Electronic Fuel Injection for improved performance feel. A new independent suspension design, new front and rear stabilizer bars, along with a new rack-and-pinion steering system all add up to a car that is as nice moving as it is standing still.

The Next Escort

The 1991 Ford Escort GT. A new way to think about fun small GTs. When we started its design, we obviously wanted our new GT to master a list of performance goals on paper. But we wanted its performance to affect more than the numbers, namely the person behind the wheel. In other words, get the driver as revved up as the engine. So we made sure that the functional equipment on the new Escort GT would enhance its "feel" on the road. From the engine to the cockpit, we focused on the driver's performance as well as the car's. It called for some very serious technology. But then, we were calling for some very serious fun.

It changes the idea that serious engineering

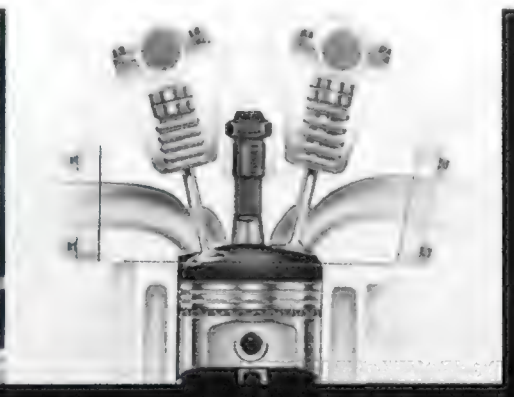
Engineered for performance. Now for the fun part. Escort GT's all-new 16-valve, dual overhead cam 1.8 liter engine goes from a purr to a roar in seconds. With the help of multiple-port electronic fuel injection, it generates 127 horses at 6500 rpm, so the good times won't pass you by.

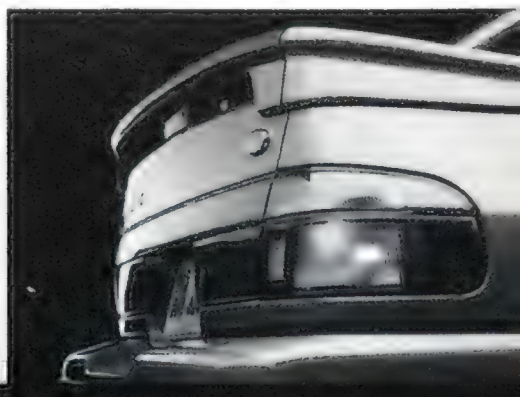
The 5-speed manual transaxle was designed for the 1.8L's increased power output, and its sport suspension helps make short work of challenging curves.

Add to the list a more responsive power rack-and-pinion steering system, four-wheel power disc brakes and Goodyear Eagle GT Plus 4 radials, and you can see why our engineers still believe in Santa Claus.

Built to new levels of precision. Accuracy is all-important on a GT. So, like all the other cars in the new Escort line, the exciting Escort GT is put together with great attention to detail. Robot welders ensure consistency. Parts-handling automation keeps components intact and unblemished. Pieces have sized holes instead of slots for an exact fit. And because exactness is exactly what we want, we use sophisticated measuring equipment to confirm that parts meet design specs within four thousandths of an inch.

So as you can see, we put as much high technology behind the car as we put into the car.





an only be enjoyed by serious engineers.

Designed for action. The Escort GT's looks definitely put you in high gear. From the integrated air dam up front to the spoiler on the back, the GT moves through the wind as you move through traffic.

Turning inside, you'll find a number of interior features that are also locked into performance. A series of analog gauges, complete with tachometer, a special-grip steering wheel and firm sport seats make the inside of the new Escort GT as inviting as the open road.

The Next Escort GT

The 1991 Ford Escort Wagon. Big thinking in a new small wagon. We began by reshaping the way we looked at small wagons. Practicality no longer ruled out style. Taurus Wagon had proved that. And the modern wagon no longer had to drive like the covered version. Taurus, again. So, loaded with new design and engineering ideas, we set out to create a vehicle with enough room to leave nothing behind but conventional thinking.

The result, as you can see, is nothing short of extraordinary. No matter which way you look at it; from the outside or from the driver's seat, there's nothing quite like it. Which is just how we thought you'd like it.

And changes the idea that small wagons

Design with a purpose. Although it looks unlike any small wagon you've seen, the new Escort Wagon is still very much a wagon. Its new design now offers more passenger and cargo room than ever, with room for five and a spacious 66.9 cubic feet of loading area (with rear seat backs folded). Access is made easy through either the wide, one-piece liftgate or the 60/40 split/fold back seat.

A redesigned engine, suspension and a new rack-and-pinion steering system make easy work of hard work. In fact, it's such a pleasure to drive, you may start wishing the Escort Wagon couldn't carry so much, so you could make more trips instead.

With unexpected styling.
Traditionally, small wagons have been synonymous with the word "square." In all its connotations. But with the new Escort, Ford has thrown conventional design yet another curve. Or should we say curves? You'll find long, sleek lines on every side of this vehicle. Including the inside.

The instrument panel of the new Escort Wagon blends smoothly with the door panels, offering yet one more example of detailed design. The front seats are contoured, so they're appealing to the body as well as to the eye.

So from purely a styling point-of-view, the Escort Wagon is pure style.

ave little room for sophisticated design.

And built with durability in mind. The new Escort Wagon obviously has many strong points. And a lot of them are in how they're built. Because like every new Escort, it has more rigid body panels and stronger stress points for greater structural support. We gave it isolated subframes to reduce vibration and noise, and more galvanized steel to reduce corrosion. As well as a more chip-resistant finish at our new paint facility. So your first impression of the new Ford Escorts can be a lasting one.

The Next Escort Wagon

The Next Escort.

A new line of thought. A new line of cars.

Ford

Have you driven a Ford...lately?

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NEW Colorado for Families *June 24-30*

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Salmon River Rafting *July 18-26*

Grand Canyon Rafting *July 27-August 5*

NEW Aspen, Colorado *July 28-August 2*

Lewis and Clark *August 5-12* Horseback camping on the 1805 trail in Idaho.

Baseball Nostalgia *August 13-19* Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland; *September 5-11* Boston, New York and Baltimore.

Black Hills and Tetons *August 15-25*

Waterton-Glacier *August 22-September 1* Hike in Montana and Canada.

Southwest Indians *August 23-September 2*

Arches and Canyonlands *September 1-8*

Delta Queen *September 4-12* Cincinnati to Chattanooga.

Maine Hiking *September 9-18*

NEW Boston-to-Washington, D.C. Cruise *September 11-22*

Wild California *September 16-25* Hike in Yosemite.

Columbia River Cruise *September 20-30*

NEW California's Channel Islands Cruise *October 8-13 or October 15-20*

Foreign Study Tours

European Countryside Programs *May-October* Relax in Austria, Denmark, England, France, Hungary, Italy or Wales.

NEW Two Chinas *May 20-June 2* Explore Hong Kong and Taiwan.

Brazil Parks *May 23-June 7* Wildlife and ecology.

Waterways of France and Spain *May 24-June 7* Cruise from Seville to Southampton.

Cotswold Walks *May 24-June 5 or October 4-16* Leisurely walks northwest of London.

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Poland *June 8-24*

NEW Russia by Train *June 13-July 1 or June 23-July 11* Includes Riga and Murmansk.

NEW Amsterdam-Dutch Countryside *June 14-27* See Van Gogh centenary exhibitions.

Shadows of the Past (France) *June 16-29* Chateaus, caves and villages of Dordogne.

Swiss Walks *June 20-July 5*

Lake District Walks *June 28-July 9* Walks and hikes through northwest England.

Galápagos Islands and Quito *July 1-12*

Scotland by Train *July 5-18*

NEW Walks in Austria and Italy *July 11-25*

NEW Mediterranean Cruise *July 12-23* Istanbul, Rhodes, Crete, Santorini.

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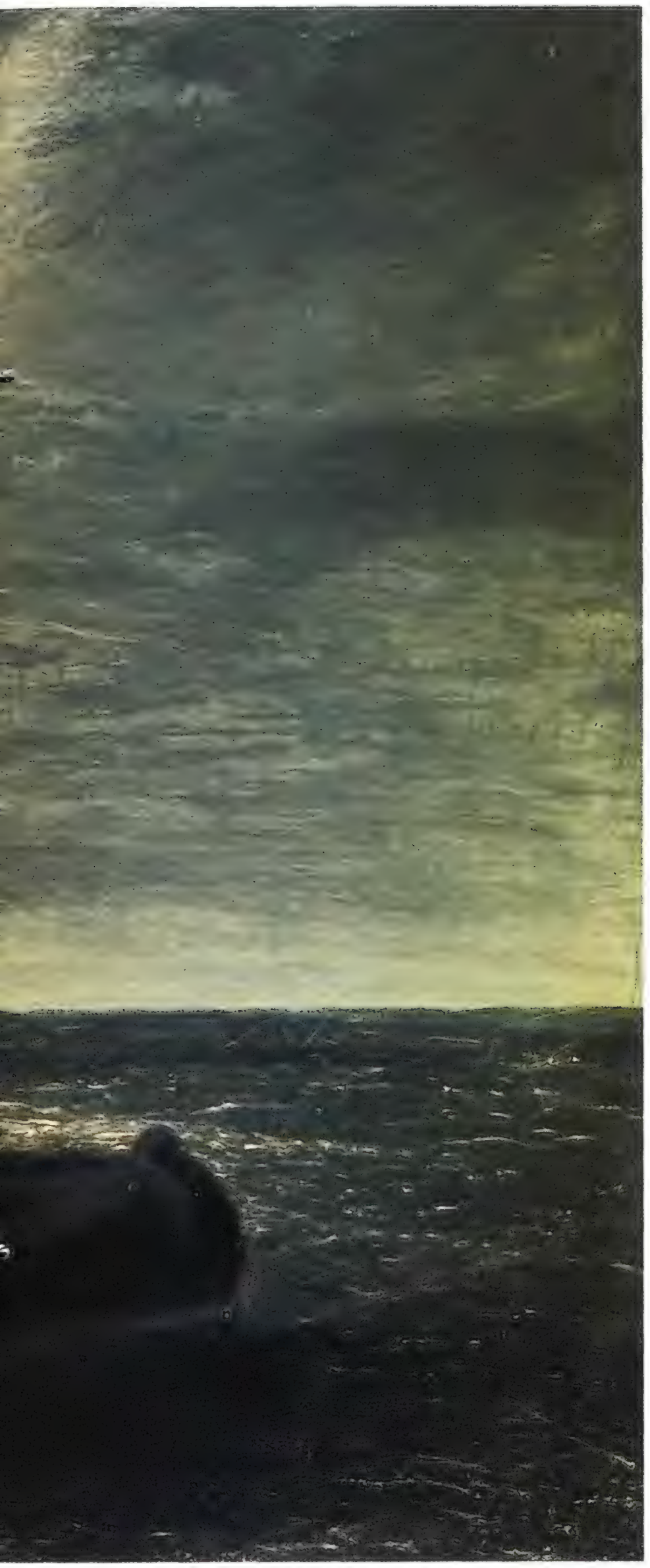


By Carlotta Anderson

He desired merely 'a roof, a crust of bread, an easel'

Considered the most revolutionary artist of the time in America, Albert Pinkham Ryder painted precarious visions of his mystical inner world

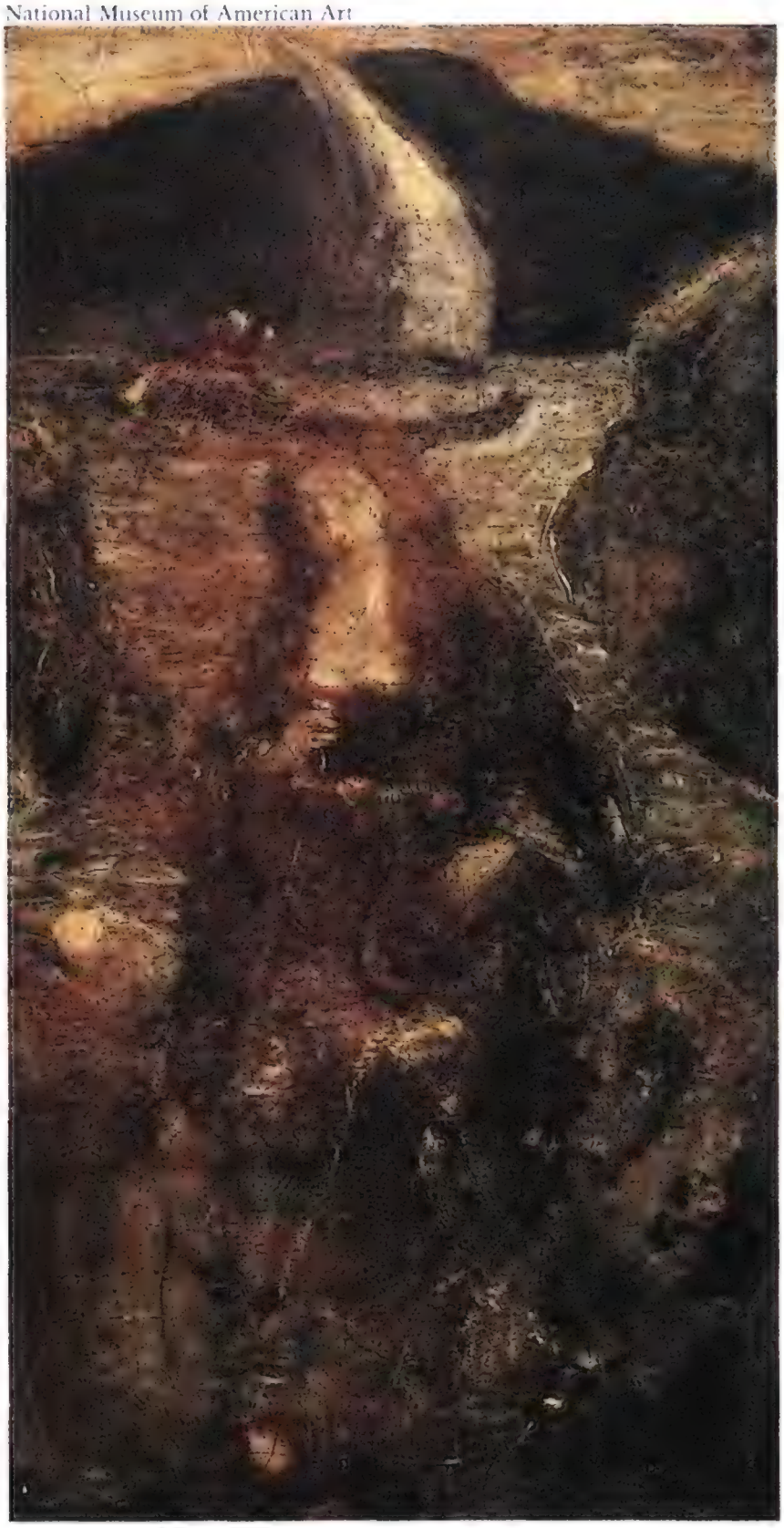
When I was young and first encountered the haunting, dreamlike paintings of Albert Pinkham Ryder, I was intrigued by a culinary anecdote told about this strange and visionary American artist. It was said that he kept a stewpot simmering on the small cylinder stove in his rubbish-crammed rooms on West 15th Street in New York City. Into it he dumped whatever came to hand, eating whenever he was hungry.

Ryder's stew, in many ways, resembled his turn-of-the-century paintings. They continued in a state of flux for years, even decades. Rarely did the artist pronounce them finished. Layering on thick coats of paint, he created innumerable variations of a scene on the same canvas. His method was as unconventional as his cooking. With short, rapid brushstrokes, he would improvise, reshaping clouds, rubbing out a figure, adding a tree, turning around a horse, constantly reconstructing in an interminable evolutionary process he called "ripening." Some 160 works are attributed to Ryder, but many more lie underneath.

Equally unorthodox were his technical methods, flirtations with disaster. Striving for the richness of the Old Masters, he loaded on layers of pigment and glazes to a depth of one-quarter inch or more, often coating areas still wet from the day before. Horrified col-

Based on a Chaucer tale, *Constance* depicts one of Ryder's favorite images—a lone boat on moonlit waters.

National Museum of American Art



Ryder's *Passing Song* was accompanied by a poem he wrote that tells of a maiden's "wild song of longing."

leagues saw him melt candle wax into his paints to add sheen. They shuddered as he dipped his brushes into tobacco juice for shading, or drew a flash of lightning with a hot poker. "Unbridled license," one friend termed it, as he watched Ryder pour the entire contents of a varnish bottle over a canvas in order to achieve luster and depth.

These perverse practices were to have dire consequences, just as Ryder's stew once made him quite ill. With their tormented mixture of paint layers drying at different rates and their odd ingredients, his paintings were decomposing long before his death. Today most have serious cracks and fissures; several are totally ruined. No other major artist's works are in such stages of deterioration. Yet this caused Ryder little concern. For him, a work of art had a mystical life that transcended its material condition. Cracks, he maintained, "count for little in this enlightened age."

Ryder's world is one of eerie moonlit skies, rudderless boats on treacherous seas, an enchanted, mythical land bathed in an unearthly aura, coupled with a yearning for a time past or that never was. The almost cultlike following created in his lifetime continues today. People like to think they have "discovered" this American genius, although he was hailed as the country's foremost imaginative painter and first modern expressionist long before his death in 1917.

When visitors called, he dusted off the chair

The halo of the romantically perceived "true artist" surrounds him. Pure in spirit, impractical, reclusive, immersed in a land of dreams, he lived solely for art. He slept on the floor and dusted off his single chair when visitors called. "A roof, a crust of bread and his easel" were all an artist needed, he said. All his adult life was spent in meager lodgings in or around Greenwich Village. Gentle, with a childlike temperament, he knew little of the ways of the world, and thought a friend a financial genius because he knew how to cash checks the artist had received.

The largest and most comprehensive exhibition of Ryder's art assembled to date is now at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American Art in Washington, D.C., where it will be on view through July 29. It moves to the Brooklyn Museum in New York on September 14 and closes there on January 8, 1991. The collection of 83 paintings—joined by 12 Ryder forgeries—represents half his entire lifework. Mainly because of the fragility of the canvases, this is only the fourth major Ryder show ever, and the first in 30 years. A selection from the exhibit—35 paintings—will go on to London's Whitechapel Art Gallery for the first exhibition abroad of Ryder's work.

Visitors anticipating the conventional retrospective

of a great master's art may find themselves perplexed and disappointed. Many paintings are so small as to seem insignificant, including miniatures painted on cigar-box lids. The largest measure less than a yard square. Once renowned for their gemlike, glowing colors, they are now substantially darkened, their images obscured by a brownish veil, the sad legacy of Ryder's experimental methods. Cracking abounds; sections are blackened and sunken, like bubbled asphalt. Several noble ruins are displayed in the show's technical section.

And yet the disintegrating, sepia-toned quality of these works lends mystery to the eerie scenes. In *Moonlit Cove*, the lonely boat is only dimly perceptible against a mass of dark cliffs, but the sense of isolation and danger is intensified. The network of cracks in *Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens* (p. 100) adds a quality of foreboding to its swirling, romantic fantasy.

Beckoned deep into this private world by the modest size of the paintings and their otherworldly themes, it is easy to lose one's frame of reference. When the exhibition curator, Elizabeth Broun, now director of the National Museum of American Art, started selecting works for the show four years ago, she dismissed some, like *Forest of Arden*, as "a tragedy." A year later she saw only its beauty. Now she wonders if she may be "over the brink," if her point of view has shifted so much that "I love pictures others won't find lovable."

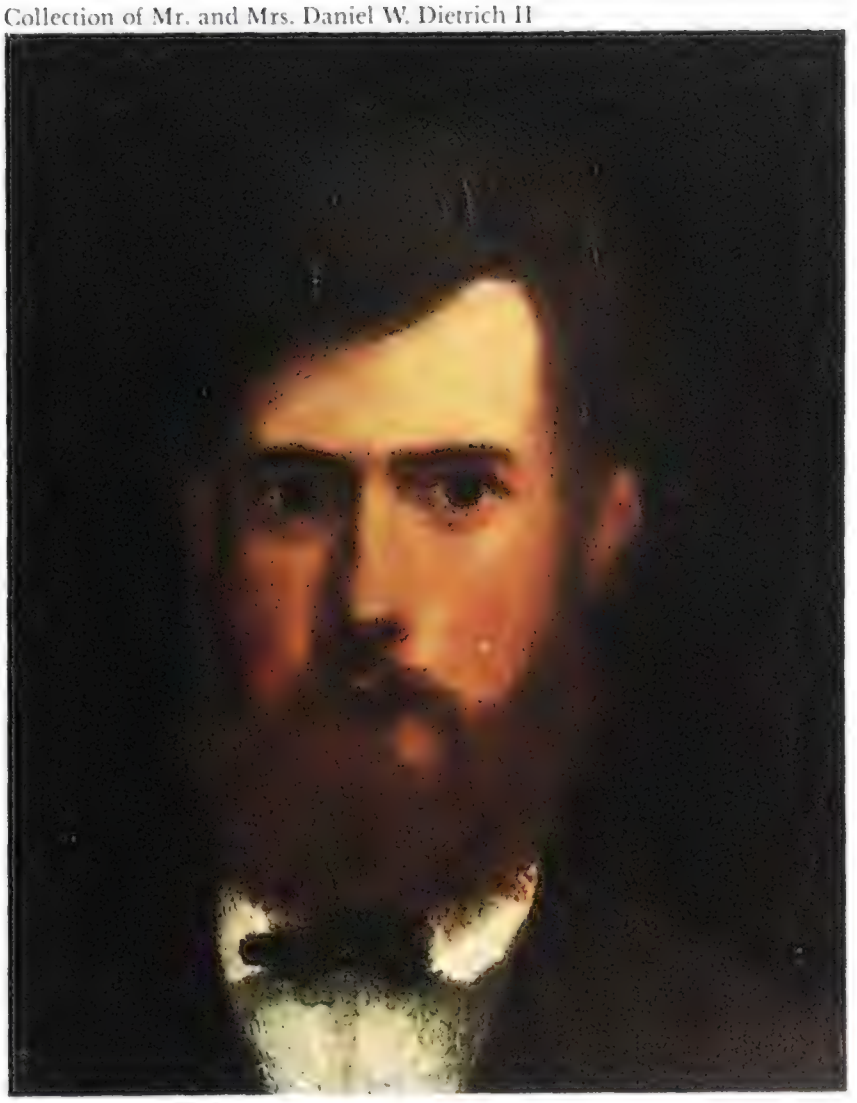
When Ryder was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, on March 19, 1847, that city was the world's greatest whaling port. Fisherfolk had been in his family for generations; two of his older brothers were sailors. The young Ryder must have heard them describe the ocean's loneliness and terrors, a recurrent theme in his art. His father, Alexander, worked variously as a boatman, boarding officer and fuel dealer. As a member of a strict religious sect, his mother, the former Elizabeth Cobb, wore plain clothing, and Ryder absorbed some of her spiritual fervor.

At the age of 4, "Pinkie" (short for Pinkham) could be found lying on the floor coloring in his picture book, "lost to the world." Early in life he determined to become an artist. When his father gave him a box of paints and brushes and he stood before an easel with its square of stretched canvas, he later wrote, "I realized that I had in my possession the wherewith to create a masterpiece that would live through the coming ages."

Around the age of 20, Ryder moved with his family to New York City, where his oldest brother, William, ran a restaurant and later the Hotel Albert in Manhattan's bohemian Greenwich Village. Art instruction and encouragement came from William E. Marshall, a

Carlotta Anderson last wrote for SMITHSONIAN *in February 1988 on Cajun music. She is always reminded of Ryder when she sees a ghostly moon.*

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Dietrich II



Ryder's *Self-Portrait*, painted when he was about 31, reveals a sense of the artist's intensity and soul.

rather soulful portrait painter and engraver who valued expressiveness more than style and technique. On his second try, Ryder was accepted at the tradition-bound National Academy of Design, where he studied for four years. Not much of a "school man," as a fellow student recalled, he often arrived smelling of stables or blacksmith shops, where he worked on scenes reminiscent of his childhood.

Until well past 30, Ryder lived with his family. Though shy and awkward, the tall, poetic-looking young man enjoyed companionship, and his sweet nature won him many devoted friends. He was one of a large circle of budding artists—among them painters J. Alden Weir and Abbott Thayer, sculptor Olin L. Warner, glass artist Louis Comfort Tiffany and *New York Times* art critic Charles de Kay—who spent evenings over beer, pondering Impressionism, Orientalism and other revolutionary trends in the art world. A shock of brown hair fell over his high forehead, and a reddish beard lent color to his pale face, with its dreamy brown eyes. He dressed neatly, favoring a slouch hat. He spoke little but listened well, and amused the others with his high-pitched giggle.

Out of step with the academy's conservative approach, Ryder was scarcely represented in its exhibi-

Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden

Ryder's small oil sketch *Pegasus*, 7 by 9⅛ inches, may prefigure the artist's two larger paintings of mythology's ethereal winged horse. As a child, in New Bedford, Ryder had a beloved horse named Charley, whom he later immortalized in his work.

tions. His unassuming landscapes and stable scenes, while evocative and original, were thought crudely drawn, naive, unfinished-looking. But in 1877 some of the avant-garde artists whose works had been turned down started organizing exhibitions to rival the hidebound academy and promote the "New Movement." Without the exposure this new group's shows provided Ryder, his art might have languished unrecognized.

From then on, he struggled alone down his idiosyncratic artistic pathway. Earlier, on a visit to relatives in Yarmouth, he had experienced an epiphany: "The old scene presented itself one day before my eyes framed in an opening between two trees. . . . There was no detail to vex the eye. Three solid masses of form and color—sky, foliage and earth—the whole bathed in an atmosphere of golden luminosity. I threw my brushes aside; they were too small for the work in hand. I squeezed out big chunks of pure, moist color and taking my palette knife, I laid on blue, green, white and brown in great sweeping strokes. . . . It was better than nature, for it was vibrating with the thrill of a new creation." Exultantly, he painted until sunset, then raced around the fields and "literally bellowed for joy."

In that moment he liberated himself from naturalism and turned to intuitive creation. Details were unimportant, for "What avails a storm cloud accurate in form and color if the storm is not therein?" By concentrating on color and mass, he was able to reduce all elements to an almost abstract simplicity. He no longer painted from nature or models. His images evolved in a fervid attack on the canvas, fueled by memory and imagination, giving utterance to the symbolic and subconscious. He came to be seen as the most revolutionary artist of the time in America, a forerunner of Expressionism and Surrealism. Modernists such as Jackson Pollock and Marsden Hartley were inspired by his work and acknowledged his influence.

Ryder's first commissions were for decorative panels painted on gilded leather, which Scottish art dealer Daniel Cottier sold as folding screens or inserts for writing desks or cabinets. In Cottier's gallery on New York's Fifth Avenue, Ryder saw the paintings of Corot. Their pastoral scenes of ancient times, with nymphs and twisting trees, dark shapes contrasting with glowing luminosity, profoundly affected the developing artist. He began to speak of Corot "as about a woman he loved," a friend recounted, and to echo the French master's legendary and mythological motifs. Later, Ryder added literary themes, for despite leaving school at about age 14, he read voraciously. Chaucer, Longfellow, Tennyson, and especially Shakespeare, were among his inspirations. He sometimes composed simple but heartfelt poems to accompany his pictures.

Ryder traveled with Cottier to London in 1877, and from there to the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, where he admired the dark, lustrous glow of paintings by Rembrandt and other Dutch masters. It was in an effort to capture their antique patina that he brushed

National Museum of American Art

During a sea voyage, Ryder painted *Moonlight* on the reverse side of a mahogany panel that already bore a work commissioned for Thomas B. Clarke. Clarke was finally able to find a craftsman who could split the panel, and thereby saved both of the pictures.

on thick, oily coats, layer over still-viscous layer. Fellow artists warned him, but to no avail. "It was a crime of passion," pursued "to the point of destruction," writes curator Broun in her penetrating companion book to the exhibition. To Ryder, the act of painting was as meaningful as the product created, and it was his choice, she points out, "to risk everything for invention."

A few years later, Ryder made a five-month grand tour of the Continent and North Africa with Cottier and Olin Warner. Two transatlantic voyages in later years were made on his friend John Robinson's ship simply for the pleasure of the sea crossings. Ryder paced the deck, studying the effect of clouds passing over the moon or the motion of the waves in storm and calm. During one trip, he lay on his cabin floor working on *The Temple of the Mind*, a strange, symbolic picture inspired by a poem in Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher*. On the return voyage, he flipped the picture over and used the reverse side of the mahogany panel to portray a small boat, its tattered sail angled toward a brilliant full moon; he called the work *Moonlight* (above). "Well, Ryder, you cannot exhibit two sides at once," Captain Robinson pointed out. Since Ryder could not find a cabinetmaker able to split the dual painting, he turned it over to Thomas B. Clarke, the noted collector of American art, who had commissioned *The Temple of the Mind*. Clarke managed to get the panel sawed in two and thus acquired two Ryders for his $500 investment.

Apart from sea voyages, Ryder's life was uneventful. At the age of 32 he took a room of his own at Canal and Broadway. In 1881 he moved to a studio room in the new Benedick Building at 80 Washington Square East, where many of his bachelor colleagues lived. For the next ten years, he enjoyed oysters, wine and cigars with this congenial group, which included Warner and Weir, John Twachtman and the architect Stanford White. He sometimes attended the Metropolitan Opera with James Inglis, manager of Cottier's New York gallery, who subscribed to a box. After seeing *Götterdämmerung*, he returned home at midnight and began one of his most dramatic works, *Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens*, working on it without sleep or food for the next 48 hours.

As Ryder moved toward a more visionary style, some collectors sought him out, and a few critics championed him; but compared with his contemporaries Winslow Homer, George Inness and Thomas Eakins, he was virtually unknown. At dinners with Cottier, he met Sir William Cornelius Van Horne, of Montreal, the multimillionaire president of the Canadian Pacific railway and an avid art collector. Van Horne commissioned a painting of Constance, a Roman emperor's daughter cruelly set adrift in a boat with no sail or oars, as told by Chaucer in *The Canterbury Tales*. Van Horne fumed as Ryder spent years repainting the scene. This baron of industry did not hesitate to express his impatience, as well as his hope that Ryder

would "put some stuffing" into Constance, since "she was dead as a mackerel when I saw her last, and considerably decomposed." Usually genial and self-effacing, Ryder was stubborn when it came to his art. After nearly a decade of being pushed, he somehow knocked a hole in *Constance*, perhaps subconsciously retaliating for his patron's interference. A new version was finally completed and Van Horne was delighted, except that the cloud was too white for his taste. A man of action, he simply rubbed dirt on it from the sole of his shoe "to give it some tone."

John Gellatly, who became a major collector of Ryder's work, also learned to his dismay the danger of pressuring the artist. Like Van Horne, he paid in advance for a painting in hopes of encouraging a quicker-than-usual finish. Finally, he demanded that it be completed on a particular day. One afternoon, critic and fellow artist Sadakichi Hartmann found Ryder in a "state of silent fury," his hands shaking. There was a peculiar smell of heated metal in the room. As Hartmann watched in horror, Ryder thrust an old hair clipper into the glowing coals and ran it crisscross through a picture, "leaving deep gashes as if made by the prongs of a rake. 'He thinks he owns it! This will teach him who decides in such matters.' " The strange scratches that show up on x rays of *Pegasus Departing* may be scars from the artist's revenge on his patron.

A cynic observed that Ryder's pictures had time to become Old Masters before they were finished. One exasperated patron threatened that he would have his funeral procession stop to pick up his painting. "I told him it couldn't go out then unless t'was done," was Ryder's calm response.

As he reached middle age, Ryder became increasing-

National Museum of American Art

Ryder, who couldn't let a painting out of his hands, worked on *Jonah* from the mid-1880s to 1890 and even later. Dynamic in composition, it was an immediate hit, drawing more praise than any of his other works.

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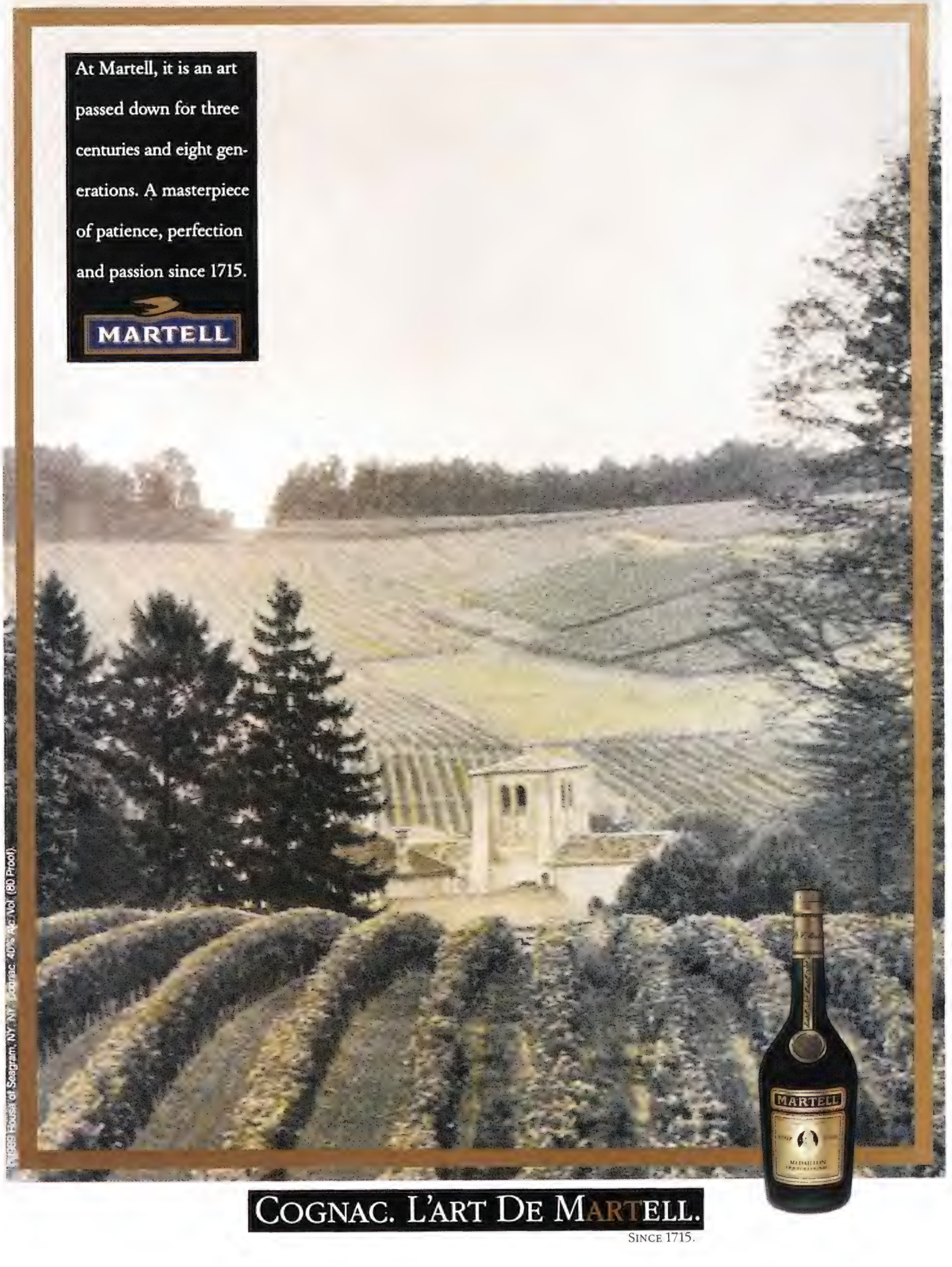

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COGNAC. L'ART DE MARTELL.

SINCE 1715.

Phillips Collection, Washington, D.C.

The Dead Bird, probably dating from the late 1870s, is one of Ryder's best-loved and single most affecting paintings. The isolated, almost life-size image is noted for its intense, concise expression of emotion.

ly reclusive and eccentric. Around 1895 he moved to two rooms in the rear of an old house at 308 West 15th Street, where he lived in disorder for the next 15 years. Nothing was thrown away. As friends described this "strange world" of squalor, it was a labyrinth of broken furniture, gunnysacks, bundles of clothing, unopened laundry packages, chunks of coal, piles of newspapers, stacks of milk-bottle tops, eggshells, pots of forgotten food, old canvases, half-squeezed oil-color tubes, hardened brushes—all this debris covered with years of dust and reeking with a foul odor. Drippings of oil paint and varnish gummed the floor.

Ryder took long, nocturnal rambles and "soaked in the moonlight." The dim light was easier on his eyes, which had troubled him since childhood. A weird, heavyset figure with a long flowing beard, he wore a Turkish fez with a tassel or an old knit fisherman's cap, and stuffed his brogans with straw and oatmeal against gout. A congenial couple on the floor below took him under their wing. With Charles Fitzpatrick, a burly former sailor and rover, he sang sea chanteys. Louise Fitzpatrick was an amateur painter with a dreamy, spiritual manner. She adored Ryder and considered herself his disciple and only pupil.

Visions of idyllic romantic love absorbed Ryder, judging from his pictures, but no love affair came his way. Around women, he was shy and courtly, clearing a space on his only chair and spreading a rug to keep them "out of the dust." His heroines have bashful looks and a sweet, dreamlike innocence. Happy lovers populate his early works, but as the years went by he began to portray lost love or love betrayed. Increasingly, he lost touch with reality as others saw it.

A woman singing in his apartment building so enchanted Ryder that he rushed to her door and proposed marriage. But his friends, ever protective, warned him that she was "an adventuress . . . with a past." When Ryder got into a depressed, nervous state after the episode, they prescribed his last sea voyage, in 1896, as a cure. He returned, supposedly completely recovered, and resumed work on *The Lorelei* (p. 101), a depiction of the legendary evil seductress, popularized in a poem by Heinrich Heine, who sits above the Rhine River combing her golden hair and singing, luring sailors to their deaths on the rocks below. He struggled with the position of the temptress, his only femme fatale, until his death 20 years later. Night after night, the Fitzpatricks would hear a rasping sound as, sweating profusely, he sanded down the Lorelei and recreated her: "Now large, now small, now emerging from the rock, now sinking back into it, almost vanishing at times, coming forth again, changing her position, drapery, expression, color of her hair, a hundred times," as Hartmann described it. But Ryder could not come to grips with the beautiful singer who destroys men. Once considered a masterpiece, *The Lorelei* was found wasting away in his studio after his death. The figure of the siren had nearly vanished.

As Ryder's eccentricity and isolation deepened, his creative powers dried up. Collectors were hungry for his paintings, but there were none to be had. After 50, this once-visionary master confessed he could no longer "strike a picture in." Yet he kept fussing at his old canvases. He was haunted by an idea: ". . . the smallest thing I do," he wrote, "it is as if my life depended on it; and then the great shadow, always, of the impossible and the unattainable."

The Tempest, once a masterwork, sat 26 years in his studio. The owner recognized that he could only acquire it "by tearing out [Ryder's] heart." Obsessed by a

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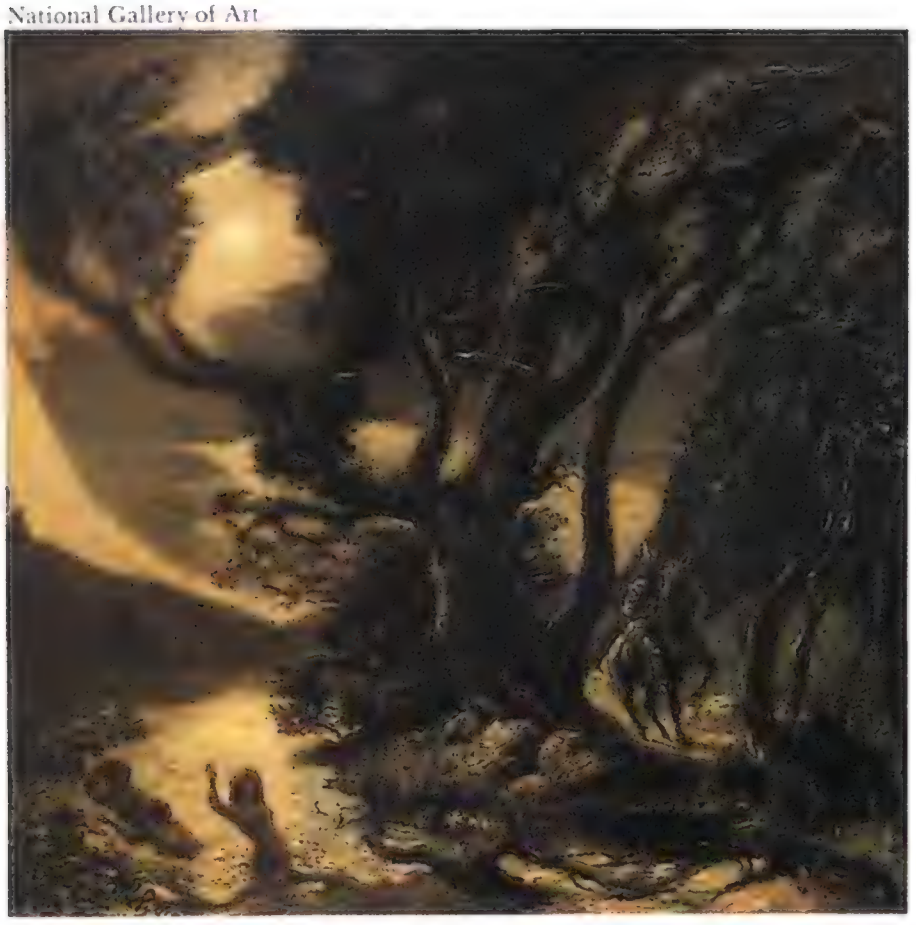

Ryder was inspired to paint the rhythmic *Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens* by Wagner's *Götterdämmerung.*

superhuman quest for absolute truth and beauty, the artist compared himself to an inchworm, clinging to the end of a twig, groping for something beyond. "I am trying to find something out there beyond the place on which I have a footing," he said.

At the groundbreaking New York Armory Show of 1913, where ten of his canvases hung among works by Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, Ryder was acclaimed the most original painter America had produced. "A poor old fellow with rheumy eyes, dirty, and grimy," he was led through the exhibition by artists Arthur B. Davies and Walt Kuhn, who had helped importantly to organize the show. As the demand for his art surged, a sudden influx of "Ryders" reached the market, mostly seascapes, complete with artificial cracks. The stream grew to a flood after his death. He may be the most faked American artist, with an estimated five times as many forgeries as genuine works.

Ryder was a pathetic figure in his last years. In 1915 he was found helpless on the floor of his room and was rushed to a hospital. No members of his immediate family were still alive, so after his release the Fitzpatricks moved him to their home in Elmhurst, Long Island, where he died of a kidney ailment shortly after his 70th birthday. He was buried in the Ryder family plot in New Bedford.

The following year, the first one-man show of Ryder's work was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where 48 works of this "baffling genius," as the *New York Times* called him, were displayed. Now recognized as one of America's greatest artists, he is, compared with Eakins and Homer, little known. His paintings seldom reach the market. Doubts about their authenticity and life span have scared collectors away, and dealers worry about legal liabilities if they sell what is later declared a forgery.

In the mid-1930s, Lloyd Goodrich, a curator at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York and later the leading Ryder scholar, and Brooklyn Museum conservator Sheldon Keck began to examine paintings attributed to Ryder using a microscope, ultraviolet light and x rays. They discovered that in the genuine works, the preliminary compositions often show up on x rays. In contrast, the forgeries, produced by spreading on a thick base, thinly painting the image and then covering it heavily with varnish, show only a blank undersurface. In connection with the current exhibition, the Smithsonian's Conservation Analytical Laboratory undertook an extensive technical analysis of Ryder paintings, adding neutron-induced autoradiography—in which pigment elements like zinc, barium, antimony and cobalt are made radioactive—to the diagnostic procedures. A display of their findings is included in the show's technical section.

Keck and his wife, Caroline, also performed bold conservation work on some of the paintings, including the 17 given to the Smithsonian by Gellatly in 1929. Employing "unorthodox methods that few would dare use today," Elizabeth Broun says, they separated paintings from their canvases, scooped out still-gooey paint and mounted the images on new backings. Treated 20 years ago, these paintings have remained stable, while untreated works are "moldering" in storage because today's conservators hesitate to take steps that are not completely reversible. The Kecks' daring, she feels, made the current exhibition possible.

With many of Ryder's paintings still disintegrating, and many others long gone, will this be his last show? Broun hopes instead that it will mark a resurgence of interest. Perhaps we should heed Ryder's mystical view: "When a thing has the elements of beauty from the beginning it cannot be destroyed. Take . . . the Venus de Milo . . . ages and men have ravaged it, its arms and nose have been knocked off, but still it remains a thing of beauty. . . ."

Permutations never troubled him. As he neared the end of his life, he said of *Macbeth and the Witches*, on which he had labored for more than 20 years, "I think the sky is getting interesting."

Ryder struggled for years over the placement of the siren in *The Lorelei.* In the end her figure vanished.

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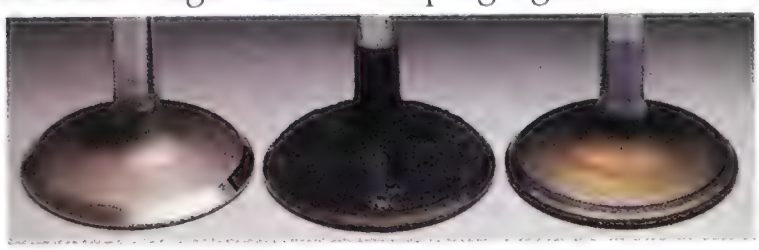

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And in all our unleaded grades, you'll also get the unsurpassed cleaning power of our advanced formula XCL-12.® Because in today's precision engines, it's just as important for a gasoline to keep your fuel intake system clean as it is to provide power.

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EXXON 93 SUPREME.

Precision equipment for precision engines.

In this triple-decker, a fire-breathing dragon lays siege to a castle while princess inside hollers for help.

The 500-piece jigsaw puzzle features uneven edges, tricky interlocks to add confusion. Cost: nearly $2,000.

By Richard Wolkomir

The 'Rolls-Royce of puzzles' drives its fans round the bend

Expensive, beautiful and maddeningly difficult, Stave puzzles explore baffling new jigsaw frontiers. Are you set for a Double Whammy?

There are jigsaw puzzles and then there are jigsaw puzzles. Some are a lot sneakier than others. Lately I've been agonizing over a particular kind of puzzle that's so exasperating it can make your head ache. In fact, several are sold complete with bottles of aspirin for that very reason. Once, the company that produces these brain-busters—it's called Stave Puzzles Inc.—sent out a Santa Claus puzzle with three extra pieces that didn't fit. The leftover pieces, each carved as the word "Ho," together formed a merry message. The idea, according to Steve Richardson, one of Stave's founders, is to make a puzzle "that's *possible* to do but that nobody *can* do."

Richardson is a 50-ish former computer analyst whose wife, Martha, is his business partner. He has one son in law school and another studying art. He wears aviator glasses and a genial grin, but don't let that fool you. This is Mr. Diabolical himself. The jigsaw puzzle has been evolving for more than 200 years, and Richardson embodies its fiendish culmination. In his airy workshop just outside Norwich, Vermont, he plots trompe l'oeils that make your teeth grind.

Maybe, for example, your puzzle fits together three different ways, but only one of those configurations is *correct.* Or it may have three layers. Or some pieces may fit only if you turn the back sides up. Beware of Richardson's fake-you-out "Whammy Edge." Also the "Double Whammy." And his truly insidious "Triple Whammy"—but more about these later.

Apparently, Richardson's victims want him to drive them nuts, and they're willing to pay for their frissons of frustration. Stave puzzles range from about $95 for a "petite" to more than $7,000 if you like your bafflement deluxe. As the founding father puts it: "We're the Rolls-Royce of jigsaw puzzles."

You don't have to be rich or famous

Queen Elizabeth has one. The list of other Stave aficionados includes such prominent names as Mellon, du Pont and Roosevelt. But anyone, celebrity or not, can order a Stave puzzle, and what you get is an original art print bonded to a specially made plywood backing. In the Vermont workshop, this sandwich is sawed into a puzzle by a cutter who operates an electric jigsaw with a blade as thin as the hair of a horse's tail. Part of the system for cutting out these intricate pieces is secret, but each cutter works freehand, so that no two puzzles are alike.

The pieces that make up a puzzle connect, or interlock, by way of the knobs and sockets on their edges. In Stave puzzles, the interlocks come in several different styles. Some of the pieces come in different styles too. These are called silhouettes, and they are shaped into customers' initials, memorable dates and figures representing their hobbies, favorite sports, pets, whatever they request. Certain of these pieces, fitted together, form larger silhouettes. Others form a rebus, a puzzle within the puzzle. Recently, a customer ordering a $2,000 puzzle specified 58 silhouettes, which were divided into such categories as "Memorable Humans" ("husband, overweight, glasses, 55 yrs.," "bald banker brother," "short round father"); "Memorable Pets" ("75-lb. Bouvier des Flandres," "klutz kat"); and "Memorable Vehicles" ("Jaguar XKE coupe," "Mercedes 190SL sport conv.").

The service, too, can be personalized. One December afternoon several years ago, a Philadelphian called the workshop. Christmas was two days away and he *had* to have a Stave puzzle for his mother's gift. The Richardsons were just closing up, but the man sounded desperate. "You start driving, we'll start cutting," Steve Richardson said. At 1 A.M., just as the couple finished cutting out the puzzle's final piece, the customer knocked. He arrived back in Philadelphia in time for Christmas Eve.

Then there was the 26-year-old administrator from Texas who requested an unusual puzzle for his girlfriend, an Indiana travel agent. As she slowly assembled the thing, in a New Hampshire inn, she discovered that it showed a demure Victorian bride dressing for her wedding. (Stave provides no helpful box-top pictures of the finished puzzle.) When the puzzle was finally completed, this message appeared in intaglio across the picture's bottom: "Will You Marry Me?" She said yes.

Richardson's forte, however, is not sweetness and wedding bells. It is addiction, malediction and masochism. As one satisfied customer recently wrote: "It took three of us about 40 minutes with some good white wine and lots of screaming. Thanks!" Dru Carter, of Glen Ellyn, Illinois, a Stave devotee, describes the puzzles' appeal this way: "They can drive you absolutely batty."

Customer relations often hinge on amiable antagonism. Charles Alan Wright, a professor of law at the University of Texas at Austin, has been exchanging

Puzzle master Steve Richardson peers through one of his most challenging creations, a butterfly chase.

Photographs by Richard Howard

Puzzles that drive people nuts

nasty letters with Richardson for years. "He tells me I'm too dumb to do his puzzles, and I tell him his puzzles are too dumb to warrant the time of an intelligent man," Wright says.

Before he became a puzzle maker, Richardson worked for a large accounting firm in New Jersey. He fled the urban rat race in the late '60s for a more easygoing life with a small computer outfit in bucolic Hanover, New Hampshire, only to be laid off six months later. With Dave Tibbetts, the same company's former art director, he set up a game-designing partnership. "We always had jigsaw puzzles around the house when I was a kid," Richardson says, "and I used to dream up little games to try out on my friends."

Richardson and Tibbetts began by converting newspaper crossword puzzles into cardboard jigsaw puzzles. One day, a man called from Boston and offered to pay them $300 for a wooden jigsaw puzzle. The partners were then getting $3 for each of their cardboard puzzles (at wholesale rates), so naturally they were intrigued. Richardson drove down to Boston to meet the caller, who showed him a fancy wooden jigsaw puzzle made by the Par Company Ltd., which was no longer in business. "I was in awe—the pieces were beautiful," Richardson recalls.

He discovered that one of Par's two owners had died and the other had retired, leaving the firm's addicted clients gnashing their teeth in frustration. They didn't want low-cost cardboard puzzles, stamped out cookie-cutter fashion in large factories. They wanted fancy, handcrafted, wooden jigsaw puzzles. And for those devotees price was no object.

Since the market was out there, Richardson and Tibbetts decided to go for it. They combined their names, Steve and Dave, into "Stave," advertised their new approach in the *New Yorker* magazine and watched the orders pour in. From that time on, there was never a dull moment—except for Tibbetts, who eventually got bored, sold Richardson his share of the company and started up another one. (He's now a leading designer of children's puzzles.) Richardson continued jigsawing puzzles from existing prints and from artwork supplied by customers, but he also struck off in a new direction by commissioning original artwork specifically designed for puzzles. That way, the artist and the puzzle cutter could collaborate on tricks, feints and visual hocus-pocus.

To see what sets Stave products apart, I recently tried a typical mass-produced puzzle. It was made of cardboard, consisted of 500 pieces and cost a mere $8.27. It took me the better part of six evenings to assemble it. The artwork was fuzzy and the cutting was robotic. In fact, because so many puzzles are stamped out with the same pattern of cuts, regardless of artwork, an artist in Iowa City has invented a new form of puzzle art. Mel Andringa combines pieces from different puzzles to produce surreal "found-art collages." Cardboard is fine for Andringa, but I missed the heft of Stave's wooden pieces and the sense of matching minds with a witty artist and a crafty cutter, not to mention the thrill of playing with a toy that costs as much as a diamond ring.

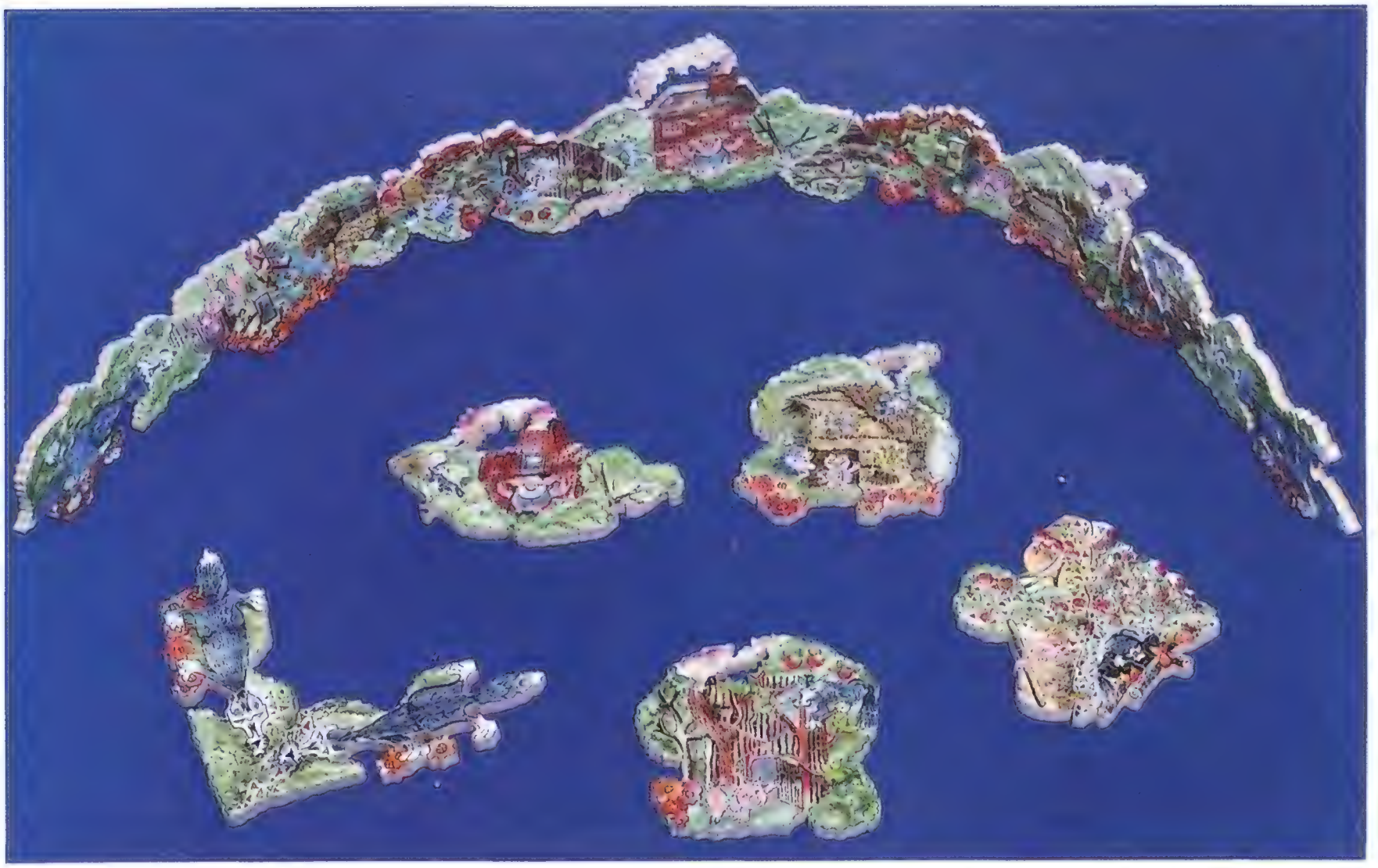
To get a better idea of Stave's niche in puzzle evolution, I visited Anne D. Williams, an economics professor at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine. Probably the country's top jigsaw-puzzle maven, she is the author of *Jigsaw Puzzles: An Illustrated History and Price Guide* (to be published by Wallace-Homestead Book Company next month) and was curator of a puzzle exhibition at Bates two years ago. The Cape Cod-style house she shares with a gray cat, Emily, is also the home of what may be the largest repository of adults' and children's jigsaw puzzles in the world—more than 2,000 relics of the cutter's craft.

If you can't beat 'em, eat 'em

Among the many unusual puzzles in that remarkable collection is one made of chocolate ("I used to have two," Williams confesses cheerfully) and a Japanese item with pieces so tiny that it comes with a pair of tweezers. Williams also owns one of the world's oldest jigsaw puzzles (p. 108). It was created in 1766 by John Spilsbury, a London printer. He mounted a map of Europe on a mahogany board and cut it into pieces along national borders "in order to facilitate the teaching of geography" to children.

Anne Williams' collection makes it clear that many

Mr. Wolkomir wrote last month about landfills. His earlier subject matter has included running shoes and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.



Puzzle called "Three Little Pigs" can be put together 64 different ways but only one of them is correct. The five segments in foreground, above, are wrong. Is the more linear arrangement of 150 pieces right? Perhaps...

Stand-up baseball puzzle has a scoreboard that wraps around playing field. Customer specifies team colors.

Both cow puzzles are assembled correctly. Pieces are reversible, but most puzzlers try using only one color.

Stave features—wooden pieces, handcrafting, high-quality esthetics—are actually a revival of an earlier tradition. Just as such Stave puzzles as "Venice Beach Vibes," featuring the quintessential colors and people of California, reflect our era, earlier puzzles reflected theirs. "Puzzles are artifacts of their time, a window on the past," Williams says.

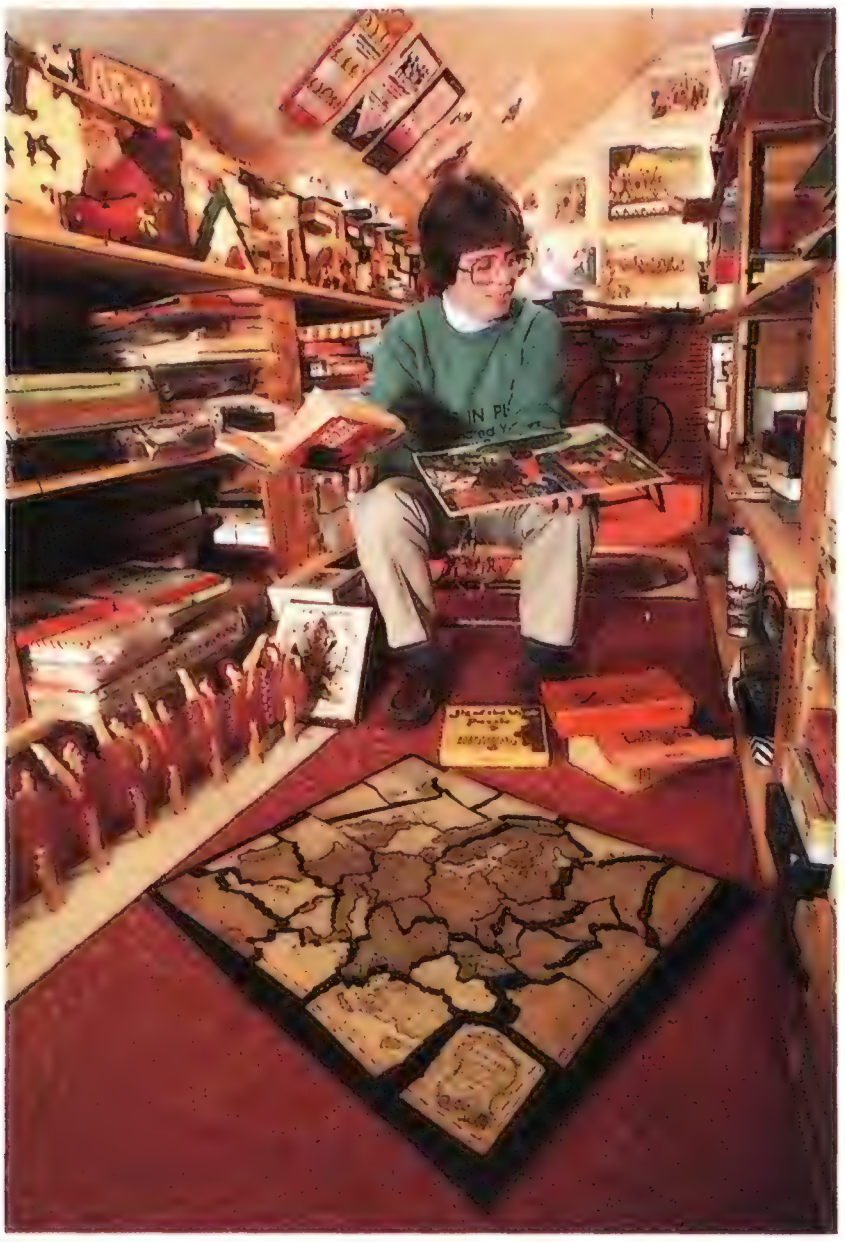
At first, most jigsaw puzzles were cut-up maps, like Spilsbury's, but makers soon branched out into other images that were considered edifying for children, such as Old Testament prophets and British or French rulers, or the 1821 puzzle "A Representation of Thirty-six Birds Commonly Seen in England." In those days, puzzle pieces did not interlock, and a violent sneeze could destroy an evening's effort. Puzzle makers soon learned to cut interlocks into the edge pieces, so that they formed a rigid outside frame. By the 1840s, in French and German puzzles, all of the pieces interlocked.

In 1850, the first jigsaw puzzle known to have been made in America went on the market. It was called "Geographical Analysis of the State of New York," with all of the counties included. A few years later came "Mitchell's Dissected Map of the United States." West of the Mississippi it showed mainly Indian tribes and the California goldfields. It came with a picture of the assembled puzzle, but puzzlers were admonished not to look at it "until a patient effort has been made to put the Dissected Map together without it."

Inevitably, puzzles became an advertising medium. The series of state maps published by the enterprising Rev. E. J. Clemens in the 1880s featured an advertisement for White sewing machines or Sherwin-Williams paint on the reverse side of each puzzle. A 1932 puzzle showed a child determinedly brushing her unwilling bullterrier's teeth with a particular brand of toothbrush. "After that puzzle went out, toothbrush sales quadrupled," Williams says.

In the 1700s puzzles were made of hardwoods, which broke easily and did not lend themselves to intricate cutting. Gradually over the next century or so, manufacturers shifted to pine and other softwoods. Just before World War I, they began using plywood, which was stronger. But by then, many producers had already begun making children's puzzles out of cardboard, which was much cheaper than wood.

Wooden puzzles did not go away though. Around the turn of the century, improvements in machinery had made it possible to cut larger and more complicated versions, which in turn lofted the wooden jigsaw puzzle's popularity to new heights among adults. Newport and Long Island socialites threw weekend "puzzle parties." In 1909 demand was so high that Parker Brothers stopped production of all other games and devoted its resources entirely to puzzles, with 225 women sawing away.



Anne Williams shows part of her puzzle collection, including a 1766 map (foreground) by John Spilsbury.

An antidote to Depression

The Great Depression was a boom time for jigsaw puzzles. People seeking diversions from their troubles constituted a large market, and out-of-work craftsmen seeking to earn cash exploited it. Every Wednesday, puzzlers could buy a 300-piece "Jig of the Week" at newsstands for 25 cents. The enthusiasm for puzzles in many parts of the country was such in those days that libraries actually rented them out.

By 1933 two unemployed New Yorkers, John Henriques and Frank Ware, were turning out beautifully handcrafted jigsaw puzzles for an elite clientele that eventually ranged from the Fords, the Vanderbilts and the Astors to Bing Crosby, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Marilyn Monroe. They formed the Par Company Ltd., which specialized in bonding fine European prints to custom-made plywood. Once, when their plywood supplier ran out of mahogany, one of their

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Puzzle made around 1910 amounted to little more than an ad for sewing machines. People enjoyed it anyway.

Puzzle made by Parker Brothers in 1920 incorporated a number of familiar silhouettes as part of picture.

Mystery puzzle from Depression days came complete with a "novelette" (right) and a special "piece" (top).

customers—a diplomat—helped them import the wood directly from Honduras, to hasten the arrival of his next puzzle. In their jigsaws, Ware and Henriques used German blades, seven-thousandths of an inch thick. They hired chemists to formulate special bonding glues. And they customized their puzzles, including such personalized pieces as their clients' initials. They also studded their puzzles with artful silhouette pieces, including their trademark, a sea horse.

Ware and Henriques were tricky. They cut pieces that looked like corners but really weren't. They cut out areas inside puzzles, so that customers tried to fit pieces into spaces where only spaces belonged. Their puzzles came in plain black boxes, with no helpful clues. Even the titles were confusing. For example, they called a knight in armor "Kid in a Can."

Two years after Henriques died, in 1972, Ware retired. He turned over the business to a longtime assistant, but after a few years the assistant retired, too. By then, Stave had taken up the Par mantle, although a New York hobbyist still cuts a few puzzles under the name.

Always dreaming up new tricks

Many of Steve Richardson's tricks are classics of the puzzle maker's art. He cuts straight-edged pieces that *seem* to be part of the puzzle's border, but aren't. He also makes phony corner pieces, puzzles with irregular borders, and "split corners" made of two pieces, neither of which looks as if it could possibly be part of a puzzle's squared-off corner. But Richardson is constantly dreaming up new tricks, too—tricks like the Whammy Edge, in which two abutting pieces don't interlock. "It drives puzzlers crazy, because you need a third piece to tie them together," the master of confusion cackles. The Triple Whammy? "All three pieces have two perpendicular straight edges making them look like corner pieces . . . but none of them are." That cackle again.

Sometimes a Stave design calls for a "sculpt," in which the cutter carves out slivers of wood to create an incised image, such as the sun rising over a hill. "That drives them nuts because of the empty space," Richardson says. Then there are puzzles like the "Three Little Pigs," which fits together in 63 wrong ways and one *right* way. These are what Richardson calls his "Third Generation" puzzles.

"First Generation" puzzles are made from an existing print, personalized with as many pieces—such as a favorite car or a beach house—as the customer specifies. "Second Generation" puzzles are hand-painted, based on original artwork commissioned by Stave. "Third Generation" puzzles go together more than one way, but only one is the right way. And "Fourth Generation" puzzles not only go together more ways than one, but you also must turn over some pieces to get them to

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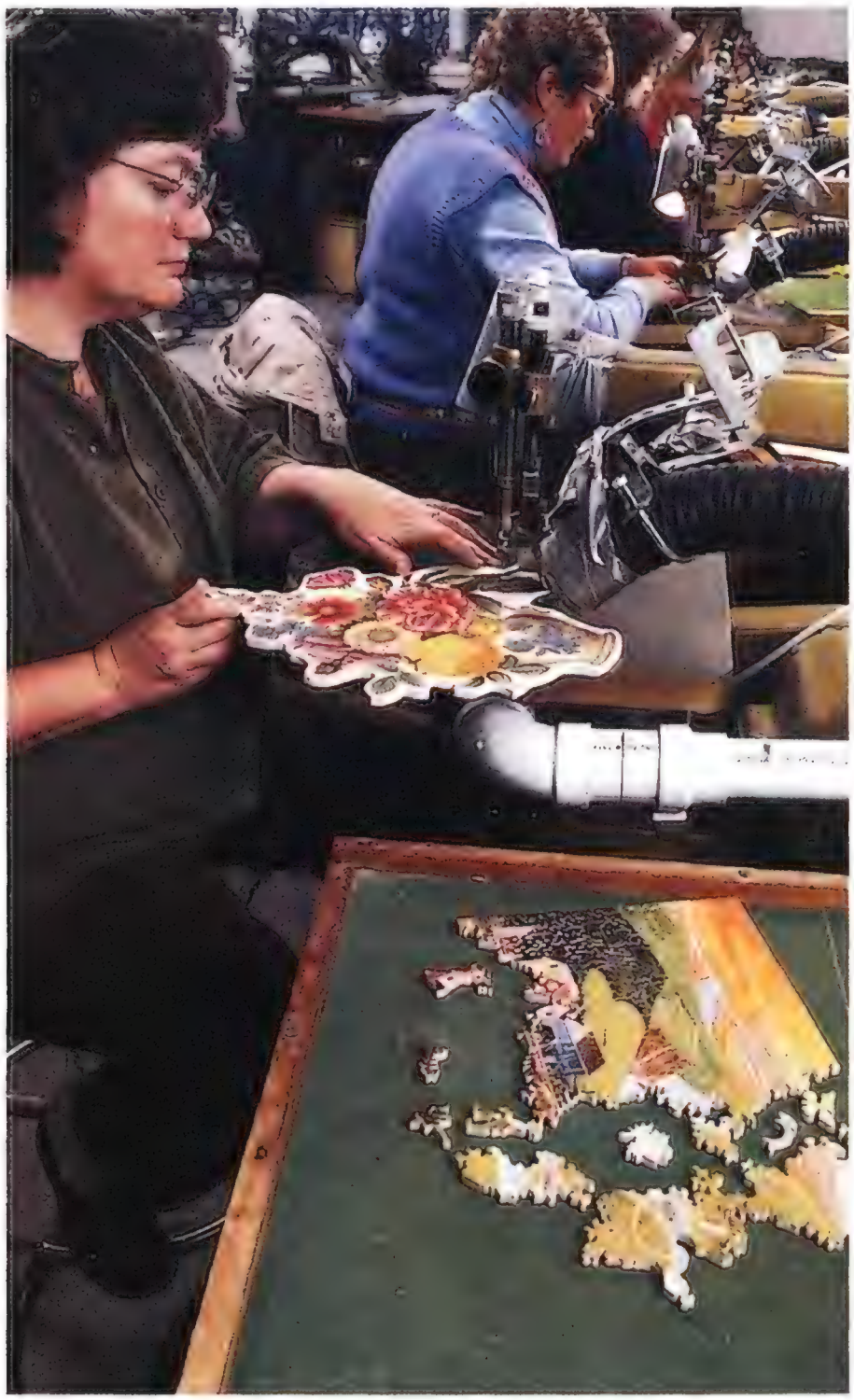

Cutter in Stave's Vermont facility works freehand at a jigsaw with a blade that's as thin as a horse-tail hair.

fit. For instance, to assemble a green pine tree, you must turn up the brown reverse sides of some pieces to form the trunk. "What Richardson has done," says Joseph Taylor of Honeoye Falls, New York, "is turn puzzles into pieces of art." Taylor should know. He's been a puzzler for nearly 70 years.

How to account for the curious love-hate relationship that exists between Stave and many of its customers? "It's a case of sadists and masochists," Richardson explains half-jokingly. "We're driven to think up new tricks by having our customers tell us, 'Nyah, I did it, you can't fool me.' They know this infuriates us."

"Puzzlers are a little compulsive," says Betty Ford, the director of student teaching at California University of Pennsylvania in California, Pennsylvania. A few years ago, she began a behavioral study of puzzlers at the now defunct national jigsaw puzzling championships in Athens, Ohio. The research convinced Ford, a puzzler herself, that one of the fundamental appeals is the satisfaction of transforming chaos into order.

Whatever the attraction, it keeps Steve and Martha Richardson and 12 employees busy. Everyone at Stave except the receptionist runs jigsaws and designs puzzles, working with five outside artists. Richardson often wakes up in the middle of the night with an idea. Once, he imagined three interlocking circles, which an artist transformed into a beautiful butterfly that encloses three smaller, free-floating butterflies.

Sometimes Richardson outfoxes himself. Several years ago he came up with an idea for an April Fool's puzzle called "Five Easy Pieces." The joke was, no matter how you put it together, there was always one piece that wouldn't fit. A lot of customers didn't think it was funny. They called, pleading for the solution. But there wasn't one. The pieces didn't fit, and that was that. "I had to buy back all 30 of those puzzles," Richardson recalls glumly.

But his darkest hour came a year ago, when he began to worry that he had reached a dead end. It seemed quite likely that he had explored every possible design approach and run out of ideas. Then, doodling on a beach in the Virgin Islands one day, he was struck by inspiration: "A Möbius strip concept!" Richardson refuses to say more because it's secret. But he does allow as how "the possibilities are absolutely unlimited." This innovation will be the basis of Stave's "Fifth Generation" of puzzles. Aficionados will be outwitted, hoodwinked, flummoxed. They will be in torment. In short, they will be happy customers. Mr. Diabolical breaks into a big grin just thinking about it.

Silhouettes for puzzles ordered by Stave customers include dancers (center), names and (bottom) train.

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WAYS TO PUT IT O
TO TAK

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Undaunted by the temporary paralysis of his left arm, Lummis lights cigarette he had rolled with one hand.

CORN DANCE
PUEBLO SANTO DOMINGO, N.M.
14.

By David Roberts

A tough little guy became the original Southwest booster

Having walked across America, Charles Lummis then used camera, pen and pickax to discover and celebrate the first people of New Mexico

The residents of Santo Domingo Pueblo celebrate the corn dance on the feast day of their patron saint. Lummis took photographs like this until the Indians decided to make some of their ceremonies off-limits.

One night in March 1888, as he walked alone down a canyon near San Mateo, New Mexico, Charles Lummis heard a shriek that seemed, he reported, full of "an indescribable terror." It was not the sound of a mountain lion or an Apache—with whose cries this seasoned outdoorsman was familiar—but rather a shrill, reedy wail, apparently of human origin. When he got back to the ranch where he was staying, Lummis asked his host what he might have heard. Don Amado Chaves told him about *los Hermanos Penitentes*—the Penitent Brothers.

These isolated Christian fanatics were members of a 300-year-old Spanish cult of self-flagellants. Each year during Lent, and especially Holy Week, they practiced a lurid mortification of the flesh, some whipping their own naked backs with plaited whips and others dragging heavy crosses toward an appointed site where, on Good Friday, a hooded victim willingly underwent a ritual crucifixion.

When Lummis heard about the Penitentes, he said at once, "Then I will photograph them."

"Love of God, *amigo*," answered Don Amado; "they will kill you if you attempt such a foolhardy thing!"

On Holy Thursday, Lummis was waiting when the procession marched by, his camera ready to record the rite. As soon as the Penitentes saw him, they advanced menacingly. Don Ireneo (Amado's brother) and two of his friends drew their guns and stood defiant, bodyguards of their gringo companion. Lummis laid his cocked Colt .44 on top of the camera box and made the photograph.

That night Lummis befriended the chief brother of the cult, smoothing the way with cigars, photographs and flattery. On Good Friday, his new ally marked a spot on the ground where Lummis could set his tripod. A hooded Penitente, a four-inch wound opened in his chest, was bound to the cross. He was sobbing, but Lummis heard him cry out in Spanish, "Not with a rope! Nail me! Nail me!" (The chief brother had introduced a humanitarian reform; this bound martyr survived his ordeal, as many of his predecessors, their wrists and feet pierced with spikes, had not.)

Lummis got his photographs, the first ever taken of a Penitente crucifixion. Thirty-seven years later, he could boast that he was still the only photographer

This unusual photograph of Penitente procession is among Lummis' proudest ethnographic achievements.

Portrait of two shy boys is indicative of the work Lummis did in Isleta, where he spent the most time.

who had ever recorded the cult's rites. The achievement was all the more impressive because at the time, Lummis could use only one arm. For four months, his left arm had dangled useless at his side, the result of a paralysis suffered at the age of 29.

Sixty-one years after his death, it is surprising that Charles Fletcher Lummis is not better remembered. He was one of those characteristic American polymaths of the late 19th century, a man of intense action, like John Muir, who aspired to mastery in a dozen professions. He thought of himself—not without justification—as photographer, prose writer, poet, archaeologist, ethnographer, explorer, editor, librarian, architect, linguist, museum founder and musicologist. What unified his ambitions was the passionate championship of a region, the Southwest, and of the peoples who had possessed that land before "Americans" ever set eyes on it. He coined the very term "the Southwest," as well as the slogan "See America First."

As a photographer, Lummis' forte was not some

One of the group was later crucified—but lived. The ceremony took place March 30 (Good Friday) in 1888.

Dorothea Roads, the first of Lummis' three wives, kept a knife at hand for protection from her husband.

distinctive, original esthetic, but the nerve, energy and persistence to capture images of places and customs that few people had ever seen. His most important camera work took place between 1888 and 1900 in the then little-known Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona. Lummis, who was never modest, liked to claim that he had made "such intimate pictures of the Southwest as no one else has ever succeeded in getting." A pair of recent scholars assess his photographs from such xenophobic ancient settlements as Acoma, Zuni and Isleta as "a priceless record of Pueblo culture."

Lummis' father was a Massachusetts minister and schoolteacher, and the son was steeped at home in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. At Harvard he befriended Teddy Roosevelt, who was a class ahead of him, and whom he would adulate for the rest of his life. Lummis spent more time on poker, boxing and long-distance running than on his studies, self-published a slender book of poems printed on birch bark, and flunked out of Harvard.

At the age of 20 he fell in love with a remarkable woman named Dorothea Roads, who could keep up her end of a musical or literary conversation, and who was a medical student at Boston University. She later became one of the first women doctors in Los Angeles, as well as a drama critic for the *Los Angeles Times*. In 1880, when Lummis was 21, they married in haste, under a cloud of gossip whose content Victorian propriety has managed to conceal. (It was later revealed that Lummis had gotten another woman pregnant in the summer of 1879. He claimed, however, to have known nothing about this until 29 years after the fact, when, on a trip back East, he was confronted by his illegitimate daughter. Lummis was delighted, and arranged to have the woman move in with his family.)

While Dorothea finished medical school, Lummis

David Roberts has written for SMITHSONIAN *on pushing new passages in a New Mexico cave and the arrays of mysterious megaliths that dominate Carnac, France.*

moved to Chillicothe, Ohio, to manage her father's farm. Quickly wearying of such work, he landed a job as editor of the local newspaper. But the wanderlust was in him. In September 1884, he set out from Cincinnati, determined to walk alone across the continent.

In 143 days he covered, by his own reckoning, 3,507 miles, averaging almost 25 miles per day, including rest days. It was, he later bragged, "the longest walk for pure pleasure that is on record." This epic hike was Lummis' grand tour, the pivotal event of his life. As he hiked through New Mexico and Arizona, he found the cause that would occupy the rest of his days.

Small and sickly as a child, Lummis became one of those dogged compensators whom psychologists call "overachievers." He never shirked a fight; indeed, he would go out of his way to solicit one. His greatest fear was of spiders; for two years, therefore, he forced himself to capture and kill with his bare fingers every spider he could find. During his solo walk through the West, Lummis had close calls with a wildcat, a hammer-wielding prison inmate, a frozen lake into which he plunged through thin ice, and a New Mexico snowstorm in which he almost died of exposure. In Arizona, deep in the wilderness, he fell off a cliff, was knocked unconscious and came to with a badly broken arm. A passage from the book Lummis later wrote about his walk testifies to the man's ingenuity and toughness—and perhaps to his penchant for exaggeration:

> Here was a bad job—an ugly fracture, and so far from any medical help that the arm would probably be past saving before I could get there. I thought very hard for a few moments. There was but one thing to be done—the arm was to be put in shape right there.
>
> I placed the discolored hand between my feet and tried thus to tug the bone back to its place; but flesh and blood could not stand it. Ah! The strap of my discarded canteen! It was very long and broad and strong leather—just the thing! I gave it two flat turns about the wrist, and buckled it around a cedar tree. Beside the tree was a big squarish rock. Upon this I mounted, facing the tree; set my heels upon the very edge, clenched my teeth and eyes and fist, and threw myself backward very hard. The agony, incomparably worse than the first, made me faint; but when I recovered consciousness the arm was straight and the fracture apparently set. . . .

Lummis splinted the arm with branches, then walked nonstop, he claimed, 52 miles to Winslow. With his arm in a sling, he eventually continued on foot another 700 miles to Los Angeles.

The young New Englander had begun his walk imbued with the common prejudices of his countrymen of that era against Mexicans and Indians. It was a Mexican family that nursed him to health after the snowstorm, however, and he was greeted prodigally by the Indians at San Ildefonso Pueblo. His biases melted away, leaving an empathic curiosity that would fuel four decades of friendship and exploration. In the sun-baked world he would call the Southwest, Lummis learned, he insisted, "the real inner meaning of this unguessed land."

Eve Douglas, the second wife, holds their first child, Turbesé. Eve became an ethnographer in her own right.

Workaholic years and a sudden paralysis

The *Los Angeles Times* had published Lummis' letters from the walk; these dispatches won him his first fame. Dorothea joined her husband in the booming California city. With his characteristic energy, he threw himself into a new job as an editor on the *Times*. Lummis was one of those workaholic demons, like Thomas Edison, who felt that sleep was a luxury of the lazy. He later insisted, "In my three years on the *Times* I never got more than two hours of sleep in the 24 and for the final newspaper year not over one."

The frenzy of work took its toll, as did a deteriorat-

In 1892 Lummis traveled with the great archaeologist Adolph Bandelier to Peru, where he photographed this mummy with its wrapper. They professed admiration for each other, but the Swiss scientist complained privately that Lummis was a hard man to camp with.

ing marriage. To close friends, Dorothea confided that she kept a carving knife at hand for self-defense and an overcoat outside the house in case her mercurial husband banished her in the night. Lummis' hard-earned toughness masked a deep vulnerability. As his private life began to fall apart in the autumn of 1887, he felt a "crinkly feeling" in his left forefinger. On December 5, he lay down for a moment's rest before dinner. When he tried to get up, he found that his whole left side was paralyzed. He could barely stagger across the floor.

Lummis' response, after two feckless months in bed, was to go back to New Mexico, leaving his job and wife behind. On the ranch of his friend Don Amado, he tried to work his way back to health through sheer, stubborn exercise. After teaching himself to shoot one-handed, he limped into the wilderness and hunted rabbits day after day. He learned to ride one-handed, then insisted on breaking wild horses. The locals thought he was crazy. Every morning, even in January, Lummis would rise at 4, chop a hole in the ice that had formed on a nearby pool, douse his body completely and towel himself dry with a gunnysack. Gradually his left leg grew stronger, but his arm continued to hang withered and insensate.

He had immersed himself in Hispanic culture, but the more alien life of the Pueblos beckoned. In the fall of 1888, Lummis moved to Isleta Pueblo, just south of Albuquerque. For an Anglo to be accepted as a Pueblo resident was highly unlikely, but Lummis' path was smoothed by a coincidence. The year before, the cacique of Isleta had died, four years after he had been stricken with paralysis. The arrival of this eccentric white man, with his paralyzed arm, was thus seen as a powerful portent.

Lummis spent four years at Isleta, learned the Tiwa language, and became obsessed with the desire to record the dances, ceremonies, songs and myths of this ancient people before they vanished. He had taken his first picture in 1885. Now photography became his chief occupation. We do not know all the different cameras and lenses Lummis used, but he often let drop in his writings that one weighed 40 pounds. He shot with a Dallmeyer lens, exposing 5-by-8 glass plates, which he printed mainly by the cyanotype process, producing blue prints. He tripped his shutter with a hand-held bulb, apparently counting out exposures, whose lengths he calculated by trial and error. The working conditions were abominable, especially for a one-armed photographer: Lummis had to develop his cyanotype plates in an adobe hut, using a ceramic bowl for a sink, without running water. At times he cut himself on the sharp edges of the glass plates—"for which my chief concern," he wrote with characteristic bravado, "was that the blood spoiled the negatives."

Ranging far from Isleta, Lummis photographed at many other Pueblos, including Hopi, Acoma, Laguna, Zuni, Taos, San Ildefonso and Jemez. Usually he had to overcome the resistance of his subjects. Years later, he wrote, "In the old days, among the Indians, I was

largely the 'ice-breaker'—and long, difficult, and sometimes dangerous years I had, to 'break' them to the camera. They believed that the photograph was taken not only of them, but *from* them; and that, with enough prints, they would waste away to nothingness." The Indians have since forbidden photographs of many of the ceremonies that Lummis shot.

Given the nature of his equipment—the heavy, stationary camera and the slow, guesswork exposures—nothing was more difficult than to capture the pageantry of a Santo Domingo corn dance or the drama of an Isleta footrace. As a result, some of Lummis' documentary pictures are confusing: the action takes place too far away, behind a screen of uncooperative spectators. Yet the ethnographic value of these rare images is high. Thanks to his personal charm, Lummis had better luck with portraits. A number of these close-up, posed photographs are masterly: the governor of Acoma, wearing a dandy's top hat above an implacable, weathered visage; a sinewy farmer, pausing with hoe poised above wheatfield as he stares toward the sun; a pair of Isleta boys, hands on head, as they stare uneasily back at the white man's dangerous machine.

A collector of Spanish and Indian songs, Lummis sings to Turbesé and son Jordan, also called Quimu.

With his nose for trouble, Lummis found more narrow escapes in New Mexico. He liked to tease rattlesnakes with sticks, and once deliberately entered a mountain lion's den. During a local voting scandal that he decided to make his own business, Lummis was bushwhacked by an assassin with a shotgun. He had a piece of buckshot lodged in his neck the rest of his life. His Hispanic friends nicknamed Lummis "El Cabezudo"—"the Hardheaded One."

At Isleta, he fell in love with Eve Douglas, a 19-year-old Easterner who was teaching in the Pueblo's Catholic school. Lummis had all but abandoned Dorothea, yet when she wrote him a sorrowful letter suggesting that they divorce, he had a recurrence of his paralysis, ending up in a Santa Fe hospital, unable to speak. Dorothea came to New Mexico to nurse him, then returned to Los Angeles. Finally Lummis wrote to tell her he was in love with another woman. Dorothea took the news equanimously, and eventually befriended Eve, who married Lummis in 1891.

A new bride and a miraculous recovery

Eve was as remarkable a woman as Dorothea. By the age of 19, she had become adept in both Spanish and Tiwa; years later, detractors suggested that it was she who translated the old Spanish texts that her husband took credit for. With Lummis, she traveled all over the roughest country on horseback, and later printed thousands of his pictures when he tried to make money by selling his views of the Southwest as postcards. In his diary, two days after their wedding, he wrote in Spanish, "I am entirely happy for the first time." One night during their honeymoon, Eve looked up and saw his face change color. He had realized he had been absentmindedly stroking her hair—with his left hand. After almost four years, he had suddenly regained the use of his paralyzed arm.

It was at Isleta that Lummis also met the great friend of his life, Adolph Bandelier. The Swiss-born explorer and archaeologist, 19 years Lummis' senior, was in the midst of a decade of brilliant Southwest discoveries. Lummis talked Bandelier into taking him along. One of their first exploits was an arduous trip across the Pajarito Plateau to the Anasazi cliff dwellings of what is now Bandelier National Monument, which the Swiss

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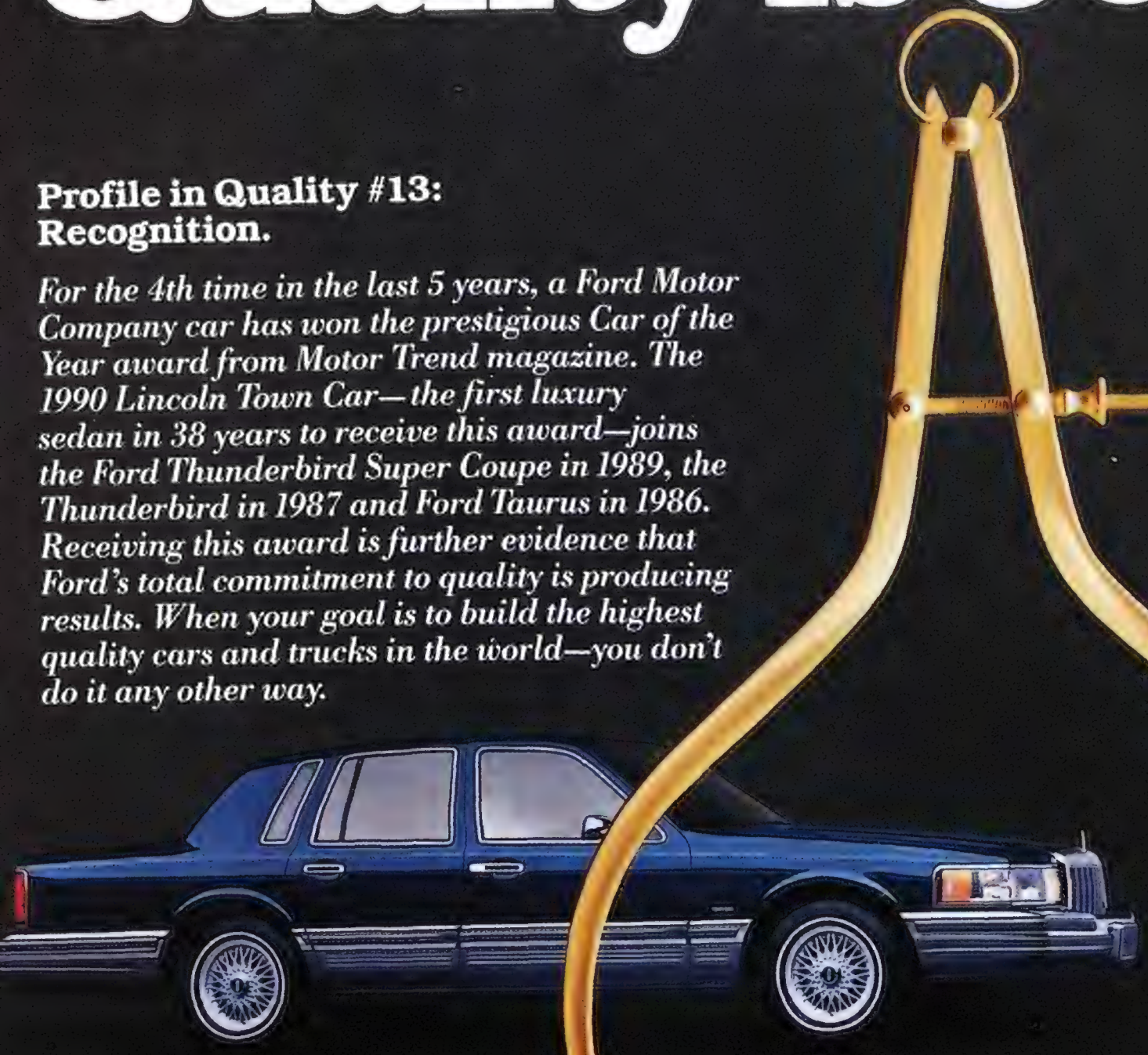

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Buckle up—Together we can save lives.

Its architecture a part of the display, the Southwest Museum in the Highland Park section of Los Angeles is one of Lummis' more enduring achievements. By all accounts a difficult man, he eventually suffered the ignominy of being fired from his own institution.

had been the first white man to discover. Still one-armed, Lummis dragged his 40-pound camera with him and made the first photographs of Tyuonyi, the Shrine of the Stone Lions, and the Painted Cave. Two years later, Bandelier took Lummis on a dig in Peru.

Lummis idolized his archaeological mentor as he did no one else save Teddy Roosevelt. Three decades later, he was still writing encomiums of Bandelier: "Like John Muir, it was not physical strength that carried him—either would take a crust of bread, and a pinch of tea, and go like a cat over cliff and crag, a day's trip no mere athlete could follow." Publicly, Bandelier returned the effusions. Yet Lummis was a hard man to camp with, and Bandelier's private journal from Peru is full of tirades against his junior associate.

Flat broke when he married Eve, Lummis turned to writing for a livelihood. Reviving his marathon hike of seven years before, he cranked out *A Tramp Across the Continent*, along with three books about the Southwest. The third, called *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, a paean to New Mexico, remains probably Lummis' best work. In all, he published 17 books, gaining a national audience and financial respectability. His works include volumes of poetry, a history of 16th-century Spanish exploration in the New World, collections of Hispanic and Indian folktales, songbooks and collections of boosterish Southwest prose sketches.

Altogether different is *My Friend Will*, a slender homily in which, writing in the third person, Lummis describes his own paralysis and recovery. With its overt sermonizing about the power of will to overcome all obstacles, this is one of the first American self-help books, and one of the quirkiest. Late in life, Lummis wrote a long, rambling autobiography, titled *As I Remember*; it remains unpublished.

What unifies the body of Lummis' writing is a tireless celebration of all things Spanish and Indian, and a relentless plumping for the manly West against the effete East or jaded Europe. His whole life he clung to the belief that, rather than having migrated by the Bering land bridge, Man was indigenous to the Western Hemisphere.

Lummis' idiosyncratic style, full of capitalized words, coinages (such as "bloviating" for "pontificating"), unusual verbs, and quasi-Latinate syntax, is like no one else's. It is a prose ideally suited for panegyric. Here is a classic Lummis passage, evoking the Indians who had lived in the prehistoric Pueblo of Yapashi:

> Here on the grim mesa, amid a wilderness of appalling solitude, they worried out the tufa blocks, and builded their fortress-city, and fended off the prowling Navajo, and fought to water and home again, and slept with an arrow on the string. How many generations of bronze babies frolicked in this lap of danger; and rose to arrowy youth that loved between sieges; and to gray-heads that watched and counselled; and to still clay that cuddled to the long sleep in rooms thenceforth sealed forever, there is no reckoning. . . .

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In 1893 Lummis moved back to Los Angeles, where he became something of a civic monument. He founded the Landmarks Club to save old Spanish missions from ruin; the Sequoyah League, to lobby for better treatment for Indians; and the Southwest Museum (many consider this his greatest achievement). As he crossed the streets of Los Angeles wearing his invariable corduroy suit, red sash, Stetson and moccasins, he was a cynosure. He smoked five to ten cigars a day and drank too much, but worked as hard as ever. If the fights he now picked were settled with oratory instead of fists or guns, they were hardly less acrimonious for that. A sad chapter of his career ended with his being fired as secretary of his own Southwest Museum.

Lummis had been a womanizer all his life. A compulsive diarist, he recorded the details of his affairs in his journal, hoping to disguise them by using Greek characters to form Spanish words. In 1909, Eve apparently decoded his "affinity record"; devastated after 18 years of marriage, she demanded a divorce. There was a bitter fight over their three children. In the midst of the struggle, Lummis went on a dig to Guatemala, where he contracted what he called jungle blindness. His sight completely gone, he enlisted his 12-year-old son Quimu, the child who remained with him, to act as guide. (Both blindness and paralysis are classic forms of what Freud called hysterical conversion. It is not farfetched to suppose that Lummis' two prolonged debilities were psychogenic in origin.)

As he had two decades before, when he had suffered his paralysis, Lummis headed off to New Mexico to "wear down" his ailment in the field. With Quimu, he arrived at Tyuonyi to aid the pioneer excavation of the Anasazi ruin. Staking out an ancient cave dwelling to camp in, Lummis kept the archaeologists awake till 3 A.M. every night crooning old Spanish songs to his guitar, on which he could play only one chord. Though blind, Lummis was determined to take photographs. He later described the remarkable procedure by which he was able to make pictures—in this case, a shot of a natural soda dam near Jemez Springs:

> [Quimu] helped me erect the big tripod on the precipitous hillside, after pacing off the distance from the dam which my memory led me to believe would be right. He helped me get that beautiful picture focused on the ground-glass, describing what was included and indicating its location on the glass to me by moving my finger. And on the ground-glass he himself picked out a spot in the center of focus, and trotted off and climbed on top of the dam and shouted back to me—and I exposed the five-by-eight glass plate.

After 15 months of blindness, Lummis' sight returned as suddenly and inexplicably as the use of his arm had 20 years before.

Back in Los Angeles, he turned his quixotic handbuilt castle, El Alisal, into a salon for the famous and talented. His guest books included the signatures of Douglas Fairbanks, Will Rogers, Clarence Darrow and John Philip Sousa. To amuse his cronies, he formed whimsical fellowships called the Order of Mad March Hares and the Society of Self-Made Sons of Bitches.

In his maturity, Lummis' admirers were legion, though their fulsome assessments were rarely as penetrating as the remark of a close acquaintance who complained of the man's "voluptuous vanity, freakish attire, and often boorish manners." A smugness crept into his later writings, as he tended to remind readers that he had all but invented the Southwest. If some of his slogans, such as "See America First," were memorable, others were less felicitous: "God made California and He made it on purpose."

Lummis died of brain cancer in 1928, at the age of 69. Six decades after its close, the indefatigable campaign of his life bears the stamp of solid achievement. His books are vivid and readable today. As he had hoped, his photography documents a lost era, and his best pictures are unforgettable. His Southwest Museum flourishes, one of the most important institutions of its kind in the West. In nearly all of the significant battles that he fought so hard, he seems, in the light of history, to have taken the right side.

One of Lummis' last utterances was overheard by his son Keith. In a deathbed delirium, El Cabezudo called: "Make way! A Lummis in the field, meeting all comers." He could hardly have written a more apt epitaph.

Temporarily blind, Lummis was led around a New Mexico excavation by Frank Springer and son Quimu.

Photographs by Margaret Courtney-Clarke

Fine artists who paint their lives on a canvas of mud

A new book provides a unique record of an ancient and extraordinary art practiced by women of remote West African villages

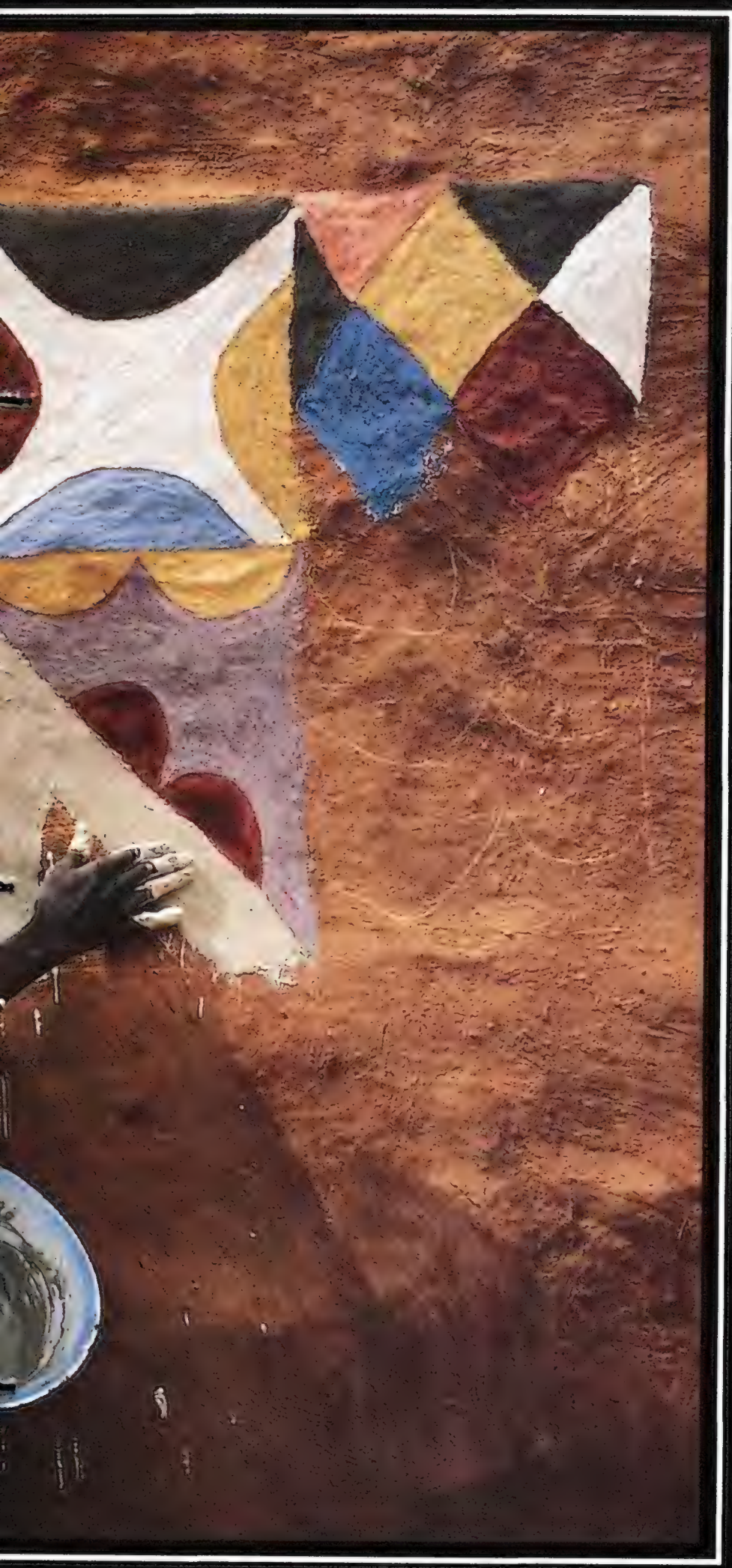
For three years photographer Margaret Courtney-Clarke traveled to the farthest reaches of West Africa, discovering and documenting the extraordinary wall paintings by the women of the region. The result is *African Canvas*, a book just published by Rizzoli.

To save money Courtney-Clarke traveled alone. "I spent 5 percent of my time taking pictures and the other 95 percent getting from one place to another," she says. She followed roads that were virtually nonexistent. It could take days to reach a village, only to find ruins of deserted mud houses. Courtney-Clarke lived on camel's milk, contaminated water, goat, dog, game and insects. She contracted malaria and barely survived amoebic dysentery. But each time she arrived in a village, she says, and "saw the women in perfect accordance with one another as they painted their murals, it made everything worthwhile."

The patterns in the paintings tell something about each woman—"either an object, event, or belief familiar to her world." The walls are mud, the canvas is clay from nearby riverbanks and the pigments are taken from plants and clays. These paintings are temporary, lasting only from one rainy season to the next.

Today the paintings are disappearing as the older women die and younger ones are uprooted by political changes and modernization. But Courtney-Clarke believes that her visit gave some of the women confidence, and hopes that they "might sense the validity of their dwindling traditions and move to revive them."
Marlane A. Liddell

Silla Camara, in her finery, uses her hands to apply a paste made of ground white kaolin and water to a wall of her family compound in a Soninke village in Djajibinni, Mauritania. She has already outlined the design with the handle of a spoon. The pigments are made of materials collected near the Senegal River.



Decorative wall paintings like these offer beauty in the harsh desert environment surrounding her small village. Although Silla is pictured here alone, house painting is a communal endeavor for Soninke women; friends often join her in a tradition that has been handed down, mother to daughter, for generations.

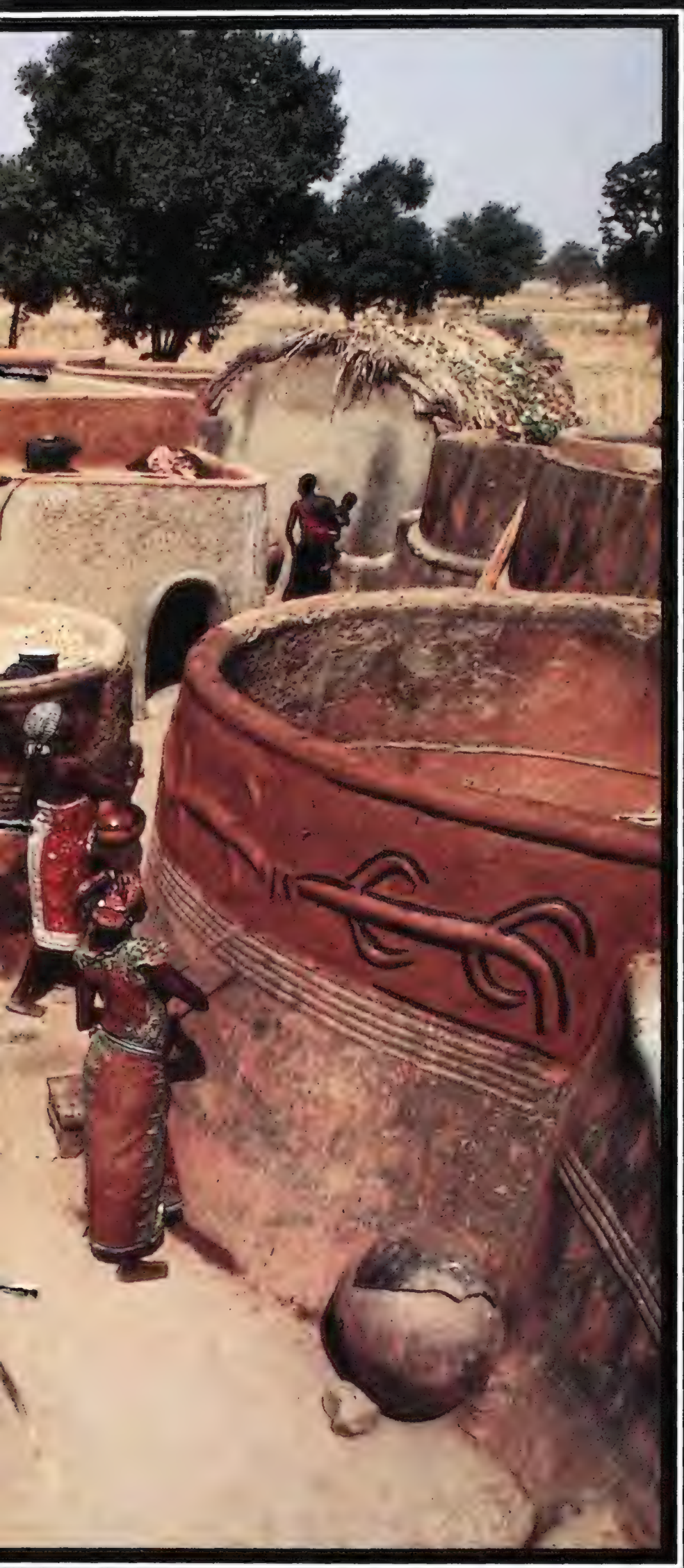
In Nokwa, Nigeria, handprints are added to a wall, symbolizing a "clean hand"—a righteous person.

This Igbo artist in Nri, Nigeria, wears a blouse with a design that is similar to the bold body scarification pattern on the panel next to her. She is painting a cooking pot, an image that evokes her everyday life, on the wall of community shrine.

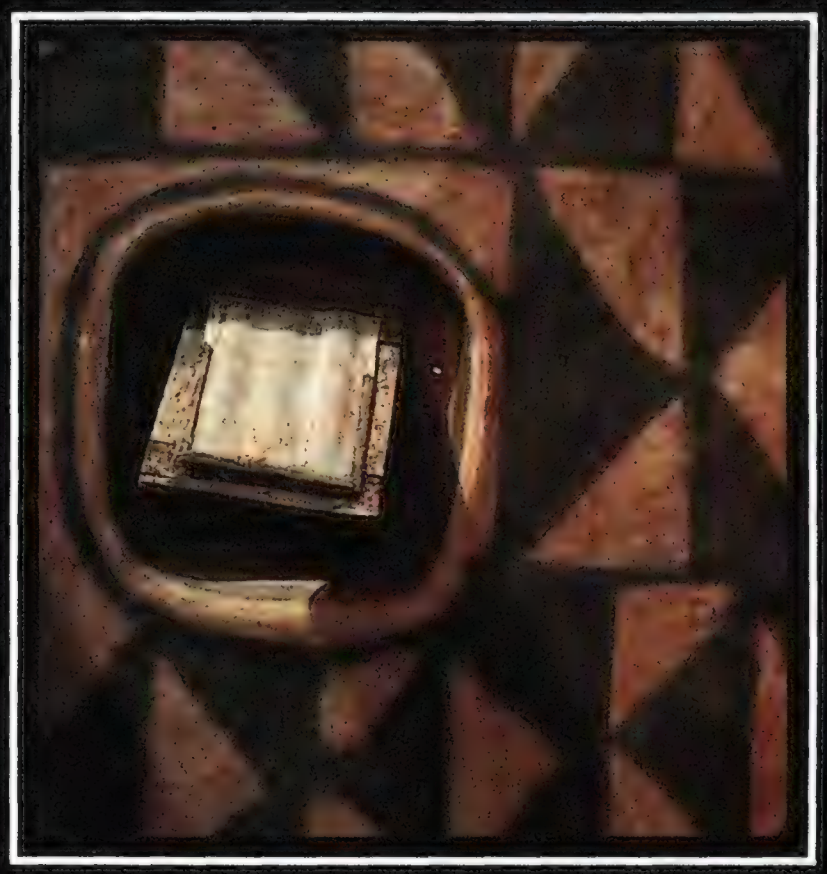
Another mural on an Igbo shrine has a yam beetle as its central motif. The narrow panels next to it include abstract patterns derived from ritual cloth (left), *kpom-kpom* cloth (black with colored dots) and a body scarification design like that above.

Sokhane Camara looks into her home in Southern Mauritania. Some Soninke women concentrate on the interiors of their houses because they spend so much time indoors. In their villages on the edge of the Sahara, temperatures can climb to a blistering 120 degrees F at noon, then drop down to 55 at night.

The Atoyuure family compound in Sirigu, Ghana, is divided into sections, one for each wife. The low walls are not just decorative—they separate people from the animal enclosures and the mud grain silos.



One woman (with bowl) splashes red clay-cow urine mix on wall as a friend outlines crocodile reliefs.



The popular triangular "broken calabash" pattern frames a window with open shutter in Burkina Faso.

In Ghana, children seek shade in doorway of home painted in motif of striped loincloth called *tana*.

Soninke women in isolated Mauritanian village use a wide variety of pigments to paint zigzag design on wall for a festive occasion.

Abstract *Uli* patterns cover a shrine in Abatete, Nigeria. *Uli* is used on bodies and on walls, and its style varies by both artist and village.

To make it more attractive, Khoumba Camara painted inside of her house and built rows of mud shelving, as is her village custom.

Below, wall paintings like this in Oualata, Mauritania, are unique to city. It's based on symbol for woman's thigh, repeated in combination.

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Collins peered out from a crevice while exploring a Kentucky cave not far from the one where he would become entrapped. This picture was used often by news services after rescue operation became a big story.

By Jack Fincher

Dreams of riches led Floyd Collins to a nightmarish end

In 1925 the entire nation kept a vigil as workers struggled to free the doomed caver. Last year his family said a final farewell

A little more than a year ago—on Good Friday morning, to be precise—they laid Floyd Collins to rest in the family plot up on Flint Ridge, a few thousand yards from where he was born, lived out his life and died. The cemetery beside the one-room Mammoth Cave Baptist Church was filled with some three dozen relatives, including grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Collins' late brothers and sisters, dressed up in their Sunday best. Only a handful of them had ever set eyes on the man whose memory they had come from all over Kentucky and the Midwest to honor. Quietly they gathered at the graveside around the bronze-hued metal coffin with its inner top of transparent glass, now sealed from view, and listened while the Rev. Gary Talley murmured Psalm 40 in the sunny morning air: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock. . . ."

That subdued service was a far cry from the tumultuous days back in 1925 when Collins lay trapped in a crack deep in the earth of central Kentucky. There the

Would-be rescuers crowd around the entrance to Sand Cave nine days after Floyd Collins started his fateful descent.

37-year-old cave explorer languished for two weeks while frantic rescuers fought the weather, cave-ins, and their own fear and incompetence in a vain attempt to wrench him free. Overnight, as caver Roger Brucker and historian Robert Murray recount in *Trapped!*, their absorbing 1979 book about the Collins tragedy, the desperate situation became the object of national concern. Newspapers all across the country issued daily reports. Families gathered expectantly beside their radios each evening to catch the latest installment of what amounted to a running suspense story. Collins' pluck and endurance transformed him, in the public's mind, from a pitiful victim into a folk hero who remained unsullied by the tawdry carnival atmosphere that enveloped the entire proceedings.

The object of all that attention perished before a shaft could be sunk to reach him, but Floyd Collins' story did not end there, or even with the eventual recovery of his body. At that point, in fact, it took a bizarre turn from sensational melodrama to macabre commercialism. The corpse was dug up from its first formal grave, reembalmed and then moved to a cave where it was displayed as a tourist attraction for years. Not until last spring did Collins' mortal remains reach their final resting place.

Nothing even remotely resembling that improbable scenario could have crossed Collins' mind when he crunched through the dry leaves beneath a brooding sandstone brow near the family farm, about six miles from the town of Cave City. There, slipping into a narrow slot between a stone slab and a bedrock wall, he vanished "like a rat in a cornpile," as one crony described his scrambling style. He carried only a coal-oil lantern, a coil of rope, a penknife and the needle from a broken compass. Superstitiously, he believed the needle conferred upon his lean, 160-pound body a divining magnetism that enabled him to find his way out.

The promise of riches was probably what Floyd was thinking about as he wormed and wiggled down through the crumbling, twisting passageway. He crawled feet first, pausing only to take up a crowbar left earlier in a man-size "turnaround room." That chamber bulged above and to one side of the diagonal, ten-foot chute into which he now slowly burrowed, pushing his equipment into the darkness in front of him. At the bottom, homing in on the cool breath of air that signified the promise of larger caverns below, he had already blasted out with dynamite and cleared a narrow crevice that was little more than a cramped passage through the limestone rubble. It allowed him now, leaving his tools but taking his length of rope and his lantern, just enough space to press on.

Press on to what? Floyd might have wondered about that as he eased along the sloping underside of a huge limestone block. Carefully he squeezed between heavy, pointed rocks that sagged from the soft, ragged ceiling like menacing teeth. Why, press on to his life's ambition, his heart must have answered. Magnificent underground rotundas and galleries, perhaps, filled with endless walls and fields of geologic wonders. Glittering gypsum flowers and feathers. Intricate alabaster lilies. Cave onyx draperies in snowy white or gold. Subterranean jewels beyond a caliph's dreams, carved and sculpted over eons from layers of fossilized sea life by successive river levels and percolating surface waters—waters sweet enough, when they finished their gravitational seep and popped to the surface again as springs, to give Kentucky bourbon its good name.

Ahead could lie a geological treasure trove richer than his own Crystal Cave, the sweating Collins may have reminded himself as he inched forward on his heels, butt and elbows. He had discovered that cave on the family farm eight years before, while

Jack Fincher, a longtime contributor, wrote most recently on fingerprints, women's baseball teams, and the flu.

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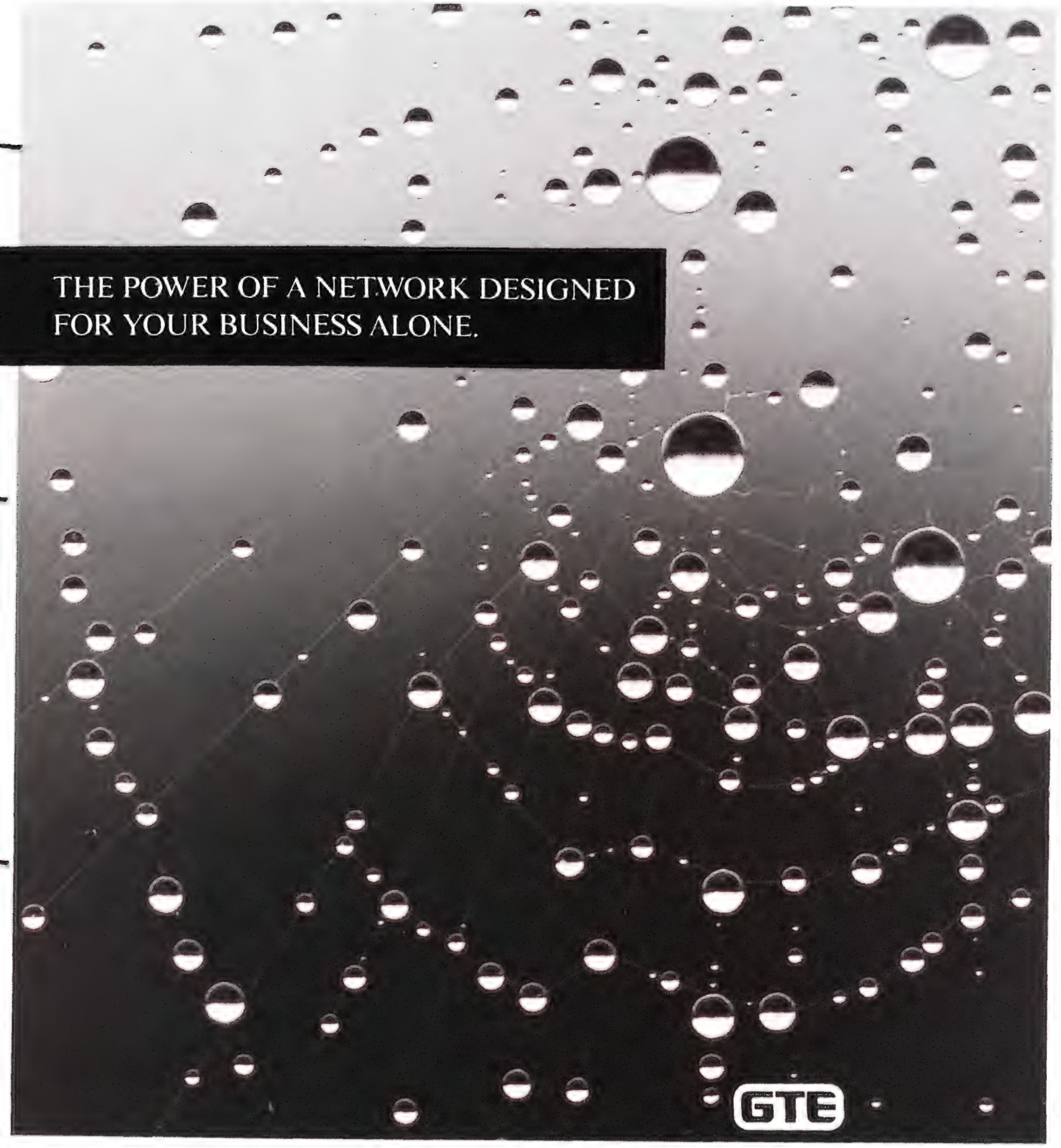

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tracking a burrowing animal dragging a trap. Like a legion of other Kentuckians who had learned that such subterranean displays could be as lucrative as moonshining, he and his family had opened it up, built trails and stairways, and smoothed its floor in an arduous yearlong labor. Some now said Crystal rivaled the famous Mammoth Cave nearby. But alas, once the tourists reached Mammoth, they seldom drove their flivvers any farther up the road, much less took the dirt turnoff near its crest. For too long Floyd Collins had sat idly minding a rickety box office that looked like a Fourth of July fireworks stand in the blazing summer heat, waiting to sell tickets to carloads of customers who never came.

Now, who could say? Sand Cave, as Collins called his new discovery, might reach out one long rocky tentacle to a hidden exit miles away, beating Mammoth Cave to the highway and thereby gaining a major advantage in the so-called "cave wars" that had raged for years among rival concessionaires throughout the central part of Kentucky.

As it was, Mammoth remained in a class by itself, an easily reachable underworld of splendors as far-flung as a modern subway system. Once it had been scraped for salts by prehistoric peoples. During the War of 1812 it was mined for gunpowder nitrates. A steady stream of visitors was arriving by the 1830s. In the 1840s part of the cave housed the world's first underground tuberculosis hospital (an experiment that ended in disaster) before it metamorphosed, by the turn of the century, into a leading vacation spot.

What the heck, a fellow could dream: Sand Cave might even *connect* with Mammoth, allowing Collins and the farmers who owned the surrounding lands to sell out to his rich competitors at a tidy profit. If you believed, as Floyd Collins correctly did, that many of the state's caves were part of a single giant system, it could happen.

Collins scooted onto a ledge and dropped by a rope secured to a boulder into a 60-foot pit, where his gut-

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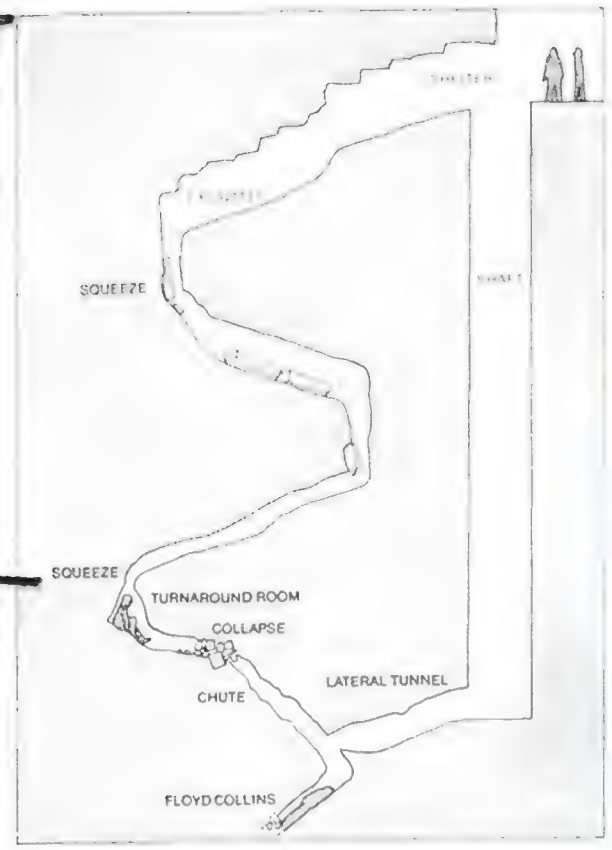
On February 13, a Friday, workers huddle close to fire after completing a shift in the confused rescue operation.



When original passageway fell in, crew sank a relief shaft and lateral tunnel.

tering lantern indicated he had gone far enough for one day. He hauled himself out of the pit, reemerged onto the ledge and, lying on his back, inched through the claustrophic fissure he had blasted for himself. Half turning and digging hard now for leverage, he lashed out with his right foot to launch himself clear of the limestone block overhead. Then it happened. Dislodged by that kick, one of the toothlike loose rocks bit down with a muffled crash, pinning Floyd's left ankle. Frantic, he instinctively kicked again. A shower of silt and smaller rocks cascaded over his lower limbs, burying both instantly. His left arm and cheek were wedged beneath him, his right side compressed by the ceiling above. He yelled his voice away, gouged his fingers bloody raw. It was no use. He couldn't escape and nobody in the world was going to hear him. Fifty-five feet down, the earth held him in a grip of stone.

Collins' lantern, now beyond his reach, had fallen over, shattered and gone out. Shivering, he tried to relax. Better to save his strength; he would need all his energy just to generate body heat. It was a good thing he had

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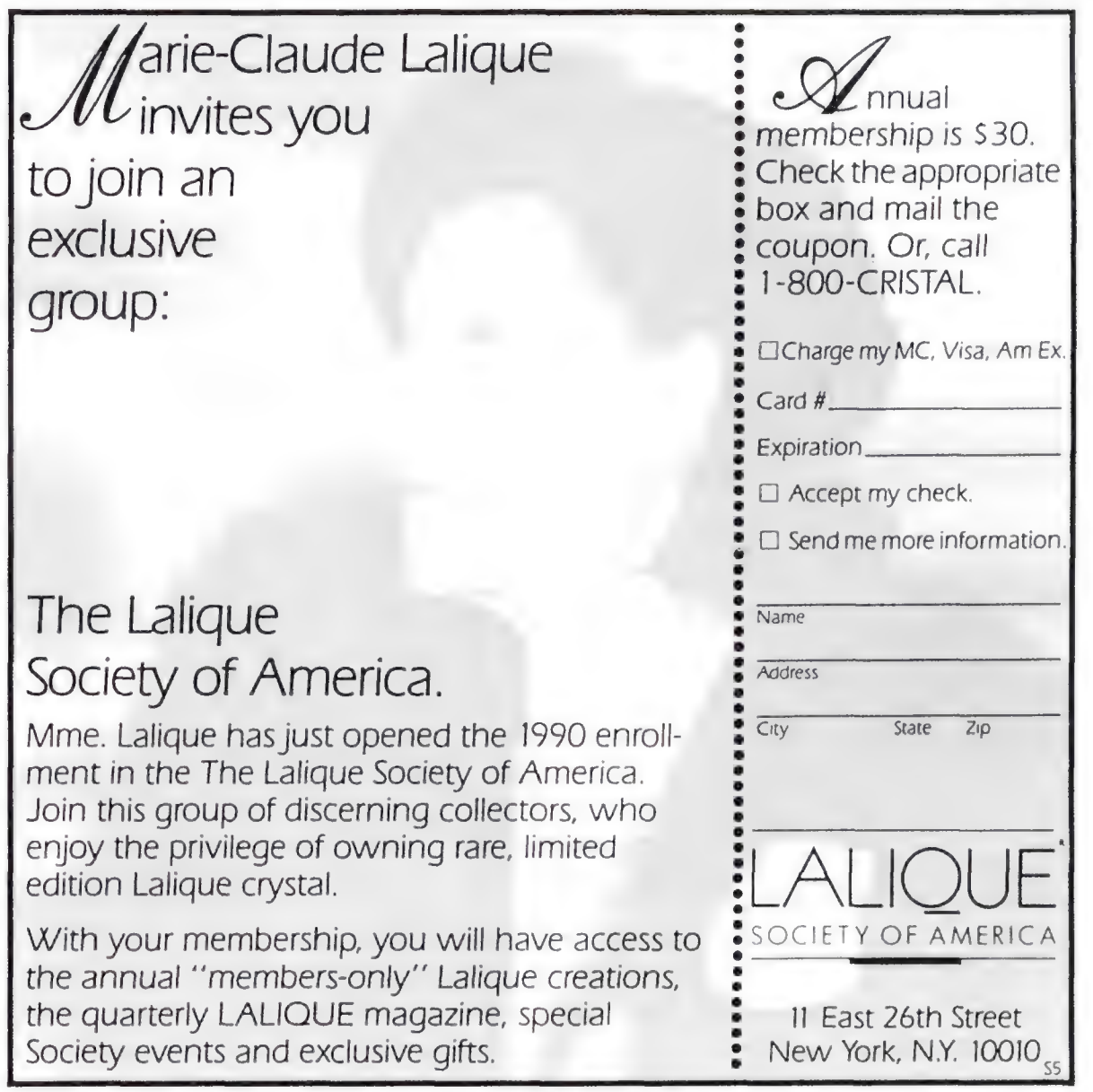
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stopped to have breakfast that morning with the landowner, Floyd Collins thought. The consoling words rang in his head like a solemn prayer: *Thank God when I'm missed they'll know where to find me.*

Find him they did, the following morning, and soon the electrifying news flashed around the nation: a lone caver was caught in the limestone bowels of Kentucky. A few would-be rescuers were able to reach him, talk to him, encourage him, nourish him with sandwiches and coffee, and try to keep him snug with quilts and blankets. But no one could get him out. In a growing frenzy, journalists began swarming into Cave City and Glasgow by train and car from all over the country. At first, state newspapers—stung too often in the past by cave-country tricks concocted to bolster business—had been dubious. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* betrayed its suspicions by assigning a green, 21-year-old police reporter and obituary writer named William B. Miller.

He was called "Skeets" because, associates said, he was "no bigger than a mosquito" and looked so much younger than his 21 years. It was little wonder that Homer Collins, the youngest of Floyd's six brothers and sisters, was less than impressed when Miller, arriving at the scene on the third morning, singled him out of the crowd and asked how it was going. Skeets had come to the right man.

Bone-weary and soaked to the skin, Homer slumped with his older brother Marshall next to a spitting fire after spending the night at Floyd's shoulder. He was sick and angry with frustration. Headfirst in the chute, you had to lie upside down to hack at the entrapping rocks with a crowbar; feetfirst you had to contort your upper body into an exhausting cramped position. Either way it was agony. Homer's backbreaking efforts—scooping away debris in a desperate attempt to free Floyd—had yielded barely two gravelly bushels. The work wasn't just useless, he had realized early on. It was dangerous. The cracked rock Homer tried to excavate might give way at any time to untold tons of pressure. Then there was the rain. When you came up out of the cave, you heard its maddening drumroll and you knew that it presented the constant threat of a fatal cave-in.

William (Skeets) Miller shows how Collins was wedged in. The plucky newspaperman made eight trips into the cave.

Homer didn't blame those who shamelessly cut and ran. No, it was the infernal deceit that got him. A few teenage volunteers crawled into the muddy darkness with packets of food, left them tucked in nooks and crannies when their nerve failed, and emerged to relate wild tales about the man they had never seen. Rumors engulfed the drunken crowd milling at the cave entrance. Floyd was crazed. Floyd was free! Floyd was dead. All such reports were dutifully taken up by newsmen who were afraid to go down and see for themselves. Journalists! Now here was another one. Looking up at Skeets Miller, Homer Collins said, "There's the hole. Go down and find out for yourself."

To the brothers' astonishment, Skeets did. "I guess I was ashamed not to," he would admit later. Donning white coveralls and comically oversize galoshes, he slithered into the mucky

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After two weeks of bad weather and bad luck, caver's father, Lee, shows strain.

mouth of Sand Cave with a borrowed flashlight and, shuddering, bellied off into three inches of freezing water. A half-hour later, some 150 feet from the entrance, the flashlight went out when Miller slid headlong down the slick chute and collided with something soft, damp and yielding. It moaned, stirred, weakly spoke. Thus began one of the most riveting series of interviews in the annals of modern journalism.

Miller fought down his fright and revulsion to return seven times in the next three days. Helping however he could—murmuring words of hope, scooping handfuls of gravel away from a body reeking of waste, cradling Collins' head to feed him sips of milk and whiskey through a straw—he nevertheless probed gently for the thoughts that would make the front page of nearly every major paper

from New York to Los Angeles. How did Floyd feel? "I was mighty weak a few hours ago but now I feel better. I saw white angels and trays of chicken sandwiches, and smelled fried onions. I'm aching all over, but my head's clearer now than at any time since I been here." Was he afraid? "I kept trying to drive my mind to somethin' else, but it wa'nt much use. How could I? You been here and you know—you know why. I've faced death afore, it don't frighten me none. But it's so long—so long." Had he ever despaired? "I knew my chance was slim, but I couldn't give up without doing something. I begged God to send help to me." Did he know the whole nation was praying for him? Floyd Collins smiled. "Tell them I love them all."

Miller stayed on the sidelines while the rescuers milled about in aimless desperation, debating what to do. At one point Homer pledged $500 to any physician who would cut off his brother's left leg. (He later retracted the offer when he realized Floyd might bleed to death before he could somehow be raised to the surface.) As a newspaperman, Skeets knew such decisions were not his to influence.

But when there was work he could do, the diminutive reporter was on

Homer, Floyd's youngest brother, looks grim as he watches the rescue activity.

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Collins' relatives, accompanied by the family dog, assume prayerful attitudes just outside the entrance to Sand Cave.

top of it. He helped nine other men pull a rope in an attempt to yank the harnessed caver out, until Collins shrieked: "Stop! I can't stand it! It's pullin' me in two!" (That was followed by a chilling, contradictory cry of loneliness: "Please don't leave me. Dope me and pull me out.") Miller was there at the front of a human chain to help wedge jack after jack under the rock. He was there to weep in helpless disappointment when, again and again, the screw jack slipped and failed to exert the necessary leverage. Finally, paralyzed by exhaustion, Miller was dragged away, only to hear Collins call after him the words that would haunt him for the rest of his life: "You get out of here and rest a bit and get warm. Then come back and try again. You'll make it next time."

For Floyd Collins there would be no next time. On Wednesday, February 4, 1925, the ceiling between the turnaround room and the chute fell in, choking the passage with four feet of debris. Another rescue try was mounted but it met a second barrier just beyond the first. Evidently weakened by rain, the entire channel seemed to be collapsing; any attempt to clear the smallest path was like digging into a box of ball bearings. "Don't give up, Floyd," a minister cried out. "We're coming!" A ghostly voice floated up to him in reply. "You're too slow . . . too slow . . ."

The rescue efforts dragged on for 12 more dismal days. During that time, more than 10,000 sensation seekers converged on the site from some 20 states to rubberneck and sleep in their cars. The National Guard was called in to maintain order. Efforts to reach Collins through the original cave tunnel were abandoned; a crew that included a civil engineer arrived to begin digging a vertical relief shaft instead. If the plan worked, the shaft could be linked to Floyd's crypt below the cave-in with a short lateral tunnel. Meanwhile, the landscape up above, with its tents, campfires, sentry posts, hoisting derrick, steam shovels, mule teams, tractors, torn earth, tiers of shoring ties and barbed-wire perimeter, took on

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the chaotic look of a major battlefield.

The shaft plan was fiercely opposed by locals, who favored probing the natural opening farther and feared that the feverish digging might make the situation worse. Indeed, the explosives, pneumatic drills and power equipment rushed to the site were all dismissed at the outset as unusable. Slow pick-and-shovel work appeared to be the only safe way to penetrate the 55 feet of soggy earth above the place where Floyd lay.

With a burst of can-do enthusiasm, volunteer laborers—railroaders, hoboes, students, even two college football teams vying to outdo each other—set about excavating a quota of two feet per hour. But as the hole deepened, only two mud-coated men were able to dig at a time. The sides of the shaft kept threatening to cave in and soon boulders were struck. As the days and nights wore on, frustration and exhaustion set in. The digging crew blamed the original rescuers for mucking up the cave's natural access. Natives blamed outsiders for wasting precious time with the shaft; they even blocked supply trucks in sullen groups and muttered about making their point with squirrel rifles. Tourist cars came and went by the hundreds every hour, clogging the road and churning it to gumbo. Their occupants overwhelmed the local water supply and sanitation facilities. Vendors hawked food, soda, moonshine and souvenirs to the throngs. Fights broke out.

It was an extraordinary scene the likes of which this country had never witnessed before and probably will never see again (though the furor over the rescue of little Jessica McClure from an abandoned well in Midland, Texas, in 1987 came close). No wonder writers and filmmakers have turned to it as a source of inspiration. In his 1959 novel *The Cave*, Robert Penn Warren shaped Sand Cave's hard reality into a tale of wholesale lying, shameful self-aggrandizement and unscrupulous profiteering. Billy Wilder's 1950 film *Ace in the Hole* even managed to get in a few theatrical licks at poor Skeets. Its antihero was a down-

Bareheaded Lee Collins and workers take a last look down the relief shaft three days after Floyd's body was found.

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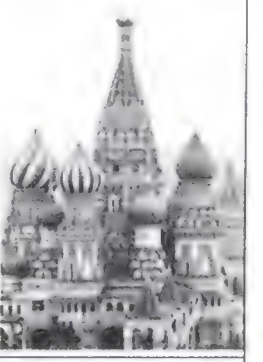

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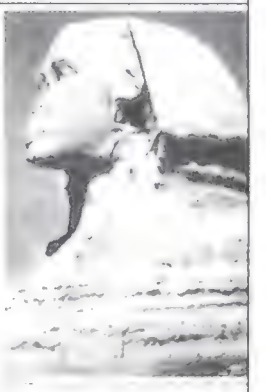

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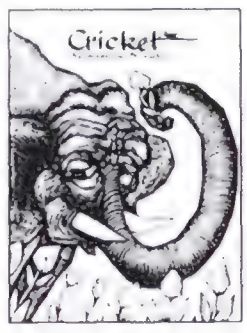

Mourners weep while clergyman leads memorial service for Collins near cave.

and-out reporter who cynically prolonged the doomed victim's ordeal to revive a failing career.

Finally, on Monday, February 16, weary diggers at last broke through to the stinking hellhole that contained Floyd Collins. They found him dead, water trickling down his cheek, his gold front tooth gleaming in the flashlight rays. A doctor estimated that he had died of starvation and exposure on Friday the 13th. The next day, as batteries of cameras clicked and whirred, Floyd's first "funeral," a memorial service, was held outside Sand Cave with corpse, casket, flowers and grave all curiously absent. By then the crowd had already gone home; only about 150 rescue workers and locals remained.

Not until April 13 could the remains be claimed. They were buried beside the path to Floyd's Crystal Cave, with a stalagmite for the headstone, as some 400 people looked on in the rain. Two years later, an

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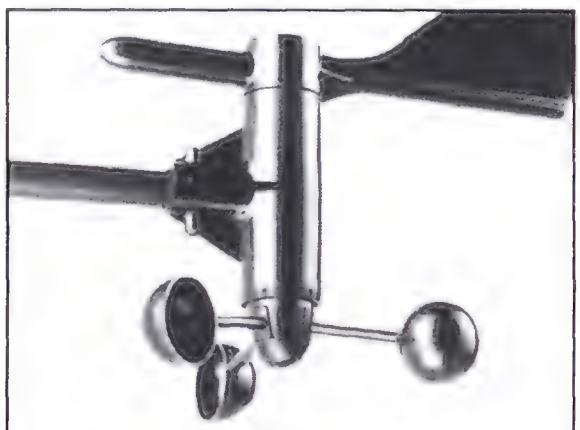

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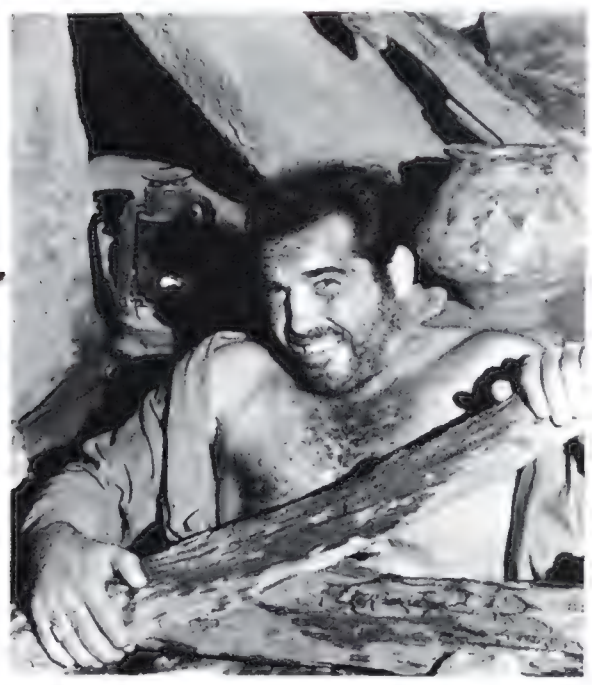
enterprising businessman offered to pay Floyd's financially strapped father $10,000 for Crystal Cave—where a coffin would be installed with Floyd's exhumed body displayed. The offer was accepted. Floyd's three younger brothers tried to stop the transaction in court, but a judge ruled that the sale was valid. Then, soon after the body was put on exhibit, it was stolen. Some blamed pranksters, others accused rival cave owners, and a few even suspected the Collins family. Days later, the body was found hidden nearby in some bushes along the Green River.

Fifty years elapsed before another chapter in this strange saga unfolded. In 1977, as part of the research for his book, Roger Brucker led an expedition back into Sand Cave, where Floyd died. There they found a bypass—a small opening—that Collins' original rescuers had apparently overlooked. Brucker's painstaking survey convinced him that the previously undetected route could have been used by expert cavers to reach, sustain and maybe even save Floyd Collins. The elaborate shaft, he concluded, had been a waste of time and energy.

Another decade passes, which brings us, in a roundabout way, to the conclusion of Floyd's story. It features

Still wiry in his 30s, Floyd was an intense booster for his family's tourist cave.



Richard Benedict played role based on Collins in 1950 movie *Ace in the Hole.*

several contemporary local characters: Phil Veluzat, the chief ranger at Mammoth Cave National Park; Donnie Collins, Marshall's grandson, who owns a hardware store in Horse Cave, Kentucky, and Donnie's wife, Carol. In 1961, the Park Service purchased Crystal Cave, consolidated it with the Mammoth complex and put Floyd's "memorial" off-limits to the general public. Over a period of time, Carol Collins repeatedly wrote the Park Service, requesting reburial of Floyd's body, but nothing ever came of it. Then, shortly before Christmas in 1988, Donnie Collins encountered Veluzat at his store; the ranger informed Collins that the Park Service was looking into the matter.

Veluzat's investigations had revealed that a federal ruling issued way back in 1961 stated that the Interior Department had no obligation to perpetuate anything so "totally repugnant" as making Floyd's body another Kentucky roadside attraction like country hams, and handmade quilts and moccasins. A prompt reburial in a local cemetery at government expense was recommended.

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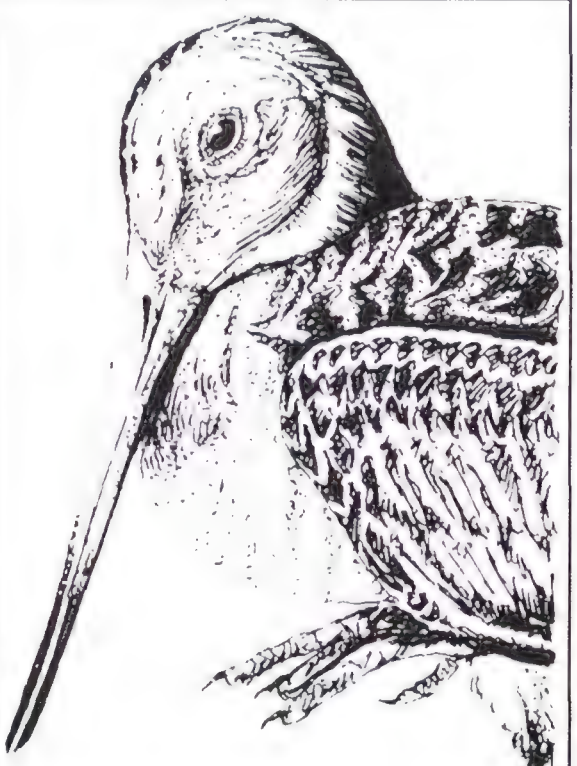

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What had gone wrong? Why had the message been derailed? Mammoth Park officials today profess themselves at a loss to explain.

In any case, Veluzat informed Donnie Collins that the body would be moved to Mammoth Cave Baptist Church and buried at no cost to the family. Veluzat, Mammoth Cave Park historian Bob Ward, and Park Superintendent David Mihalic worked together to arrange details. But that idea was not universally approved. The directors of the 700-member national Cave Research Foundation, which has conducted hundreds of research expeditions into Crystal Cave, did not formally oppose the transfer of Floyd's remains, but one of them did appeal for a reversal in a letter to David Mihalic. Removing Floyd Collins not only "appears to be callous, disrespectful," the letter charged, but the plan also threatened to diminish his place in history. A former director who owns a private cave nearby charged that the action "flies in the face of Floyd's wishes, as expressed to his father when he first found Crystal Cave. It's a slap in the face to every caver in the country." Foundation members pointed out that in Europe, the bodies of cavers who die during exploration efforts are often left in the caverns where the accidents that cost them their lives occurred.

Despite such objections, the move was made. Little more than a year ago, a block and tackle was rigged outside the entrance to Crystal Cave. A steel sled was welded together, and thick plywood siding was laid down in the first large gallery below the entrance. There a 15-man crew assembled to push, pull and lift the coffin, the massive tombstone and its base—weighing around a thousand pounds each—up a narrow path and out of the spacious stone grotto. The move took three days, and when it was finished, the body of Floyd Collins was taken by hearse to a mortuary in Glasgow and kept there until it was transferred to the church graveyard.

Everything leading up to the final service was done without fanfare. Reporters gathered some distance from the grave site; the burial was attended only by family members. And when the last rites up on Flint Ridge were finished, Pastor Talley did not sprinkle the customary clods of earth upon the lowered casket's lid. "Somehow," he explained later, "it wouldn't have seemed appropriate in Floyd's case."

Collins family members along with Mammoth Cave Park historian Bob Ward (left) gather at the grave on Flint Ridge.

Book reviews

Upper West Side Story: A History and Guide
Peter Salwen
Abbeville Press, $24.95

When I worked in midtown Manhattan I used to think it might be a gratifying journalistic exercise to record *everything* one found—every person, apartment, store, office; every dream, scam or lunatic notion—in a single block in the heart of Gotham. I later realized that this was a wholly implausible, if not deranged, idea and abandoned it, while retaining a somewhat romantic attraction to the *muchness*, to vitality as a product of sheer numbers and diversity, that lay behind it.

Peter Salwen's anecdotal ramble through the history of Manhattan's Upper West Side, defined as Columbus Circle to Morningside Heights and Central Park to the Hudson River, stirred those embers. I still find it astonishing to contemplate how much of our national identity, our sense of ourselves as a society and culture, can be traced to something or someone in Manhattan. Salwen does precisely this with the 200-plus blocks of the West Side, or West End, as it was once called.

Take film moguls: D. W. Griffith was living on West 100th Street when he started making movies. The William Fox of 20th Century, etc., got his start on the West Side. So did Samuel Goldfish/Goldwyn of West End Avenue and Cecil B. DeMille of West 114th Street. Paramount Pictures took its name from the Paramount apartment house on West 99th, near Riverside Drive.

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West 103d Street, Richard Rodgers from West 86th, Oscar Hammerstein from Central Park West, Irving Berlin from West 72d. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jerome Kern, George M. Cohan, George S. Kaufman, Frank Loesser—all lived on the West Side at one time or another.

Salwen thoughtfully gives us a "Who Was Where" appendix reporting the West Side addresses of these and numerous other notables past and present, a kind of Big Apple version of the maps to the stars' homes sold in Los Angeles. It's trivia, but trivia with panache. I especially like the editorial qualifiers that he applies to various West Siders in the appendix: "emotive" Phil Donahue, "splendidly vulgar" Mae West, "diffident" Dustin Hoffman (Dustin Hoffman is diffident?).

Upper West Side Story chronicles the evolution of the pastoral village originally known as Bloomingdale, or Bloemendaal, into the stunningly diverse mix of grandeur and slums and high and low culture the Upper West Side ultimately became. Diversity and a certain New York-style neighborliness were always its hole cards. "Most neighborhoods," Salwen writes, "are rich or poor, artistic or commercial, Latino or black, Jewish, Irish, Italian, or Haitian, small-town or cosmopolitan; the West Side contrives to be all of them at once." As for neighborliness, when NASA's

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space lab strayed out of orbit a few years ago and plunged to an alarmingly uncharted landing on Earth, it was only on West 85th Street that a banner appeared saying "WELCOME SKYLAB."

Down-home Americans who reflexively sneer at New York—like the Texan who recently advised me that no Easterner would ever again be elected President because Easterners simply are not trusted—might be surprised at the all-American threads that twine through the West Side's history. Free enterprise, for example: Richard Hellman began selling the mayonnaise (his wife's) without which life would be intolerable in a shop on Columbus Avenue early in this century. Or patriotism: generals U. S. Grant and William T. Sherman both frequented the West Side in retirement, and Grant's there yet. (Writer Robert Benchley once left a note at the door to Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive. It read, "Please leave 2 quarts Grade A and 1 pint whipping cream. U.S.G.")

Protest is another American strain that has thrived west of Central Park. Turn-of-the-century reformer Julia Rice campaigned successfully against noisy boat whistles ("Hauls Up Another Tooter," a headline read), and picketing mothers later defeated a proposal by Robert Moses to transform an acre of Central Park greenery into a parking lot.

Salwen's dogged compilation of West Side folk and phenomena sometimes becomes so dense with detail that it clogs like Broadway at rush hour, but for the most part he tells his lively story with irreverent good humor. He recounts the tale of the West Side counterfeiter known as Mr. 880 (from the number of his case file), who baffled T-men for a decade because he ran off only a few one-dollar bills a day. He cites what he calls "immoderate" West Side graffiti plotted on Broadway, such as "REAGAN NAZI LIAR WAR CRIMINAL." And in detailing the trendy yuppification of parts of the West Side in the 1980s he reports the rumor that a funeral home was changing its name to "Coffins 'n' Stuff."
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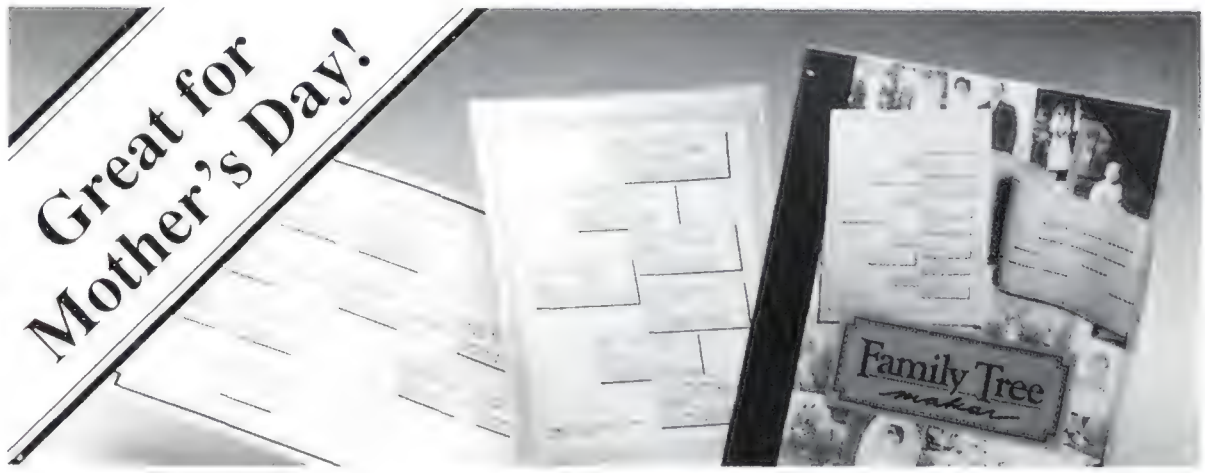

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and the current thus generated could be stored in underground superconductors or used to recharge electric cars. In addition, he predicts, magnetically levitated trains will speed passengers from one city to the next, and genetically programmed microbes will destroy themselves after lapping up oil spills and toxic waste.

Brennan's vision of the future appears in *Levitating Trains.* Coming on the heels of similar volumes meant to cure the public of its supposed cultural and mathematical illiteracy, the book smacks slightly of bandwagonism. (If the trend continues, will automotive and musical literacy become the next ideal?) Still, it's hard to contest Brennan's bleak assessment of the current state of scientific understanding: "We live in an age of channelers talking to long-dead ancestors, UFO abductions about every other week, and gurus spouting all kinds of New Age nonsense," he writes. "Today's world is a high-tech world *and* at the same time a regression to the most primitive sort of ignorant superstitions."

To stem this backward slide, Brennan presents in these pages a survey course in freshman science, sketching basic concepts in fields from astronomy and biotechnology to computer science, medicine, transportation and superconductivity. The tutorial approach makes for some dry reading, so the book's best sections are those in which Brennan lowers his pedagogic volume. Describing the difference between computer hardware and software, for example, he writes: "Those parts of the system that you can hit with a hammer (not advised) are called *hardware*; those program instructions that you can only curse at are called *software.*"

Later, in two excellent chapters on energy sources and the environment, Brennan declares himself a "technical optimist." Even as he documents the ecological ravages of ozone depletion, acid rain and toxic waste, he states, "although misuse of technology may have gotten us into trouble, technological innovation can help extricate us." One such extrication scheme is "atmospheric processing," the brainchild of Princeton University physicist Thomas H. Stix, in which a globe-girdling armada of infrared lasers would purge the air of ozone-threatening CFCs, or chlorofluorocarbons. An outlandish nostrum indeed, "but is it any more futuristic than Star Wars missile defense systems?"

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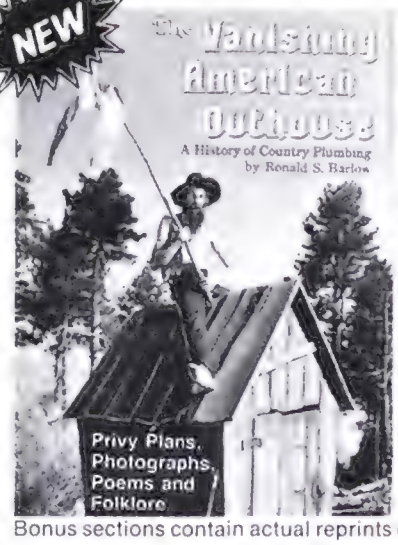
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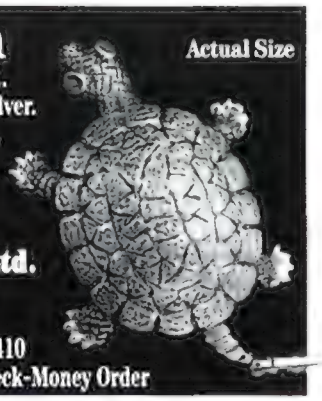

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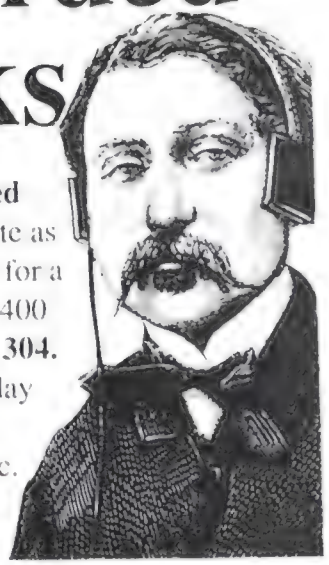

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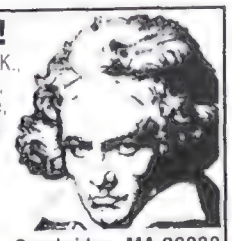

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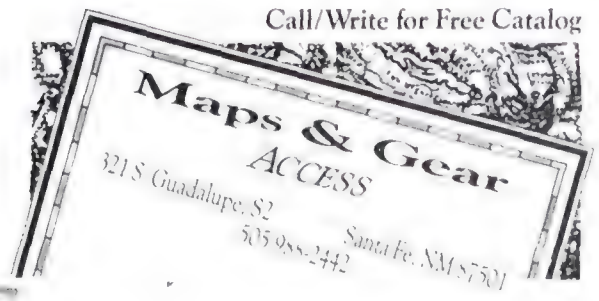

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Despite his faith in the curative powers of high technology, Brennan acknowledges that industrialized nations will have to make some hard choices in the 1990s. Although ozone depletion is likely to continue well into the 22d century, other global afflictions such as the greenhouse effect and acid rain will respond to treatment if they get it soon. Society must therefore begin shifting now—while there is still time—from nonrenewable, highly polluting fuels to alternative, less-effluent sources of power. The key question, as Brennan aptly puts it, is "whether we are smart, diligent, and lucky enough to make the inevitable transition an orderly and smooth one."

Allan Fallow
Text editor, Time-Life Books

The Life of Langston Hughes
Volume II: 1941-1967
Arnold Rampersad
Oxford University Press, $24.95

Arnold Rampersad's rich and moving biography of poet Langston Hughes manages to be both monumental and sensitive at the same time. Hughes' own two volumes of autobiography, *The Big Sea* and *I Wonder as I Wander*, are in print (from Thunder's Mouth Press) and well worth reading, but Rampersad does what only a cool observer can do. He paints the subject's life on a larger canvas, in appropriately more-somber colors, and he includes all the sadness.

Rampersad's first volume, covering Hughes' life from his birth in 1902 until 1941, is subtitled *I, Too, Sing America*; that subtitle summarizes the upward curve of Hughes' life and career in the years when he was young, strong, widely celebrated, and increasingly confident about the strength of his own and other black poets' writing. The second volume, covering his life from 1941 until his death in 1967, tells a somewhat different story. Suitably subtitled *I Dream a World*, it recounts long and hard years—as Hughes struggled to record and preserve America's black culture—of financial strain, of being overshadowed by younger black writers, and of nearly ceaseless harassment by ideological enemies.

As Hughes moved into his 40s, he was genuinely glad to see other black writers winning broad acceptance, but the publication of Richard Wright's *Native Son* in 1940 marked a decline in the popularity of Hughes' own work. In 1952,

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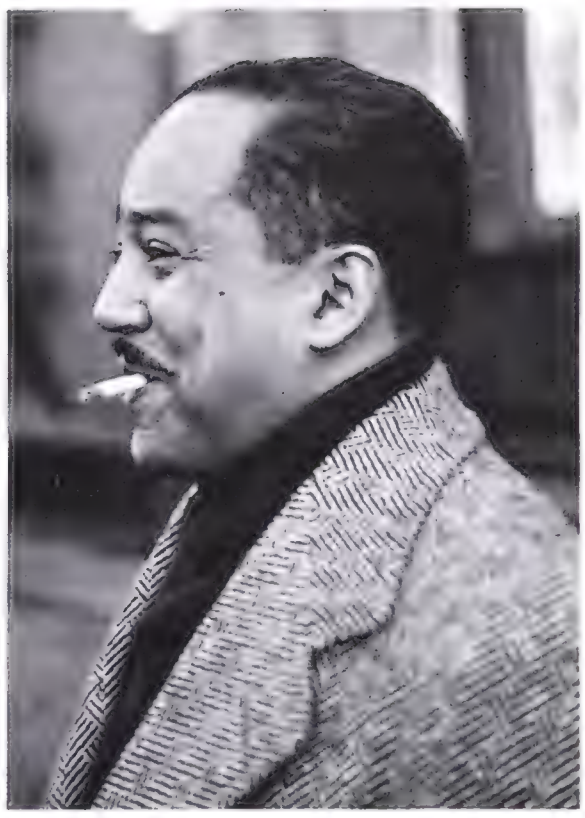

In 1956, ebullient Langston Hughes was photographed by Cartier-Bresson.

Ralph Ellison entered the limelight with *Invisible Man*; in the following year James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain* appeared; and in 1959 Lorraine Hansberry's play *A Raisin in the Sun* was produced (with its title borrowed from a poem by Hughes). While poet Gwendolyn Brooks won the Pulitzer Prize, and novelist Frank Yerby made a fortune with romantic historical novels aimed at white female readers, Hughes saw himself being attacked by James Baldwin in *Esquire* magazine. Baldwin also reviewed Hughes' 1959 volume, *Montage of a Dream Deferred*, saying, "This book contains a great deal which a more disciplined poet would have thrown into the waste basket."

With his writing founded in the patterns of black speech and the rhythms of the blues, and with his poetic voice muted in a time of open resentment and changing racial consciousness, Hughes looked old-fashioned. Firmly rooted in Harlem, loving its people and its streets, he had to fight just to stay financially alive. His energies were drained by extensive speaking trips, by squabbles with collaborators over royalties, by a flurry of literary activity—anthologies, children's books, biographies, translations—conceived to raise necessary funds, and by FBI investigations and a nerve-wracking appearance in 1953 before Senator Joseph McCarthy, attorney Roy Cohn and the Senate Permanent Sub-Committee on Investigations.

It was a humiliating and emotionally draining experience, but it did not destroy Hughes. He acknowledged that he had once "believed in the Soviet form of government," but had become disillusioned. He had never agreed with the lack of freedom of expression in the Soviet Union and had been appalled by stories detailing persecution of the Jewish people. Hughes was startled, he later said, when McCarthy, after excusing him, winked.

But there were triumphs too: successful plays and songs based on his work; the opportunity (once the civil rights movement had grown strong) to edit an anthology of African writing that he'd long wanted to publish; growing international recognition and trips to Africa; and, ironically, an unofficial role as the State Department's greeter in New York for visiting officials from newly independent African nations. The State Department, in fact, sent so many people to Hughes' Harlem doorstep that he finally had to ask for a little money to pay for the cake and coffee he served them.

Rampersad's writing is gloriously warm with both the life and poetry of his subject, and with the intellectual, racial and political life of the United States in this century. It is a model biography, rich, compelling, and above all, human. The lines that Hughes once wrote about a trumpet player are also true of this story:

> But softly
> As the tune comes from his throat
> Trouble
> Mellows to a golden note.

Alan Ryan
New York journalist and novelist

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Additional reading

Angkor (p. 36)

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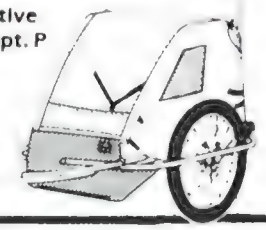

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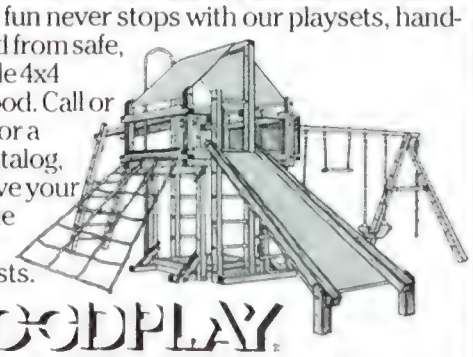

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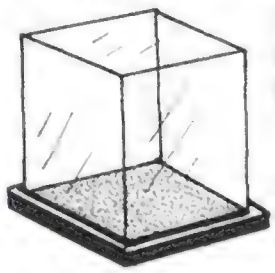

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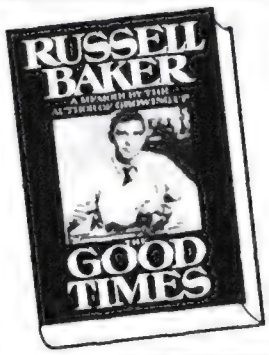

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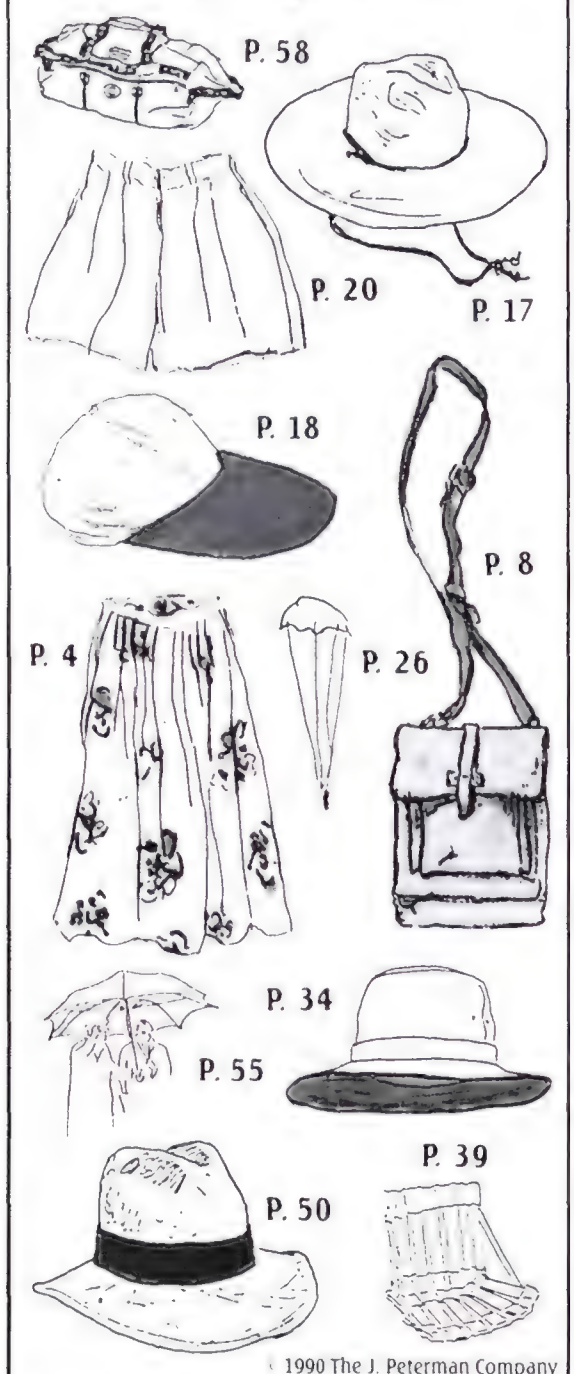

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Jim Gary. See *Highlights continued*, page 164.

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Information Age: People, Information and Technology (opens May 9) A major new permanent installation, featuring an interactive gallery and more than 800 artifacts, photographs and graphics, traces the 150-year history of information technology in our society. See *The object at hand*, page 22.

Varrio San Jose: Scenes from an Urban Chicano Experience (through June) Documentary images by Miguel Gandert.

Men and Women: A History of Costume, Gender and Power (through December) An examination of culturally determined standards of appearance and behavior.

Anacostia Museum

The Real McCoy: African-American Invention and Innovation; 1619-1930 (through May) An overview of outstanding black inventors and anonymous innovators who made important contributions to American technology.

National Museum of African Art

Yoruba: Nine Centuries of African Art and Thought (May 16-August 26) Masterworks of Yoruba artists from Nigeria and Benin, from the 12th century to the present.

Icons: Ideals and Power in the Art of Africa (through September 3) A survey of African art, focusing on recurrent themes.

National Museum of American Art

Albert Pinkham Ryder (through July 29) A retrospective on America's "greatest painter of the imagination." See page 90.

Irving Penn: Master Images (through August 19) A selection of 60 photographs from the NMAA collection.

Arthur M. Sackler Gallery

Yokohama: Prints from Nineteenth-Century Japan (May 27-September 9) Eighty-five color woodblock prints.

The Noble Path: Buddhist Art of South Asia and Tibet (through September) More than 100 objects reflecting the changing imagery of Buddhism.

National Portrait Gallery

Irving Penn: Master Images (through August 19) Sixty portraits from the NPG collection.

Oliphant's Presidents (through November) The political cartoonist's satiric sketches.

Hirshhorn Museum & Sculpture Garden

DIRECTIONS: Ilya Kabakov (through June 3) A mixed-media representation of Soviet life.

National Air and Space Museum

Drawings and Things by Rowland Emmett (through December) The artist's lighthearted look at airplanes and spacecraft.

Commuting in the Modern Manner: The Grumman Goose Amphibian (indefinite) A look back at the 1930s "limousine of the air."

The Aviation Careers of Igor Sikorsky (indefinite) An overview of the aviation pioneer's achievements.

Carrier War in the Pacific (permanent) Six major battles through models, maps, photographs, films.

Beyond the Limits: Flight Enters the Computer Age A new gallery explores the computer revolution in aerospace.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum (New York)

Color, Light, Surface: Contemporary Fabrics (through September 2) Textiles crafted during the past decade.

Flora Danica and the Heritage of Danish Porcelain, 1760-1990 (through September 2) An exhibition showcasing Danish decorative arts.

Smithsonian on the air

Radio Smithsonian: Features include stories on African-American dance, Soviet artist Ilya Kabakov, and poets Sandra Gilbert and Karl Shipiro.

Here at the Smithsonian: Three-minute TV spots take you behind the scenes.

To find out what stations in your area carry these radio and TV programs, write Office of Telecommunications, MAH Room BB40, Washington, D.C. 20560.

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Smithsonian World: The television series continues with "The Quantum Universe," on June 6. Consult local PBS listings for time.

Lecture and Seminar Program

The Program hosts events in Toledo, Ohio, May 4-6; in Concord and Manchester, New Hampshire, May 4-6; and in Phoenix, Arizona, May 3-6.

For further information, write or call U.S. and International Events Program, 490 L'Enfant Plaza S.W., Suite 4210, Washington, D.C. 20560; (202) 287-3210.

Resident Associate Program

To become a Resident Associate, or for fee and ticket information, call 357-3030.
Georgia Sea Island Singers (May 4; 7:30 P.M.) Frankie and Douglas Quimby perform traditional songs and dances, and tell stories.
New Perspectives on Central Europe: The Ambassadors' Views (May 15, 8 P.M.) Round-table discussion with the ambassadors from Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia, moderated by John Lampe of the Smithsonian's Woodrow Wilson Center.
Twenty-Five Years of Caricature: An Evening with Pat Oliphant (May 21; 8 P.M.) The renowned cartoonist discusses his political portraiture.

Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service

SITES organizes and circulates exhibitions to cities throughout the United States and abroad. To sponsor a show in your community, write SITES, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560. Here are some May exhibits:
Indianapolis, Indiana (May 6-September 9) *Crossroads of Continents: Cultures of Siberia and Alaska*, Eiteljorg Museum.
Logan, Kansas (May 5-July 8) *Vietnam Veterans Memorials: A National Experience*, Dane G. Hanses Memorial Museum.
Owensboro, Kentucky (May 5-June 17) *Into the Sunlit Splendor: The Aviation Art of William S. Phillips*, Owensboro Museum of Fine Art.
Pasadena, California (May 18-June 16) *Drawings by Utagawa Kuniyoshi: Sketches for Japanese Prints*, Arts Center College of Design.
Seattle, Washington (May 17-August 26) *Inside Active Volcanoes: Kilauea and Mount St. Helens*, Pacific Science Center.

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SMITHSONIAN SEMINARS AND EXPEDITIONS

Seminars
(continued from page 89)

NEW Chesapeake Bay Ecology *September 23-27* Annapolis.

Aircraft Restoration *September 24-27* At the Garber Facility near Washington, D.C.

Salzburg *October 6-17* Live in a restored castle; visit Vienna.

NEW American Folk Art *October 9-12* Washington, D.C.

Art and Craft of Creative Writing *October 14-18* Annapolis.

Santa Fe *October 28-November 3*

Egypt *November 16-December 1* Classes in Cairo; cruise on the Nile.

Research Expeditions

Contribute your talent and financial resources to Smithsonian research. Work with curators in Washington, D.C. or at field sites worldwide.

Washington, D.C. *May 23-June 6* Photo-document Memorial Day activities.

Washington, D.C. *June 6-16* Prepare anthropology collections of animal bones.

Washington, D.C. *June 25-July 8* Photograph the Festival of American Folklife.

Montserrat *July 1-14, 15-28 or July 29-August 11* Excavate a sugar plantation.

Cody, Wyoming *July 15-28* Collect plant fossils near Yellowstone.

Cheyenne, Wyoming *July 18-30* Document the annual Frontier Days rodeo.

Washington, D.C. *July 22-August 4* Archive historic aviation documents.

New York City *August 1-11* Reconstruct Caribbean pottery.

Orofino, Idaho *September 12-20* Record Lumberjack Days festivities.

Washington, D.C. *October 28-November 3* Work on a Smithsonian videodisk project.

For seminar brochures, call (202) 357-4700; for expeditions, call (202) 287-3210. Or, write to the address on page 89.

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An artist's junkyard dinos

When sculptor Jim Gary roams a junkyard, he spies more than a jumble of rusting fenders and hoods, manifolds and carburetors. In his mind's eye, corroding, cast-off car parts transmogrify into gargantuan clavicles and rib cages, skulls and mandibles.

For more than 20 years, Gary has constructed fanciful dinosaurs, coated in layers of gleaming automotive paint, from out-to-pasture Chryslers and Volkswagens, Chevys and Buicks. At his restored-barn studio near Farmingdale, New Jersey, he welds yesterday's gas guzzlers into a life-size dino menagerie—a herd of *Tyrannosaurus* and *Brontosaurus*, *Triceratops* and *Allosaurus*. In order to shape these creations, Gary relies on a battery of implements ranging from crowbars to welding torches to "various tools I had to invent myself—nobody else, after all, needs to turn garbage-truck-compactor walls into *Stegosaurus* plates."

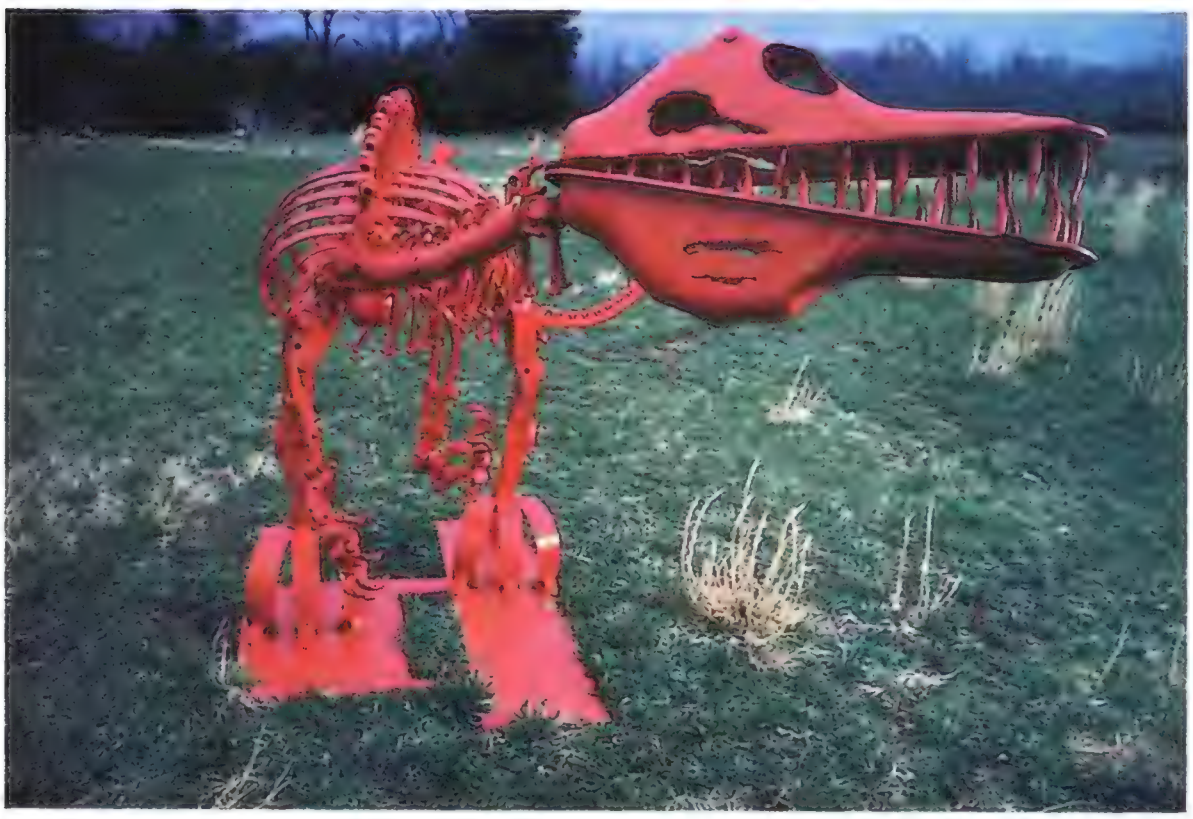
Gary's dino sculptures, showcased in a traveling exhibition called "Twentieth Century Dinosaurs," have toured the nation and the world. Twenty or so of his creatures (including Babs, a just-completed 18-foot-long *Triceratops*) will inhabit the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History through August 10.

Kathleen M. Burke

Fitted out in welder's gear, Gary shapes his newest dino, *Triceratops*.

Thirteen-foot long *Plateosaurus*, standing eight feet high, was fashioned from parts including old oil pans and springs.

Cast-off brake shoes, salvaged from old Dodge, provided the outsize feet for Gary's 250-pound, 13-foot *Allosaurus*.



The artist designed a signature sweatshirt for traveling exhibition.

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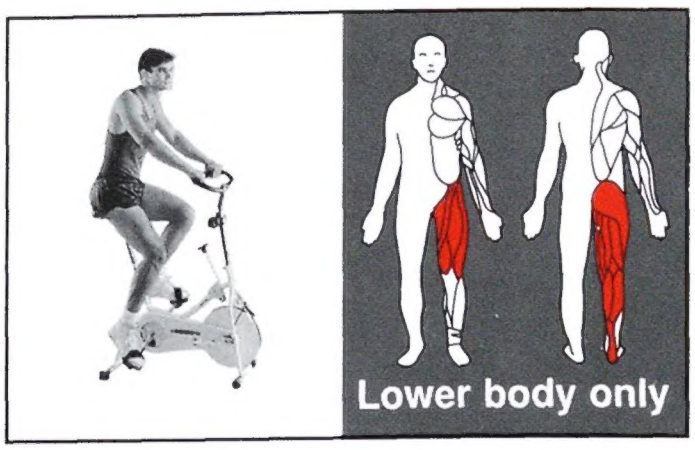

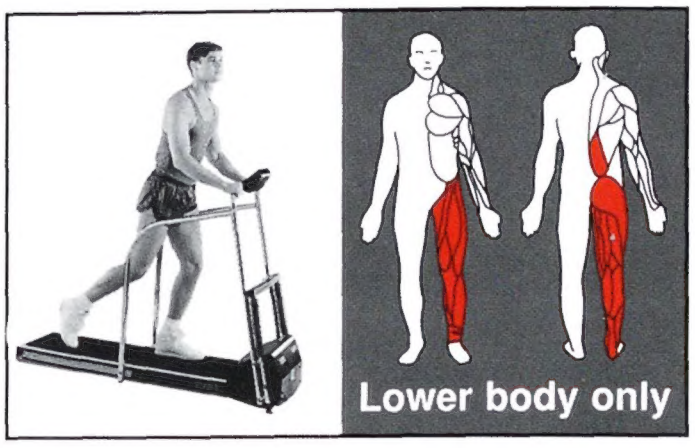

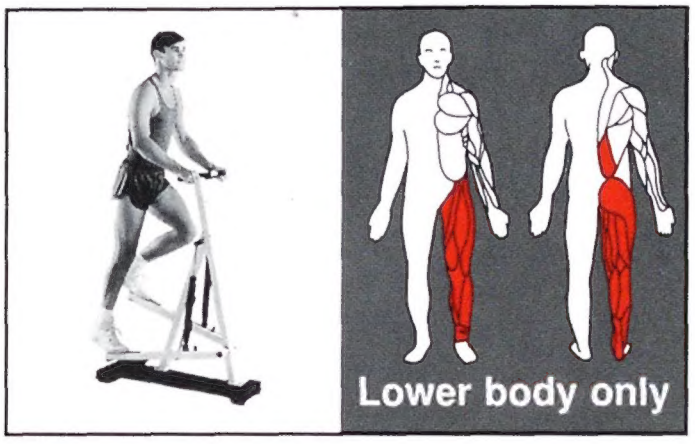

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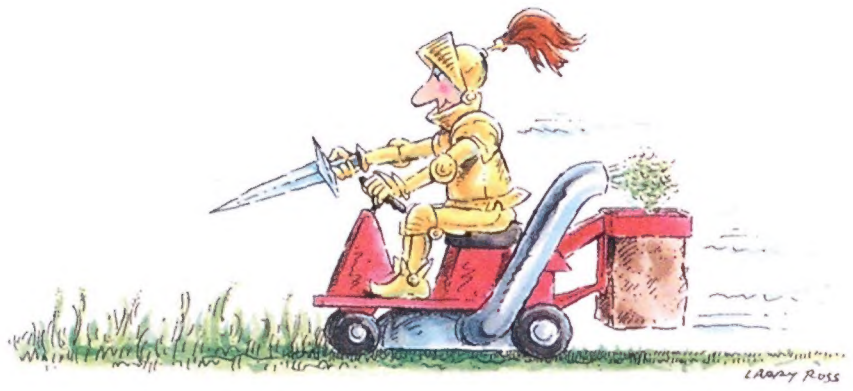
By Richard Wolkomir

Mownomaniacs take the sword to the sward



At Indian Rocks Beach, in Florida, I once saw a house that was lawn-free. The owner had replaced all the grass with no-mow macadam.

You get the picture: a chap retires, says "phooey" to commutes and snow shovels, and moves South. He gets into nonstriving, noneffort. Gulf-shore zen. But there's still that one nagging chore. Finally, he dials a paving contractor and it's bye-bye Toro.

Nevertheless, he'd painted the macadam . . . *green.*

Exhibit two is a professional woman who's opted for a chore-free condo in Washington, D.C. "We only have a patch of lawn out front," she told me, with stifled glee. Then clearly in the grip of guilt, she added: "But we *dearly* cherish it!"

Americans are lawnoholics. True, some of us just say no to grass. But then we have to paint the asphalt green or swear devotion to the *idea* of sward. Meanwhile, the rest of us mow a 31,250-square-mile lawn belt, more or less contiguous from Eastport, Maine, to Mendocino, California. Last year American consumers spent $5.7 *billion* on lawn care, and nobody knows how many person-hours go into keeping up the national veldt. We push our rear baggers, slapping deerflies, heedful of the 103d Psalm: "As for man, his days are as grass. . . ."

My lawn in Vermont covers an acre. It swoops down hills and curves around copses, and even giving it a trim consumes four hours a week. Those aren't my favorite hours. But I've been using the time to hammer out a new discipline—"grassoanalysis," the study of our compulsive mownomania and sadomulchistic tendencies.

My own problems began when I got a motorized mower because my old rotary mower was impotent when dealing with dandelions. I went on a binge of conquest. Aiming that roaring machine at the lawn's adjoining meadow, I greedily subdued patches of daisy and goldenrod, adding to my realm. Now the lawn is huge, and every week it screams: MOW ME!

As far back as 157 B.C. Chinese emperors were creating lawns. The Maya and Aztecs made lawns. The Romans used sheep to maintain lawns around their villas. But Americans are ace mowernauts. A century ago, in what the Lawn Institute, of Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, calls a "classic eulogy to Kentucky bluegrass," Senator John J. Ingalls gave voice to our fixation: "Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light and air—may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass."

Grassophilia has deep roots. A former Smithsonian ecologist, John H. Falk, once studied people's terrain preferences. He found that, whether they live in the United States, Africa or India, the great majority prefer grassy savannas over all other landscapes, even if they've never seen a savanna. He had theorized that grasslands were the early humans' preferred habitat, and that preference seems to be genetically ingrained in Man today.

But, especially in the age of Astroturf, these atavistic impulses can get confused, leading to aberrant lawn behavior. Men are particularly at risk. That is because mowing is one of their last gender-affirming chores, an analog for saber-toothed-tiger bonking.

The decline began in 1830, in England, when scythes started giving way to primitive lawn mowers. The inventor of the new machines promised they would provide "an amusing, useful and healthful exercise." But it was the arrival of the power mower in 1900 that really brought down the curtain on men's swardkeeping hegemony.

I know a hearty push-your-mower Wisconsinite who moved to a house in Virginia. It came with a sprawling lawn and a ride-on mower.

"No man can ride one of those things with dignity," says my friend.

His first time on his effete steed, his visiting grown children burst out laughing and snapped photographs, which traumatized him. He would like to sell the mower. But the lawn is big. Also, his wife has been using the machine to do the lawn herself. My friend is full of confusion, his prognosis unsure.

Mowing technique is another subject for grassoanalysis. My own method is to push the mower the lawn's length, then pull it back along the adjacent strip, and so on until the grass is stubble. It reveals the sort of mind that hates it when the beef entree's béarnaise sauce oozes over onto the peas. The neighbor's boy, a MENSA member who mowed our lawn until he went off to medical school, calculated the slopes and curves, then programmed a seemingly random cutting pattern that knocked a full half-hour from my own best mowing time. When his happy-go-lucky younger brother took over, he *added* a half-hour to my time, but had a lot of fun, mowing free-form loops and squiggles.

Some mowing styles have us grassoanalysts stumped. For instance, one Sunday a fellow I know went for a country drive with his girlfriend and got lost. Stopping at a gentrified farmhouse, he asked directions from a man astride a Sears riding mower.

In gratitude, my friend offered some of the jelly beans he and his girlfriend had been enjoying. But the man on the Sears reached behind the mower's cowling and produced a glass containing an amber fluid and a maraschino cherry.

"No thanks," he said. "Do you want some of my Manhattan?"

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